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MIMICRY IN ANIMALS, THE SAFEST FORM OF FLATTERY.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

THE SAFEST FORM OF FLATTERY.

By R. I. POCOCK.

Imitation is sometimes not only the sincerest form of flattery, but also the safest. Many examples of this will be found in the present article.

ANYONE of an observant turn of mind who has the good fortune to live in the country, or who walks with a critical eye through the galleries of a well-appointed museum of natural history, will be struck by the fact that the colours and shapes of the animals exhibited are mostly of two kinds. In one case they are adapted so as to render their possessor invisible; in the other they serve exactly the opposite purpose, and render it conspicuous. The reason for the first is perfectly clear, and has been understood since the earliest days of zoology. The discovery of the significance of the second is, however, of comparatively recent date, and has opened one of the most attractive chapters in the history of animal life.

The colours or other attributes which make an animal conspicuous are now known to act as a danger-signal, warning enemies to keep at a distance; hence they have been very appropriately called "warning" characters. They are primarily distinctive of animals which are either dangerous to meddle with or disagreeable to taste; but they are almost as commonly found in others that are harmless and tasty, and mimic the poisonous or nauseous species for purposes of protection.

A good illustration of warning colouring is supplied by the common North American skunk (Fig. 1). This animal is of the badger kind, and is about as large as a small cat, but has shorter, stumpier legs, a long thick coat, and a long bushy tail. He is jet black in colour, with a whitish tail and nearly snow-white bands along the back and sides. Timidity, caution, and a sneaking gait stamp the behaviour of most wild animals of this size: but not the skunk. With an easy jogging trot, he comes along the middle of the road, not in a skulking fashion, every sense alert to warn him of danger, but in a leisurely, dauntless manner, turning aside for no one, flaunting in the air as a danger-signal his great black and white tail, and warning all and sundry to keep aloof.

What is the meaning of this fearlessness in a creature to all appearance so defenceless? Yes, to all appearance defenceless, but in reality very much the opposite. For his size the skunk is certainly one of the most terrible creatures in the world to tackle at close quarters; so terrible a customer indeed, that few animals, even though far surpassing him in size and strength, will venture to attack him—at least not a second time. Were it merely a matter of claws and teeth, any well-trained fox-terrier dog would shake the life out of him in ten seconds. But the skunk relies upon other weapons; he is protected by a deadly artillery in the form of a fœtid liquid, which is discharged from beneath the tail in the face of the advancing foe. This liquid burns like sulphuric acid; a drop in the eye causes blindness. A passing whiff of the smell reminds one of the

concentrated essence of the odour of ferrets increased a hundredfold, with a flavour of fox thrown in; and weeks of washing will fail to eradicate the stench of it from one's clothes.

This is the reason for the air of absolute unconcern with which the skunk goes about his business. He has no fear; he wishes to be seen and recognised by all, and he is splendidly marked with white that he may be visible in the dusk, and so escape the risk of being mistaken for a harmless creature by enemies lying in wait for prey. He has no wish to be attacked. He might be bowled over, grievously damaged, or even killed outright before his assailant discovered his mistake. So to avoid such a contingency he makes himself as conspicuous as possible, not, of course, from any altruistic intention of saving his foe from a disagreeable experience, but for the purely selfish motive of being allowed to go his own way without let or hindrance.

It is exactly the same with butterflies, moths, and other insects provided with acrid juices that make them distasteful. Those that possess no such means of defence are either swift, strong fliers, and when on the wing hurry along in terror of pursuit, or are so coloured above and below that they vanish from view upon alighting. But the nauseous species are weak of wing and flap slowly about in broad daylight, without hurry and without fear, displaying their gaudy colours in the brilliant sunshine and courting the notice of insect-eaters. Boldness, abundance and strongly contrasted patterns of yellow and black, black and red, or black and white are the distinguishing features of nearly all insects and animals akin to them that are either distasteful or venomous.

The three Indian moths (*Euschema militaris*, *Eusemia maculatrix*, and *Milionia pyrozonis*) depicted on our coloured plate may be taken as instances of the prevailing colours of nauseous species; and bees and wasps, with their livery of black and yellow, are familiar examples belonging to the category of venomous species.

It has long been known that animals that are protected from attack by possessing any of the attributes mentioned above, such as poison glands, or a disagreeable taste or odour, are imitated both in colour and form, and often in little tricks of manner, by other harmless and edible kinds. The latter by this means conceal their identity from their foes, and so escape destruction. This is the phenomenon that is called "mimicry."

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that, as ordinarily understood, the word "mimicry" carries with it the idea of conscious or voluntary action, because consciousness and volition have no influence whatever, so far as is known, in producing or fostering the resemblances in question. They have been brought about, it is believed, by the process which Darwin called "natural selection." A simple illustration will make this clear. Suppose that in a certain locality there is a race of nauseous butterflies coloured black and white, and another race of edible butterflies adorned with different tints. Creatures that feed upon butterflies—and there are many that do—will start by killing both sorts; but after one or two experiments they will learn that the black-and-white kind are not worth the trouble of catching, and will, naturally enough, leave them in peace and turn the whole of their attention to the tasty ones. Now, it is clear that if any of the latter vary in colour in the direction of the nauseous race—and all members of a race vary more or less—they will have a much greater chance of surviving to propagate the resemblance than those that adhere to the original tints of their kind. But the progeny of the survivors will also vary, some resembling the protected species more than their parents do, others less. The latter will be weeded out; the former escape destruction. And so the process will go on generation after generation, the likeness to the nauseous race being gradually increased until, if necessary, it reaches a state almost of perfection. The result will be just the same if it is the shape of the body, and not

the colour, that has to be altered. Even if both colour and shape combined have to be changed, it will make no difference, though the perfected likeness will probably take longer to complete.

A simple case of mimicry is furnished by two British moths, the bee hawk (*Macroglossa bombyliformis*) and the hornet clearwing (*Trochilium bembeciformis*). The former somewhat resembles a humble-bee; the latter very closely copies a hornet, and, when seized, twists its tail, cases of butterfly mimicry, does not copy the protected species, but is left to look after himself on his own merits. The reason that he takes no part in the fraud is that being a strong, swift flier he is capable of eluding pursuit; whereas the females are heavy when laden with eggs, are compelled to rest for a considerable time to lay them, and while thus engaged are liable to attack from enemies of all kinds.

Considering how perfectly protected

FIG. I.—THE SKUNK.

This animal's marking is a conspicuous instance of warning colours.

pretending to sting, though possessing in reality no means of inflicting any damage whatsoever. Our coloured illustrations of these insects speak for themselves.

Another case of a rather more complicated nature is to be found in the Indian swallow-tailed butterflies represented on the same coloured plate. Two of the species (*Menelaides hector* and *M. aristolochæ*) are distasteful to birds, and are imitated by the females of another species (*Laertias pammon*) which is sweet-tasting. But the male, curiously enough, as happens in other and warningly coloured the skunk is, it is wonderful that he has not been mimicked by some defenceless mammal. Mimicry, in fact, among animals of this class is conspicuous for its rarity; and the only instance known is a little different from those hitherto considered, because it has for its object, not avoidance of enemies, but capture of prey. Like Æsop's wolf, which dressed itself in a fleece so as to gain admittance to the fold and pick off the sheep at its leisure, some animals imitate others for the purpose of preying upon them or upon another kind which

has no fear of the latter. This has been suggested as the explanation of the strange likeness that prevails between the two creatures illustrated on the next page (Fig. 2). One of these, the animal with the long sharp nose, is a kind of shrew; the other, with a blunt nose, is a squirrel. The difference in the length of the nose is about the only feature by which the two can be recognised apart. Now squirrels, like rabbits and guinea-pigs, are almost exclusively vegetarians, feeding upon nuts, fruits, green shoots and the like, and they have gnawing and grinding teeth adapted to this end. Shrews, on the contrary, are, perhaps, the most voracious animal-eaters in the world, the quantity of flesh food they require for their sustenance being perfectly astounding; and they are supplied with a set of sharp, pointed teeth, fitted for tearing and masticating animal tissues. They are, moreover, extremely partial to the flesh of small birds. Squirrels, again, are active climbers, and live mostly in trees. The majority of the shrew kind, on the contrary, live on the ground or under it, and have very few chances of satisfying their hunger upon young birds. But the shrew of which we are speaking (*Tupaia montana*) has taken to an arboreal life like the squirrels; it has also copied the squirrels of the neighbourhood it frequents—North Borneo—in size, colour, and shape of body and in the possession of a long, bushy tail. The small birds of the Bornean forests have no reason to be afraid of the squirrels; but every reason to be afraid of and avoid the tree-shrews. The latter consequently imitate the squirrels both in appearance and behaviour, and as they leap from branch to branch, whisking their tails, squirrel-fashion, are able to pounce upon any unsuspecting bird that allows them to come within reach.

This form of mimicry which enables a predacious animal to deceive and capture its prey under the disguise of another species has been been called "aggressive," as opposed to "protective," which is applied to the mimicry which enables an animal to deceive and escape from its enemies.

Amongst birds, too, mimicry is of rare occurrence, the colouring and form being almost always developed with a view to concealment, or for purposes of sexual distinction. One or two instances, however, have been put on record, and these, curiously enough, are mostly restricted to the cuckoo tribe. Our common English cuckoo, for example, is very like a sparrow-hawk, and in India the fork-tailed cuckoo (*Surniculus lugubris*), as shown in our coloured plate, is equally like the black Drongo shrike or king crow, a powerful aggressive bird which escapes molestation.

A better instance is met with further to the East. In the Moluccan Archipelago and islands adjacent, there is a group of honey-suckers (*Tropidorhynchus*), sometimes called friar birds. One species is found in Bouru, another in Ceram, a third in Timor, a fourth in Timorlaut, each with distinctive features of its own; and in each of these islands occurs a species of oriole (*Mimeta*) resembling the honey-sucker that lives on the same spot. Yellow is the characteristic colour of orioles in most countries, but, oddly enough, those that live in the Malayan islands we have mentioned have put off their gaudy dress and assumed the sober brown tints of the honey-suckers, and at the same time have imitated other peculiarities of the plumage and form of these birds so cleverly that more than one experienced ornithologist has ere this been deceived by the likeness.

The honey-suckers are a pugnacious tribe, furnished with long sharp beaks, strong claws, and a loud, bawling voice, and ever ready and willing to use all three upon provocation. Little does it profit crow or hawk to assault even a solitary honey-sucker. On the approach of danger the intended victim sets up a terrific clatter that reverberates through the forest and brings all friends within earshot, flocking to lend a hand in repulsing the common foe. Hence the powerful hawks and other predacious birds have learnt the uselessness of attempting to meddle with the honey-suckers; and the timid, retiring orioles, by imitating their redoubtable,

rackety neighbours, are able to spend their days in comparative peace.

It is among insects and spiders, however, that the most finished and most numerous examples of mimicry are to be met with. So numerous, indeed, are they, that it is safe to say that almost every kind of specially protected insect serves as the model for one or more unprotected kinds. It is, unfortunately, only possible to illustrate this truth by a few of the best known or most striking instances.

FIG. 2.—TREE-SHREWS WHICH IMITATE THE SQUIRREL.

SQUIRREL, UPPER FIGURE; SHREWS, LOWER FIGURES.

This is an instance of aggressive mimicry, which enables a tree-shrew to approach and capture small birds by imitating a squirrel, which is not carnivorous.

In any sunny country lane in the summer may be seen flying about from flower to flower, or basking upon warm stones, a large fly called *Volucella bombylans*, which is very like a humble-bee, as a glance at our coloured illustration will show. There are two varieties of this fly, each imitating one or more kinds of humble-bees. Humble-bees are, of course, formidable stingers; the flies, on the other hand, are perfectly harmless. The resemblance between them may therefore be nothing but a case of simple protective mimicry, like that, for example, of the hornet clear-wing. But one of the most interesting things about these flies is their habit of invading the nests of the humble-bees for the purpose of laying their eggs among those of the bees, so that their young, when hatched, may have ready to hand a supply of food in the form of young bees. Now, unless properly equipped with some means of defence, it requires a great deal of courage to meddle with a nest of bees. Hence it has been supposed that the flies sneak into the home of the bees under the guise of friendship and are allowed to come and go with impunity in virtue of their similarity to the lawful

members of the nest. It is true that bees flying about in the neighbourhood of their home may thus be deceived and so tolerate the intrusion of the flies; but it is not very clear why those left behind in the nest, which are its guardians for the time being, should admit them, because the nest, being built in a burrow some

FIG. 3.—GRASSHOPPER'S IMITATION OF A LADYBIRD.

Grasshopper on left; Ladybird on right.

distance beneath the ground, must be practically pitch dark, so that the colour of the flies cannot be seen. For this reason it seems probable that the colouring of the flies, wherein lies their chief resemblance to the bees, does not appreciably help them in the way supposed in carrying out their insidious designs.

By what means then do they manage to delude the unwilling nurses of their young? Perhaps this is the answer. In the darkness of the nest, the bees must be largely guided by the sense of touch in their recognition of friend from foe. Certain it is that the flies are thickly clothed with hairs like the bees themselves, and it may be that a bee running up against a fly in some dark corner of the nest will be deceived by its hairiness into the belief that the intruder is merely one of its own kind.

If this be so, the mimicry of these flies is twofold— their hairiness deceiving the bees in the dark; their yellow and black colouring appealing to enemies in the open.

There is another common English insect, the drone-fly, which also enjoys immunity from attack owing to a combination of the same two mimetic characters. In shape, colour, and even in the nervous twitching of its tail, this fly is strikingly like a hive-bee. Like the bee, it visits flowers in search of honey; but its young, like those of the bluebottle, live upon decaying animal matter. Swarms of these flies may sometimes be seen in dead carcases, and their similarity to bees has given rise to a wide-spread belief among the ancients that honey-bees are generated from the decaying bodies of cattle. Probably, indeed, Samson's famous riddle was based upon a mistaken identification of the insects he found in the lion's carcase.

This fly's resemblance to a honey-bee does not, however, consist solely in its personal appearance. Put one of them into the sheet-like snare of the field-spider (*Agalena*), which spins in bramble and gorse bushes; and watch what follows. Out comes the spider like a flash from the back of the bush and, guided by the vibration, makes a dash at the entangled insect. Its resemblance in colour and shape is nothing to the weak-eyed spider. She would pounce in exactly the same way at a piece of twisted kicking elastic. Like most of her kind, she relies upon the delicacy of the sense of touch in her feet; and the instant her front legs touch the fly, she sheers off in a fright, and alters her tactics at once. With a dexterous whisk of the tail she fastens one end of a silken rope to the fly, and keeping hold of the opposite end, starts racing round and round her victim, paying out

FIG. 4.—SPIDER'S IMITATION OF A LADYBIRD.

Spider on left; Ladybird on right.

the rope as she goes, and quickly binds it up into a state of utter helplessness. Now repeat the experiment with a bee: the

spider behaves in exactly the same way. But throw into the web a bluebottle fly, as large as you please, and note the difference in the spider's behaviour. She

FIG. 5.—SPIDER'S IMITATION OF AN ANT.
Spider on left; Ant on right.

is on to the fly in a second, and seizing it without hesitation, drags it to her den to devour. In fact, her mode of dealing with the two species of flies, equally incapable as they are of inflicting the slightest injury, is convincing proof that the drone-fly mimics the bee in such a way, probably in the nature of its hairs or the character of its buzz, that the spider's sense of touch is unable to discriminate between them.

Few insects are better known than the little tortoise-like beetles called "ladybirds," with their short, oval, convex bodies and spotted colouring. No one would suspect these little animals of being so disagreeable to taste that they are let alone by insect-enemies. Such, nevertheless, is the case; and this is the reason for their bright and characteristic colouring. The family is widely distributed throughout the world, and, like almost all protected groups, is mimicked by a great variety of other insects and spiders. One of the quaintest imitators of these beetles is the grasshopper shown in our Illustration (Fig. 3). Looking at this insect, so strangely modified in form, it is hard to realise that it is in reality not a ladybird at all, but first-cousin to the long-bodied, strong-legged, active grasshoppers, so familiar to us all!

Fig. 4, too, shows a wonderful instance of mimicry, that on the left representing a spider from South Africa, and that on the right a ladybird from the same country. The two are, of course, not in any way related, the difference between them being greater than that which separates a frog and a sparrow; yet superficially—that is to say, in characters that catch the eye—they are wonderfully alike. The spider has copied the colour, pattern, and shape of the beetle, and though unable to dispense with her long legs, she keeps them tucked up when at rest, so that only the toes peep out from below.

Ants which can both sting and bite, and possess in addition an acid taste, are another group which is very commonly imitated both by other insects as well as by spiders. Although not brightly coloured, being mostly black or brown, they have a very distinctive and familiar form. The legs are slender and longish, and the body presents a characteristic

FIG. 6.—GRASSHOPPER'S IMITATION OF AN ANT.
Grasshopper on left; Ant on right.

knobby but elegant appearance, owing to the large size of the head, the thin, mobile neck, and the tiny graceful waist. The perfection with which spiders of various kinds imitate this peculiar build is quite amazing. Spiders have no neck, the head forming with the fore part of the body a compact solid mass; but in the ant-imitators the part behind the head, where the neck should be, is pinched

in, in such a way that the exact appearance of the ant's neck is produced; the whole body is drawn out, its bulk, width, and heaviness of aspect are gone, and the originally short and concealed waist increases in length and becomes plainly visible. Nor is this all. The spider has no long feelers on its head like an ant; but to supply this deficiency it holds up a pair of legs, stretches them forward, and waves them in the air, precisely as the ant holds and waves its feelers; and, forsaking the style of movement patronised by the members of the family to which it belongs, it adopts the zigzag gait of the ant, and, when still, keeps up that nervous twitching of the tail so noticeable in insects that sting.

FIG. 7.—SIDE VIEW AND UPPER VIEW OF A PLANT-LOUSE.
This Insect has a horny Ant-like mask, and when viewed from above closely resembles an Ant.

This case of mimicry is well shown by the South American ant and spider illustrated in Fig. 5. Not less remarkable is the instance of mimicry between a grasshopper and an ant, depicted in Fig. 6. The most curious feature about this case is the way in which the grasshopper has acquired its apparent waist. In these insects the body is practically the same width throughout, being no narrower in the middle than at either end; and the species under discussion has not departed in this respect from the custom of its kind, but it has produced the semblance of a waist in a very clever manner. The animal is of a dark colour, like an ant, and on each side of the middle of its body, where the waist ought to be, there is a large white patch, and this patch extends along the under side almost as far as the tail. Look at the insect from above or from the side, and the only parts of the body that catch the eye are those that are dark in tint; the white part disappears, and the tail-end appears to be supported by a long slender waist, and to be of an oval, globular form, exactly as in an ant.

This interesting insect, which, by the way, comes from the Soudan, deserves to be mentioned by name. In allusion to its ant-like form and deceptive appearance, it is called *Myrmecophana fallax*. If this grasshopper and the spider that mimics the ant be compared respectively with the grasshopper and spider that mimic the ladybirds, a very good idea will be gained of the way in which animals may be superficially modified by mimicry so as to resemble others to which, in all essential structural characters, they are only remotely related.

FIG. 8.—PLANT-LOUSE'S IMITATION OF A COOSHIE ANT CARRYING A GREEN LEAF.
Cooshie Ant on left; Plant-Louse on right.

But perhaps more extraordinary than all are the last two illustrations of mimicry that remain to be noticed. Our picture represents a Central American insect allied to the little English plant-lice (Fig. 7), known to gardeners as "the blight." Attached immediately behind the head of this American insect there is a great horny shield, which projects backwards beyond its tail and completely covers up the body beneath. It is evident at a glance that this shield is shaped exactly like the body of an ant, the neck, the waist, and the knobby appearance being all faithfully represented. The plant-louse, in fact, has not modified the structure of its body as have the grasshopper and the spider, but lives in protection under the hard and horny ant-like mask that it carries on its back.

Another insect of this group is not less cleverly disguised. In the forests of tropical America there are certain ants, called leafcutters (*Œcodoma*), which are a perfect plague to all cultivators of fruit-trees. Radiating from the ant-heaps in all directions are numerous tracks, like sheep-walks, beaten flat by the constant tread of millions of little feet, as the hordes of ants unceasingly hurry along, to and from their work, the outgoers empty-mouthed, the incomers struggling along under their leafy burdens, exactly like a regiment of animated green leaves. The pieces of green that they carry have been snipped out of the leaves of the fruit-trees. One end is held in the mouth; the rest of the slice lies vertically along the back of the bearer, like a great green crest, partially concealing the insect beneath. Living in the trees that the ants frequent is a plant-louse which mimics, not the ant itself, but the ant carrying its spoil (Fig. 8). The head and legs of this insect, like those of the ant, are brown, but the rest of its body is a bright green, and is produced upwards into a great crest, with a sharp, jagged edge, exactly copying the sharp, irregular outline of a leaf-fragment cut out by the ant.

If space permitted, the instances of insect mimicry might be increased tenfold. Some of those we have discussed are illustrated by actual specimens in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington; others may be found described and figured in the works of Messrs. Wallace, Bates, Belt, and Poulton, who have spent so much time and labour in studying this fascinating branch of natural history.

TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.

THE DAUNTLESS DUC DE RICHELIEU.

Being the story of a boy lover who astonished the Lords and Ladies at the Court of Louis XIV., after they had petted and then pouted at him.

THE Duc de Richelieu was undoubtedly dauntless. Yesterday he had been but a pretty boy, whom that haughty princess, the Duchesse de Bourgogne, had petted at the Trianon, and dazzled with the offer of a commission in the army. The boy was all for action; he was sick of being tutored from morn till even in far-off Brittany by the learned Abbé de Chavanne. Like every healthy boy, he dreamed of soldiering as the summit of a man's happiness; and now to-day after his marriage he felt like a Man.

He had been summoned hastily with his tutor to Versailles, and married as hastily to his cousin, the daughter of a scheming old dowager, the Duchesse de Noailles, lady-in-waiting on the princess. The bargain was that after the marriage he was to leave his bride and return to his books in Brittany, until he became a man in the eyes of the law. But the boy had no ears for the attorneys on the day of his wedding; his eyes were all for the proud princess, and he even bragged in public about her attentions to him. So the Court of Versailles, which knew so well how circumspectly a real intrigue should be conducted and flouted the Duc, petted his bride (to her face); the whole machinery of mockery being cunningly worked by the Chevalier de Matignon, who was in love with the Duchesse of a day. "She does not love you," whispered the Chevalier in the boy's ear. "Make love to another woman, and rouse her jealousy." The Duc—he looked such a pretty boy in his white satin wedding coat and buckled shoes—then bethought him of his princess. But, alas! that hope soon failed, for he had mightily offended the lady by his foolish bragging. The princess, whose fury was fanned by the boy's mother-in-law, resolved to snub him. Ere the wedding-guests had gone, she came with a present for the bridegroom. "My commission!" thought the boy, and he eagerly opened the box the princess gave him. But it contained only sweets, such as you might give to a child, and amid the derisive laughter of the wedding guests and the scorn of his young bride, the boy felt stunned with despair for the moment.

And yet, boy though he might be, he was a Richelieu; and, with something of the statesmanlike craft of the great Cardinal, his namesake, he quickly recovered himself and resolved on action.

He would *not* go back to the school-room. He *would* be a man. He would fight for France and gain the heart of his bride—for, after all, he loved the girl. I say he had the instincts of the Cardinal intriguer.

Photo. by Window and Grove.

THE YOUTHFUL DUC DE RICHELIEU (MR. SEYMOUR HICKS) AND HIS HAUGHTY BRIDE (MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD).

He knew open defiance would fail, so he drove off with his tutor in a coach for Brittany and his books, and the Court laughed itself to sleep over the amusing drama of the day.

The laugh was not long with those callous courtiers, for soon after leaving Versailles the Duc gave his Dominie the slip and returned to the Palace. Scaling the wall, he climbed into the princess's apartments in the darkness. Her Highness was at first affrighted and then fascinated by the boy's dare-devilry; and at last she granted him the commission his heart had hungered for, because he was now, of very truth, a Man.

But he had to reckon with another woman—his bride, who loved him in her heart of hearts. She was terrified at the bare idea of his going off to the wars, and she had him imprisoned in his house, so that he might not leave for the front. The ingenuity of a Richelieu again came

Photo. by Window and Grove.

THE BOYISH DUC SUCCEEDS IN GETTING HIS COMMISSION FOR THE ARMY FROM THE PROUD PRINCESS (MISS MINNIE CLEMENTS), WHO HAD INSULTED HIM EARLIER IN THE DAY.

to his rescue. There were other women in the world, he argued, besides his bride and the princess. So he sent for a beautiful young maid of honour, Mdlle. Cesarine de Noce, and for the Baroness de Bellechasse, a lady of mature charms who had been selling lingerie to the ladies of the Court before she married the elderly Baron. His visitors had to be hidden away in separate rooms, unbeknown to the spirit of the fun, and showed these riotous *roués* how he, too, could counterbalance a woman's whim by flirting. Making the Chevalier and the Baron stand back to back, he clapped his hands, for that was the signal on which the hidden ladies were to emerge when the coast was clear. Two doors suddenly opened. The Baron saw Cesarine, and was convulsed with merriment to think

Photo. by Window and Grove.

THE DUC DE RICHELIEU DISARMS THE CHEVALIER, WHO HAD INSULTED HIM.

each other, for the Baron himself and the Chevalier called. Now it was the Duc's turn to laugh, for the Chevalier had made love to Cesarine; while the old Baron had not the ghost of an idea that his lawful wedded wife was under the Duc's roof.

The gay, cynical Chevalier seemed to have got the Duc into a corner. He chaffed the boy about his prison-house. He talked airily of the art of being a man of the world: and he saw in prospect for himself endless *tête-à-têtes* with the young Duchesse, whom he adored in his Chevalier way. Richelieu, for his part, entered into how the Chevalier had been discomfited; while the Chevalier saw the head of the Baroness bob out, and roared with laughter over her deluded spouse. Then the young Duchesse and her mother entered—for the rumour that ladies had come to see the Duc had, by his instructions, reached their ears. In a twinkling the whole plot was unmasked. The Chevalier looked black when his Cesarine appeared. The Baron scowled at the presence of his spouse and wished he had left her to her lingerie.

The only way in which affairs of that

kind were settled at the Court of Louis XIV. was by the sword. Richelieu must fight the Chevalier and the Baron, and he gladly accepted the challenge, although he knew the Chevalier to be a first-rate swordsman. So the two went into the beautiful garden of the Duc's house to fight it out. Meantime the Duchesse, who had come to learn of the encounter, in sheer terror hid herself in the garden, eager to stop the fray. That, however, was impossible, for the Duc, who had spent part of the time of his imprisonment in perfecting his fencing with his tutor, was not to be baulked of the privilege of a man's part. Nor was his tutor inclined to interfere, for though the Abbé was faithful to the creed of the Church, he esteemed the code of honour involved in the duel. But he remained to see justice done, squaring his cloth with this code by turning his back on the fighters, the while he read prayers for the safety of the boy.

And once again Richelieu triumphed, as the Laws of Romance demand; for he wounded the Chevalier and pinked the Baron. He was a Man at last, and when his Duchesse appeared she fell into his arms, proud of the boy she had married and then flouted but a week before.

Such is the story of "A Court Scandal," now being played at the Court Theatre. The comedy was written in the 'sixties by MM. Bayard and Dumanoir, and was produced in French in London in 1870. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault and Mr. Osmond Shillingford have now adapted it in three acts, for, like all good stories, it can still while away an idle hour

AN APRIL BIRTHDAY.

THIS is the day of all the year,
This is the gladdest day!
The birds and I are both sincere—
They sing what I would say.
O Mavis, Mavis, call your best,
Of all sweet notes let fall your best:
For this is the day of all the year,
This is the gladdest day!

Hold up your heads, my early flowers;
My daisies, ope your eyes;
Behold the golden shining showers,
The tears of joyful skies.
Behold the dearest day of Time,
The fairest and most gay of Time:
Hold up your heads, my early flowers,
My daisies, ope your eyes.

For Love, my Love, was born in Spring—
And April knows the day.
O glorious world, shine out and sing!
While I bow down and pray,
Because God had no scorn for me,
Because my Love was born for me
My Love, my Love was born in Spring:
And April knows the day!

J. J. Bell.

1. HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF FOUR YEARS.

3. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK, GRANDSON OF HER MAJESTY, AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

2. H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

4. H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK, GREAT-GRANDSON OF HER MAJESTY, AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

ARE THEY ALIKE?

A RIDE FOR A MAID.

By WALTER E. GROGAN.

"SIR, my position is most assured, my income handsome; and as you care not for the Service, I will let it go to hell with your leave, Sir, and rob King George of a good sword."

"Gad, Sir, the maid's mine! I had plague enough with her mother, the Lord Harry knows; but dash my wig, Sir, if I will stand it from her! Ally is not for you. If you had the whole of the Indies and the command of the Army to boot, you should not have her!"

"May I inquire wherefore, Sir?"

"Gad, you are as persistent as a Jew creditor! Enough, I won't have it; damme, I say I won't and I mean I won't. Is the puppy deaf! Your father and I, Sir, quarrelled over a snuff-box. He was the most pig-headed man I ever met, and I wot his son is not slow in following him."

"Some trumpery dispute between two old——" Dick Burnay nearly said "fools," but paused in time and substituted "gentlemen."

"You insolent puppy! Out of my house! This is the first time you have ever darkened my threshold. The next time, Sir, you shall go over the steps with the help of my lackeys. Impertinent jackanapes!"

"I shall marry Ally in spite of you, Sir Percival."

"To the devil with you! Another minute and I shall thrash you—gout or no gout! Eee-ow-ow!" Sir Percival suffered from gout, and when a twinge seized him straightway informed the whole household. "There, Sir, that's my last word! You shall not have my daughter Ally! Why, I'd rather marry her to the passon!"

Dick Burnay went sorrowfully out of Sir Percival Athelstone's house, walked down the carriage-drive, and passed out into the high-road between the yew-trees twisted into caricatures of peacocks and umbrellas. He was an honest man, of whom none spoke evil, a pretty hand at fence, a man to see the death with the hounds, however fast the run, a good head for wine, a handsome face which gave him favour with women, and above all, he was in love.

It came to pass in this way. There were hard knocks going in the Low Countries when George II. was King, and Captain Dick Burnay got pinked in the right side, and lay for two months ill in Flanders from his wound and a fever. Then he tossed over the Channel, and went down into Surrey to make him fit again for the game of war, and getting rid of one fever straightway took another. When a handsome man and a pretty maid see each other in a small country village, where there is little else to do but chuck the waiting-maid under the chin and see a main of cocks with the ostler, or listen to the screeching of the peafowl, take a hand at cards with an old father afflicted with gout, a snuffy doctor, a prosy parson, and a fox-hunting squire or so, or work everlastingly at a tambour-frame, it is no great wonder if the two should vary these wearisome pursuits with a little love-making. If to these there be added a family feud remembered by an irascible old man, the love-making must become serious. It did become serious. They met first in church, then in the village, then anywhere they could, including the houses of a few mutual friends,

all highly wrathful that Dick Burnay would stay at the Three Jolly Wagoners instead of with them. For the Captain was a man of repute and of property, and by a mere freak of will came to stay in an old coaching inn rather than at his own seat in Derbyshire, which everyone swore was a love of a place. At the end of a month, Dick was in a fever of love, and at last took the honourable way of such matters, and bearded gout and the feud in the squire's own house. And gout and the feud had sent him away with a frowning face and a stooping figure.

At the porch of the inn stood a stalwart form in a huge riding-coat, idly slapping his big jack-boots with a hunting-crop. He was also occupied in whistling and ogling the chambermaid, who had been sadly neglected by the Captain of late. She was a comely girl with red cheeks and black eyes, and was unused to such defection, and resented it. Therefore when his friend, Sir William Hunston—known in the coffee-houses and clubs as Billy—arrived she had answered readily to his advances. If they met in a corridor or by chance in the twilight in the courtyard, he kissed her, and paid for it with a box on the ear—no light matter, for Betty had hands as substantially built as the rest of her buxom self. These pretty encounters gave a vast zest to their acquaintance, and placed them at once upon an easy and pleasant footing.

"I swear you are the comeliest wench in the county, Betty!" he roared in his huge hearty voice. "Come, a buss, another buss! Oh, you need not be coy. I'll warrant me it shall be a good 'un."

"'Ave done, Sir Willum! Lord love 'ee for a owdacious man! Rabbits bain't snared wi' words. A buss, indeed! An you buss me you shall pay for it."

"Gad, your little hand is very heavy! Betty, when you have gotten yourself a husband be sparing, or the sexton will have a job in a mighty hurry. Ah, here's Dick! Odds, man, has the old 'un turned rusty? Keep your pecker up. Come, now, here am I, six-foot-three in my stockings—which, Betty, be plaguey full of holes, and would give you discreet occupation for a while, an you will—fourteen stun, a sure shot, a good man with your foil, your rapier, your sabre—give me the sabre, Dicky, for choice—all at your command. Come, what say you? Shall we teach the ogre manners? A pretty affair at dead o' night, eh? Oh, pest on my tongue! Here's Betty swallowing me with eyes and mouth! Come, Betty, I'll stop your mouth with a buss—come!"

"Sir Percival won't hear of it, and I am at my wits' end. If he were not so old, I'd have him out at twelve paces. As it is, I'm pumped. What's to do? I will have Ally if I swing for her! She's a dear, good girl."

"What a to-do about a maid! Now if it had been a puppy, or a cock, or—what! Now, Betty, have done! I swear my head buzzes like a hive of bees. You're mighty liberal with your hand."

Settling his hat on his head, which the chambermaid had disarranged with a box on the ear that showed favour to the stoutness of her arm, Billy Hunston strode into the inn parlour, sat down astride an oaken chair, and laid his hunting-crop with a loud thwack upon the table. Dick followed him mournfully.

"Come, Dick, a maid's a maid. Give up the wench and take another. They're like apples, very much alike."

"But the flavour's different, Billy; and Ally's the sweetest maid in all England."

"Ally -- odd's life, little Ally! I remember her a veritable tom-boy, prigging the passon's sermon book and gumming the leaves! A long, lanky, thin-legged lath in petticoats which, I swear, were not many inches below her knees."

"You are coarse, Billy. I do not choose to listen to your anecdotes."

"Oh, she shall be as demure and as modish as you will! I'll swear she's the pink of perfection, an angel in muslin, a goddess in furbelows. Little Ally — my plague of a cousin—good lud! But come, Dicky, you are set on her?"

"As a bird upon the sun."

"Vastly pretty. Then she is to be yours?"

"Most certainly. That is a matter which must be compassed. But how? Billy, in that big head of yours there must be some wits. Bestir them."

"There's a stoup of liquor at your elbow, and by all the gods and the Corinthian Club, some pewter-pots! Come, pour out, for in good liquor is all the wisdom of all the wits."

"To the devil with you! Another minute and I shall thrash you—gout or no gout!"

Dick Burnay poured out two goodly shares of the Burgundy. He sat with hand on hip and a portentous frown on his face. His friend sat swigging the liquor with much gravity, puckering his brow and grunting. At last he brought his fist down upon the table with so great a goodwill that all the pewter-pots joined in a decorous dance.

"What say you, Dicky? I have it, dash my wig if I haven't! Goodness, to think that I should hit upon a plan, and a right good 'un, too! If courtship were ever so merry a jig, I doubt not that I would e'en take the floor too. An it were not for the maid I would go a-sueing to-morrow."

"What is it, Billy? My wits are a-fizzing. For when I think, the girl's sweet face comes smiling into mine, and it's all up with the thinking. I have made pass to compass some pretty fixes in the Low Countries, but now—gad, what a slave a man is when a wench throws a spell about him! I would die for her at a pinch, but I would liefer live for her."

"Dicky, you say the wench will have naught of a runaway match? 'Tis a pretty idea. A moonlight night for certes, a chaise-and-four, an excited lover — you, Dicky—a vision in white with a grey hood and timorous wavings of hands, and tears—my cousin Ally—and a staunch friend with a long whip and a firm hand and a skill that would pursuade four mettlesome nags to hell, an he cared for the acquaintance to be got there, and that's me—Billy."

"She will not have it, Billy. I have

been as eloquent as a Jew money-lender, but she is as adamant without her father's consent."

"Don't break her in to disobedience, Dicky. Let her mouth be tender to the parental rein, an' when you mount the box and handle the ribbons you will be much more comfortable when you come to the nasty places on the matrimonial road."

"Billy, we shall run in double harness."

"That's a pity. Take the reins, Dicky, take the reins, or for a coach to a shoe-buckle the wench does. But to the point. We cannot well call out my honoured and respected uncle, Sir Percival, though he did tell me that I carried the stables in my clothes and diffused a nice appreciation of the prize-ring in my conversation."

"We can't. He's an old man and gouty."

"Then you are at an end of your race? Come, there's not a mile left in you: come, you are winded as a spavined roadster after a breather?"

"I 'm done, Billy — spent, utterly pumped. All I know is that I love Ally as honourably as ever man loved woman!"

"Love is a windbag! Lud! a pair of red lips and two eyes black as a sloe do much the same to me. There was Joan at the Crow and Bone——"

"Spare me your record of bar-girls!"

"Joan was a virtuous maiden, and drew the curb at a wink. I kissed her once, she not consenting; and I was in bed a day with a sore head. But she had lips——"

"You said you had a plan?"

"And a good 'un, Dicky, a bully 'un! 'Tis as easy as a five-barred gate to a clean-built three-year-old! Come, do you know that Sir Percival goes to town in his old coach the day after to-morrow?"

"Ay; and with him goes my love—my little angel in muslin and sandalled shoes. And, Billy, once in town, how shall I come by her? My arm is growing right, and I may not delay the rejoining of my regiment. Once in the Low Countries, I may sigh out my soul and get no nearer to my wishes."

"And the girl is like to forget you."

"By the Lord Harry, no! She loves me!"

"Ay, she's a loving wench, I make no doubt. The more reason she should seek another. But hark, my lad, and call Billy a fool no more. Here is the plan."

Sir William Hunston leant his huge arms on the creaking table and thrust his handsome head nearer to his friend, speaking in a hoarse whisper that was louder than the ostler's voice in open rebellion against the village shoemaker under the window. Long the two sat in converse with the stoup of liquor twice changed. Throughout the confabulation both men chuckled, and slapped their thighs and each other's backs, and drank to success; and the Captain vowed there was no head like Billy's in the whole Houses of Parliament—a statement which had much of truth; and Billy swore that no man on earth better deserved a maid than the Captain deserved Ally.

In the courtyard of Athelstone House, in the full stare of the early morning sun, the lads were busy in equipping the old lumbering coach which had been the pride of the Athelstones for two generations.

Four stout, rib-hidden horses stood patiently under the heavy harness, and the coachman sat on his box, his periwig awry, ogling a waiting-maid who had come to the coach with pillows and rugs. Presently he cracked the whip, the harness creaked, and the coach lumbered out of the courtyard and drew up soberly at the foot of the steps which mounted up to the heavy front door, flung wide open. On the top step stood Sir Percival, bravely dressed in travelling costume, save that his right foot had a carpet slipper. He leant on the arm of his valet and upon a short stout stick. Behind him were grouped a posse of servants, most of whom bore packages in their hands. Two servants were dressed for travelling as well as the valet, for Sir Percival Athelstone was going to town.

"Jock, you consummate ass, look to your periwig! The tail is over your right ear. Do you want to make us the laughing-stock of the road?"

"Dang it, Sir Percival! the thing will always go awry," the coachman shouted, dropping his reins and putting his periwig straight.

At the porch of the inn stood a stalwart form in a huge riding-coat, idly slapping his big jack-boots with a hunting-crop.

"Abigail, have you taken down the pillows? Eee-ow! Oh, oh, oh! I swear I'll never drink another bottle of port! James, have you put in my case of pistols? Damn it, not the duelling ones—the ivory-handled ones, they're better for grip."

"I have them, Sir," said a sweet voice, and a dainty figure tripped through the crowding servants bearing a huge case in small mittened hands.

"You have, Miss, have you? Put 'em in, James, and take the others away. Now, Giles and George, mount into the rumble. Go up, you fools! Lord! d'ye think I'm going into that coach before I see you up! I know you! You will be sneaking home and kissing the wenches—faugh! Up you go! Now, Peter," to the valet, "take the steps easily. Damn you, Sir, d'you think I'm going to race down these steps? You want to kill me. I know you!"

"Oh, Sir Percival!"

"Don't whine at me, numskull! I know you, but I swear your name's not in my will. Have you got the lotion?"

"Yes, Sir Percival."

"The powders?"

"Yes, Sir Percival."

"Don't jolt, you fool! Oh, my foot! Now then there, open the door! I can't get through the window! Goodness knows why servants were all made without brains. You, Giles and George, stop grinning. Have you got the blunderbuss?"

"Yes, Sir Percival."

"And the pistols?"

"Yes, Sir Percival."

"If you see a masked man on a horse, what are you going to do?"

"Shoot 'un, plaze, Sir Percival."

"You're more likely to shoot yourselves! Now, Miss, jump in."

"Yes, Sir." Mistress Ally Athelstone stepped daintily in and sat down, placing the case of pistols on the seat opposite Sir Percival. With many groans and a volley of expletives like a series of explosions, the old man got in, and Peter, the valet, arranged the cushions and placed his gouty foot gently on them.

"Open the case, you fool, and see to the primings, you rascal!"

Peter stretched out a trembling hand, and Mistress Ally screamed.

"Oh, Sir," she cried, "look at his hand! I vow the things will go off! You loaded them yourself, Sir!"

"Gad, so I did! Go and sit by Jock on the box, you idiot! Your hand's got a palsy!"

Peter jumped away with an alacrity he had not shown in his service. The old man screwed his head out of the window and shouted at his servants.

"Mind you behave yourselves! I've told the passon to keep an eye on you, and if any of you get drunk, or go making love, or frequent any of the fairs, back I come! You hear? And you shall have a lively time, I warrant me. And if that ass, Captain Burnay, comes within my gates, kick him. There's a golden guinea for any man who kicks him."

"Oh, Sir," protested Mistress Ally, "I have been dutiful to you. Spare him!"

"Kick him!" the old man shouted. "Kick him soundly! Drive on!"

The whip cracked, the coach groaned, the traces were jerked taut, and the coach rumbled down the long avenue and swung clumsily out on the high road, followed by a murmur from the servants left grouped on the steps which might have been regret, but which was uncommonly like relief.

"Your mother was a woman, Miss, who was the plague of my life. Why a man marries a woman and begets another to help plague him I don't know, unless he be a fool."

"Yes, Sir," Mistress Ally answered demurely.

"How dare you, Miss! Odd's life, is one's own flesh and blood to call him fool? Oh! you shall pay for this, I warrant you. It's all that jackanapes, that peacock Captain! Let me but get within distance of him, and, dash me, but I'll tell him what I think of him!"

"That I believe you did, Sir, most soundly, an I can trust mine own ears."

"At the door were you, listening like any slut of a kitchen wench?"

"Sir! you forget that I am an Athelstone, too. Your voice is not cabined by decorum, and the whole neighbourhood might have heard what you said."

"Let 'em—let 'em, and welcome! A mean, sneaking hound; a miserable whelp of a puppy!"

"Captain Burnay is an honourable man, Sir."

"Honourable! Very honourable to come after my daughter insidiously, and very honourable to go courting a wench on the sly, and very honourable to try and steal what isn't his, and never shall be, by gad!"

"You refused to meet him. You cannot in justice complain, Sir."

"Meet him! Do you know, Miss, I quarrelled with his father! Old Burnay said my snuff-box was damned ridiculous! Damned ridiculous—those were his words, and he said 'em in the club card-room, Miss! I called him out, and would have dropped him in his place only a fly got in my eye and spoiled my aim. And the mean-spirited hound fired in the air! Meet his son? Gad, never!"

"I wonder, Sir, which was the more ridiculous, the quarrel or the snuff-box."

The old man gasped with rage.

"How dare you, Miss! Don't—don't try me! Don't—— oh, I have no words! You impertinent—cee—ow—ow! Oh, my foot!"

In his anger he had forgotten his gouty foot, and had slipped it from its cushions. The foot, angry at such rough treatment, had inflicted upon him a twinge which set him coughing and swearing in a very paroxysm of pain. Mistress Ally stopped the coach and busied herself tenderly over the slippered foot, touching the cushions until they grew softer under her hands, plumping one and patting another with little white hands like fluttering pigeons.

Long the two sat in converse with the stoup of liquor twice changed.

The painful foot drew vast comfort from her efforts, the old man's voice dropped from a screech into a soothing monotone of oaths, Mistress Ally signalled to the coachman, and the vehicle rumbled on.

"You are a good wench, Ally," said her father, with a sigh, for in spite of his

choleric temper he loved his daughter very fondly, "and it goes against me grievously to be harsh with you. Yet it is for your own good, Ally. His father said my snuff-box was damned ridiculous, and his son can be no fit husband for you."

"You have never seen Dick—Captain Burnay—but once."

"Quite enough, damme! — quite enough!"

"And no man, even with so penetrative a skill as you, Sir, can read a man's character in one viewing."

"He is the son of his father. A parrot doesn't lay eggs that hatch out nightingales and an ass doesn't breed lions. No, his father said my snuff-box was——"

"Yes, I know, but his son has never said it."

"I suppose his son reveres his father's memory, or, if he don't he 's unfilial, which is a deadly sin."

"Reveres his father even as I do mine, Sir."

"What! you would compare me with that scoundrel Burnay, who, I swear, was made General for some dishonourable act, for he never came by it honourably!"

So they wrangled, and the coach rumbled, and the sun grew high in the heavens, and they fed at coaching-houses, and the sun dropped in the heavens. At every inn Sir Percival made many inquiries as to the doings of the highwaymen, and many were the tales told him of mails rifled and coaches stopped. And at each tale the old man swore at the men in the rumble and catechised them freshly as to their actions should the gentlemen of the road dare to stop him, a Justice of the Peace, on his Majesty's high road.

The early autumn mists crept over the hedgerows and began blotting out the landscape, and the sun dropped altogether below the distant hills. The twilight was growing quite deep when they topped a hill and began bowling along a level road across a dreary waste known as Hangman's Heath. On this heath many of Captain Mask's most daring exploits had been made.

"A plague on Jock! I had meant to be well rid of the heath and safely housed in the Jolly Farmer before twilight, and that 's a mile t'other side. Give me my case of pistols, Ally."

"Shall I open them, Sir?"

"Ay, do. And put them by my side—no, not there! — on the seat — close! Now, if that idiot Peter had loaded them, I'd bet a monkey to a china orange that he had forgotten the bullets! But I loaded them myself, Ally, so I am quite sure."

"Yes, Sir." She gave a little shiver and her shoulders shook. It was suspiciously like a smothered laugh, but the old man took it as a sign of fright, and it pleased him.

"That 's it! If a man but looks at a pistol the wenches all tremble. Never fear, Ally, never fear. You are safe here. No villains dare touch us with these by me. There, that 's the gallows. See, Ally. Hear the chains rattling? How dark it 's growing! Ha! what 's that?"

It was the sound of hoofs, and that quite close: the sharp ring of iron shoes on a hard road.

"Stand! Stand, or we fire!" rang out a loud voice.

"Giles! George!" shouted the old man, trying to rise and look out of the window, but sinking back in a sweat of pain. "What are you at? Wing 'em, wing 'em!"

Two loud reports cut the air, and the contents of a blunderbuss and a heavy horse-pistol went voyaging from the rumble up towards the stars, and Jock and Peter, on the box, in an ague of fear, found time to thank Providence devoutly that they had not been slain by their trembling fellow-servants in the rumble.

Three men, masked and mounted on strong nags, raced alongside the coach; one man, not masked, followed quietly some distance away.

The leader of the three, a huge, broad-shouldered man of exceptional height, rode to the window, his fellows, one to a level with the box-seat, and the other to the horses' heads. Jock had a pistol shoved in his face, and a stern command

to pull up, which he did with no further ado, and the four bays, fat and steaming, lay back on their haunches.

Meanwhile, Sir Percival, swearing alternately at the highwaymen, his servants, and his gout, seized a pistol and discharged it at the big man riding the roan mare. The man laughed loudly.

"The gout spoils your aim, Sir Percival! Come, I promise you no harm an you give up your purse and other matters which I swear I am more in need of than you."

"How dare you, Miss! Don't try me—don't try me!"

"How dare you stop a justice, you hangman's prey! Give me my other pistol, Ally."

"Oh, Sir, Sir, don't provoke the gentleman! We shall all be murdered! Indeed, indeed, I entreat you to give him your purse!" Mistress Ally was convulsed, and there was a terrible shake in her voice.

Sir Percival choked with wrath, and seizing his second pistol, fired again. The highwayman ducked and laughed again. Sir Percival had missed twice. Astonishment and anger rendered him speechless, and when the masked man had dismounted and opened the door he was gasping on his seat.

"Now, Sir Percival, I am indeed sorry to inconvenience you, but I must ask you to give me your purse and such of your light valuables as you may have with you with as much expedition as possible, for too long a parley with you, however agreeable to me, would be apt to breed discomfort to my constitution." Saying which, the highwayman presented a pistol at Sir Percival's head with a deprecating air.

"You villain, you rascal, you shall answer for this! You shall swing in chains I swear! I will have the whole county up and about your ears!"

"Your purse, Sir Percival, quick! for

the strain on my arm is great, and the pistol may hap to go off. Fear not, sweet mistress, a buss from your sweet lips shall be your toll."

Mistress Ally screamed, and Sir Percival, with the muzzle of the pistol six inches from his forehead, handed out his purse, took off his rings, and pulled his heavy gold watch from its pocket and gave them to the big man in the mask, who transferred them to a cavernous pocket in his riding-coat.

"I dare swear you have a snuff-box, Sir Percival. Come, I am in sore need of a snuff-box!"

Sir Percival groaned with vexation, wrath, and the gout, but produced from the flapped pocket of his coat a gold snuff-box set with jewels, with a raised pigeon on the lid holding a cup. It was the same pigeon which had been the cause of the feud between Sir Percival and General Burnay.

"What a damned ridiculous snuff-box, Sir Percival!" said the highwayman.

Sir Percival looked up in a splutter of rage and with a suspicious glance. The highwayman behind his mask was supremely unconscious.

"Here, Jerry!" he cried, and the highwayman who had taken possession of the arsenal belonging to Jock and Peter came to the door of the carriage.

"Yes, Captain?" he said.

"It's a scurvy bad haul. We must take the wench. Come, have you that rope's-end?"

In a trice they had trussed Sir Percival as neatly and as securely as ever fowl was. He stormed and raged and groaned, for the gout resented the turmoil and revenged itself upon him, but the highwayman only laughed, for he was as harmless as a blind puppy.

"Now, hark'ee, Sir Percival. Your daughter goes with us until what time we can make terms as to ransom. There is a little inn on the Brighton road some four miles from Windchester, called the Hawk and the Pigeon. Go there and ask for the Captain, and see that you have five hundred guineas with you in gold. Then you shall have her back. Breathe a word to the runners or attempt to surprise us, and you shall see her no more. Now, fair mistress, come! A ride on a strong horse on a night as warm as this will do no disfavour to your looks."

Mistress Ally stormed and protested and implored, and held a wisp of lace to her shining blue eyes, and Sir Percival saw with acute distress her shoulders heave and fall as though with a storm of sobs.

"Spare her!" he cried. "She is my only child, and I love her."

But the highwayman laughed, and the leader took her little hand and led her forth. It was noteworthy that he paid as great a deference to her as though he had been a courtier or a man of fashion, but then, as all the world knows, there were many gentlemen earning a livelihood on his Majesty's roads in those days.

As the highwaymen rode away, and Sir Percival, bound strongly, shouted and swore, the other mounted man, who had waited patiently some distance away, put spurs to his horse and galloped up to the stationary coach.

"You are in want of assistance! What—Sir Percival!"

Sir Percival peered into his face. It was growing very dark.

"Captain Burnay! Oh! save my daughter! The ruffians have carried her away!"

"You forget, Sir. You yourself have forbidden that I should again address your daughter; and I would respect your wishes."

"Damn my wishes, Sir! Save my daughter—my little Ally! Don't stand there bowing! Put spurs to your beast!"

"Sir, your daughter is nothing to me."

"You loved her two days ago. When I was young, we were not so quick to cool."

"If she be not for me what matters it to me?"

"Get her back and you can have her. But hurry, hurry!"

"That's your word, Sir Percival!"

"The word of an Athelstone."

"It is sufficient. Come, Betsy!" he cried, shaking the reins, and the beat of

his horse's hoofs rang out into silence on the road.

At a bend in the road a mile farther on, and in the shadow of a clamp of trees. Captain Burnay came upon three dismounted men and a maid. One man was of huge stature when he stood upright, but at the moment of Captain Burnay's arrival he was doubled with noisy laughter. And with his the clear silvery laugh of Mistress Ally mingled.

"Dicky," he said, when he caught his breath, "an you send me on any more of these errands I shall die of it! It was monstrous killing to see Sir Percival, red-faced and spluttering, as helpless as a spurless cock!"

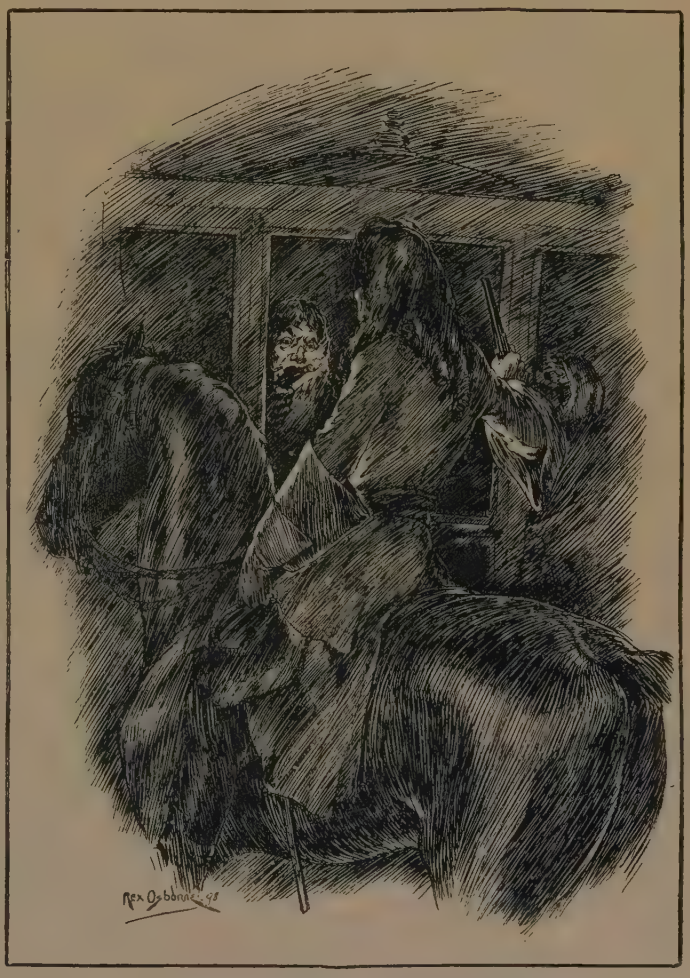
"It was well that I drew the bullets from my father's pistols, or Cousin Billy would never have lived to see another cock-fight."

"I minded not the others. Gad, the men in the rumble shut their eyes and shot at the stars! And now I 'm parlous thirsty, and so are Jerry and Dolly."

"So we will to the nearest inn and drink the healths of Captain Dick Burnay and his bride, Mistress Ally Athelstone," added Captain Gerald Mackinder, whom they called Jerry.

* * * *

Sir Percival was devoutly thankful for the return of his daughter, and ever spoke loudly of the bravery of his son-in-law, who pursued three villains and made them disgorge all his valuables, as well as the biggest prize of all. His only regret was that the Captain was unable to lay them by the heels, but as Dick duly informed him that he passed his sword through the biggest fellow's side, he hoped that rascal died of his wounds. What confirmed him in his theory that the scoundrels meant to keep Miss Ally altogether was the surprising fact that he never could discover the inn called the Hawk and the Pigeon, and that no village of the name of Windchester was to be found on the Brighton road.



"The gout spoils your aim, Sir Percival!"

ROSE AND CHRYSANTHEMUM.

III.—THE YELLOW KIMONO.

By CARLTON DAWE.

Mr. Dawe is well known for his stories of Japanese life. He wrote "Kakemonos," "The Bride of Japan," and "Yellow and White."

FLOYD'S uncle being an official of some importance at the Legation in Tokio, it not unnaturally followed that when the nephew paid his never-to-be-forgotten visit, he saw the imperial city at its best. Like many well-to-do young fellows, he had, on finishing his education, set out to circumnavigate the globe; and his wanderings having led him to the Far East, he paused there a little while—and was sobered ever after.

No one, of course, blamed him. In the East, as in the West, no one ever blames the man—that is, no one of any distinction. A few narrow-minded Pharisees may rail, creatures of no birth or breeding; but your gentleman is above any such puerile sentiment. It is always the woman who suffers, the woman who pays. Yet the sufferings of Omi-San, she whom the great Count Tora condescended to honour, made the most thoughtless pause and think.

Floyd was young, good-looking, well set up: one in whom was personified the glory of life. The whole wide world lay before him, and into it he leapt with the mad impetuosity of youth. There is no joy like that of living, of squeezing the last drop of pleasure out of life. The young may grow reckless without losing their charm. There is a world between the follies of youth and the sins of age.

As I have already said, his connection with the aforesaid high official gave him a decided advantage over the wandering tourist, or the ordinary inhabitant of a treaty port; and it was through this diplomatic connection that he first came in contact with Omi of the yellow *kimono*. Not that the diplomat was directly responsible. It was written, that is all. And what is written neither diplomat nor emperor can blot out. Only things turn out very strangely at times, and we who have the power to think and learn are gifted with many riches.

Count Tora, when free of the exigencies of his office about the court, spent his days on the very beautiful estate which he owned on the shores of the Bay of Yedo, and thither Floyd went with his uncle to pass a couple of days. The Count knew very little English, and Floyd absolutely no Japanese; but the uncle was thoroughly conversant with the native tongue, and the young man found amusement enough in the novelty of his surroundings.

By some judicious questioning he quickly realised that the reputation of his host did not ill agree with his appearance, and though that reputation was no concern of his, it enabled him to contemplate somewhat leniently his own folly. For Tora was neither pleasant in manners nor in appearance. Short of stature, and broad beyond all proportion, he wore a heavy, ugly mask of a face out of which peered two little slits of black fire. He owned a starved beard and moustache (the yellow men cannot grow much hair on the face), of which he was believed to be inordinately fond. For the rest, his nose was broad and flat, his mouth not ill formed, but heavy. The sophisticated would say, upon looking at him, that he was fond of good things, and that he could be cruel when angry.

But what did all this matter? He was Count Tora, one upon whom the Emperor deigned to cast his illustrious eyes. What other honour is there for man to achieve? And even if that was not enough, which is highly incredible, Count Tora had many of this world's riches, and in his own way he was still the *daimio*, the feudal chief.

Floyd and his uncle arrived in time for the midday meal, after which they spent a couple of hours in viewing the extensive grounds of the Count; but after that the young man felt the time begin to drag. He could not sit still, drink tea, and listen to a language he did not understand. So, under the pretence of smoking a cigar, he went out into the grounds, the beauty of which compensated him somewhat for the unintelligible chatter within.

Wandering aimlessly about, he suddenly found himself facing a bank of roses—roses red, and pink, and white, the perfume of which was wafted like a cloud through the sunshine. He stopped for a moment to inhale the delicious fragrance; and as he drew in the sweet air with long, deep breaths, it suddenly struck him that Tora had not shown them this bank, certainly one of

"Ohayo!" he said. . . . . It was equivalent to our greeting, "Good day."

the most charming spots of his garden. But there were so many charming spots. Tora was embarrassed with riches.

He walked on slowly, feasting his eyes with the brilliant masses of colour, his senses with the sweet air, and presently he espied a light gate of trellis-work let into the hedge. This evidently led into an inner garden, one which he felt sure they had not explored with Tora. Why?

He pushed back the gate and entered, and as he did so he caught the flutter of a yellow dress in the distance. It was in the far corner of the garden, down by the bank of roses. The owner thereof might even have been watching him through the blooms.

Without stopping to think, he made direct for the clump of shrubbery behind which he had seen the yellow *kimono* disappear; but when he arrived there, he just caught a glimpse of it vanishing behind another clump further down the garden. Redoubling his speed, for the glimpse he had caught of the flying figure, coupled with its evident desire to avoid him, had whetted his curiosity, he soon overtook it and brought it to bay in a corner of the garden.

He felt rather ashamed of himself as he saw her distress.. His conduct was not in conformity with good taste or good manners; but he was in the East, where the white man is usually a law unto himself. What the native thinks of him is a matter of no concern. Who thinks anything of a native?

A closer scrutiny revealed many charms in the wearer of the yellow *kimono*, not the least of which were the pretty blushes which chased each other across her troubled face. He looked, and saw that she was embarrassed, but her embarrassment lent her such a fascination that he would willingly have committed a more serious crime for a like result.

"*Ohayo!*" he said.

It was one of the few words of Japanese which comprised his limited vocabulary, and the pronunciation, or mispronunciation, of it afforded him a moment of pleasure. It was equivalent to our greeting, "Good-day."

Then slowly she raised her head, and in a low voice stammered "*Ohayo.*" Floyd knew not why it should be so, but he felt his pulses leap as the soft word rang through his brain. He hurriedly mispronounced a few more words, and then came to a sudden standstill. After all, upon occasion, it is just as well to know even Japanese.

But if the tongue is not always understood, it can invariably make itself fairly intelligible with the aid of the eyes; and in her wondering way Omi-San thought the full grey eyes of the stranger something more than human. Never had she looked into such eyes, except in her dreams, and then she confused them with the clouds and the sky, and the white spirits which haunted the snow regions of the North. And they were now looking into hers, burning, unfathomable, and in a vague way she seemed to realise that a new influence was taking possession of her heart and her soul.

In the meantime, his brain had not been slow to grasp certain possibilities. With the eyes of a connoisseur he had been quietly absorbing each and every particular of the quaint, winsome creature before him—from the butterfly pattern of her hair to her rich yellow *kimono* with its red flowers and leaves of broidered silk. She was, perhaps, taller than the average native woman, and her head was set on a neck which would have delighted the soul of a Japanese artist. Her mouth was soft and lovable, and, so Floyd thought, made for kisses. And yet it was more than probable that she knew nothing of that Western delight. Heavens! but he would like to teach her—and might if the opportunity arose.

He took her hand, and she let him hold it without demur. He paid her extravagant compliments, in his own language, of course. Did she know what he meant? Well, woman is woman. Place a man in juxtaposition to her, give him a pair of eyes. He wants nothing else—nor she either.

In this rose-scented garden the minutes flew upon the wings of the lightning. The air was full of sunshine and sweetness, and the drowsy hum of the small life in the

grass. But the rose bank, against which they sat, began to throw a long shadow upon the ground, though neither seemed to notice it. Then of a sudden the sound of a human voice disturbed the tranquillity of the scene. It was Tora speaking on the other side of the hedge. Floyd awoke and looked into the face of Omi-San.

ears alert, and presently the voice came again, this time in the distance. Then she rose to her feet, seized Floyd by the hand, and with a scared look hurried him towards the trellis gate through which he had entered. Then with an excited gesticulation she bade him begone. But knowing nothing of her danger he had none of her

Omi-San was sitting, cross-legged, upon the grass; across her knees lay a long, printed scroll.

It had suddenly gone white with terror. Her eyes were full of fear; she breathed quickly, shortly, with great difficulty. He formed his mouth as though to speak, but hurriedly she covered it with her hand. That he was surprised, the expression of his eyes denoted; nevertheless, he had sufficient presence of mind to kiss the little pink palm.

A moment she sat, head erect, eyes and fear; so that when she turned to go he sprang after her, caught her in his arms, and held her face up to his; and though she struggled it was only in a weak, womanish way. He made her eyes meet his: then he kissed her. He knew Omi-San would not forget.

Without being observed, he made his way from the garden, and in a distant part of the grounds he discovered Tora and his uncle.

"Where have you been?" he said. "I've been looking for you everywhere."

"And we for you," said his host.

He bore without flinching the scrutiny with which the illustrious Tora honoured him. And yet he wondered why he should feel so antagonistic towards the Count—why his back should stiffen because the august little slit-eye took upon himself the liberty to look.

But that night, as his uncle and he smoked together before retiring, he suddenly evinced an uncommon interest in the native language.

"I listened hard to you and the Count talking," he said. "It seemed to me a very pretty tongue."

It was a feeble, boyish excuse, and quite unnecessary. But Floyd was young at deception, and he showed the raw hand.

"Believe me," said his uncle, "some excellent compliments may be paid, even in Japanese."

"I should like to learn a few."

The uncle favoured him with a quizzing smile. After all, it was natural enough; and the little creatures had a charm of their own which especially appealed to the new comer.

"You have found the language rather a difficulty, eh?"

"My dear uncle, a man should know how to pay a compliment to a lady."

"I have no fault to find with the desire to acquire knowledge; the danger lies in the uses to which knowledge is put. For instance, I should not advise you to try your 'prentice hand on any lady whom the illustrious Tora delights to honour."

"My dear uncle!"

The young gentleman protested with a stern shake of the head. This imputation of poaching evidently did him a great injustice. The uncle marked and smiled. Though a diplomat, and one well versed in the wily ways of the East and West, he still had a sneaking fondness for the scruples of youth.

"I merely mention it—in parenthesis. Our esteemed host, in spite of his smattering of our language, and a thin coating of veneer, is still the Oriental, and that means anything and everything."

"Has he many women?" inquired the young man.

"My dear boy, he is an Oriental."

"And a deuced ugly little specimen, too."

There was, perhaps, more bitterness in the words than the occasion warranted. Ugliness in a Jap did not strike the diplomat as being at all singular. Indeed, he could not conceive anyone making such an entirely superfluous remark.

"Of course he's ugly, and if rumour be true, he can at times act in conformity with his distressing physiognomy."

"I am not surprised. He looks a little devil. Always reminds me of one of those hideous masks which the native artists delight in carving. He must have been born after a nightmare."

"I believe he was," said the diplomat.

Nevertheless, Floyd's mistrust of Tora did not lessen his interest in that nobleman's language. He had discovered that although English is almost universal, it is not quite so, and that until the happy epoch arrives when it will be, it would not be disadvantageous to know a few words of some of the barbarous languages which are still in existence. So he prevailed upon his uncle to write out a dozen or two of the commonest phrases or expressions, which, coupled with another two or three dozen words, completed a very handy vocabulary. But the words that seemed to interest him most were those intimately connected with what old-fashioned folk used to call the "tender passion," and half-a-dozen other pretty but wholly inadequate names. And the uncle, thoroughly enjoying this display of youthful ingenuousness, the like of which did not often illumine the dreary desert of political guile, entered into his work with an assiduity beyond all praise.

At parting that night Floyd carefully folded the papers on which the precious words were written and deposited them deep down in his pocket-book.

"I shall look over them in the morning," he said. "I think I shall find them very useful."

The elder man smiled. It was well for

old fogies that their youth should be reviewed from time to time.

Three hours later the young man was still heroically striving to grapple with a sleepy brain; but in this instance nature was stronger than will, though even that could not wholly subdue the spirit. In his dreams he paid sweet compliments in Japanese to the blushing Omi-San.

The next morning he was up early and about; but though he haunted the precincts of the rose-garden, he caught but one glimpse of Omi-San in the distance, or rather, he caught a glimpse of a yellow *kimono* which looked like hers. Whether she saw him or not he could not say, but when he had reached the big clump of rhododendrons behind which she had vanished, she was nowhere to be seen.

Not a little angry with himself, he retraced his steps, and doubt as to the wisdom or propriety of the course he had adopted assailed him. What if she was one of the women of whom his uncle had spoken? This made him pause—gave him time to catch his breath. Well, and even so—what then? It was not an entirely satisfactory answer that he gave himself. The problem had merely been guessed at, not solved. After all, why should he attempt to solve it? Things have a way of righting themselves—sometimes. Sometimes they don't. Well, it is not for youth to waste its glory in wondering what might be. Regret must come with the years, and wisdom brings not happiness. Eat, drink, and be merry. Was there ever a wiser philosophy?

There is something desperately splendid in youth, for whom the words "fear" and "failure" do not exist, to whom death itself is a grotesque and jocular monster. Floyd was not one lightly to abandon an idea, especially one which had seized him with a grip which was almost a challenge. Tora, nor fifty Toras, should not thwart him. As for the woman—well, a woman's resource is practically unlimited. And things have a way of righting themselves, you know.

That afternoon, as before, he went out into the grounds to smoke a cigar, leaving his uncle and the illustrious Tora deeply engrossed in a game of *shogi*, or Japanese chess. As both were good players, and as the game was progressing at a snail's pace, he thanked Heaven for the bewildering complications of the board. It would give him breathing space.

With but a slight pretence of deviation, he went towards the rose-garden, passed through the trellis gate, and then paused. Looking at his watch, he saw that it was within a few minutes of the hour in which he first saw her, and in a vague sort of way he mused. Would she be there? Why should she be? His modesty would not permit him to answer the question. Or, since he was there, why should he not ask: Why should she not be? Yet there were many reasons. To him it was likely to prove rather an interesting adventure. The reckless spirit of youth urged him to see the thing through—just for the fun of the thing. But, if some of his imaginings were to be realised, it would be anything but fun for her.

He looked rather guiltily past the sun's shoulder and slowly walked on, and presently, in a little bower of roses, he caught a glimpse of the yellow *kimono*. Stealthily he approached and peered through the leaves, and he felt his nerves thrill in a strangely unaccountable fashion.

She was sitting, cross-legged, upon the grass; across her knees lay a long, printed scroll, which had evidently ceased to interest her. Her eyes were, apparently, fixed on a certain tree, the branches of which towered highest in the sky; but the watcher doubted if she saw the tree at all: he doubted if she saw anything but some vague picture of the brain. Not a movement saw he of eyelid or of life: the rise and fall of her bosom were almost imperceptible. A quaintly costumed doll she seemed, vaguely suspicious of life.

He drew closer, and yet she stirred not. Her dream was most profound, and not, if he might judge from a certain ineffable sadness, which, like a shadow, played about her eyes, tinged with the rosiest of hues. A momentary throb of compunction made him pause. Then he flung his head back and stood before her.

At the sight of him she started, blushed,

and began to tremble violently; but he knelt beside her and took her hand in his, and in a broken, stumbling manner, without sense or sequence, he repeated over and over again the pretty words and phrases his uncle had written down for him the night before. And from the eyes of Omi-San he drove the shadow of melancholy, and her bosom, rising and falling rapidly, throbbed with the new life which had so suddenly filled it to overflowing. And the sunshine flooded the roses with a deeper gold, and the sweet-scented air whispered a thousand bewildering secrets in her ears.

The visit to Tora ended all too quickly, but Floyd had no intention of letting the acquaintanceship lapse for lack of intercourse. The Count's estate was only some seven or eight miles from the capital. A couple of rickshaw coolies could easily do the distance in an hour. When Floyd thought he wanted some fresh air, he usually found himself bowling along the road that led to Tora's house, and if the illustrious owner did not happen to be in—well, it was a great misfortune, but he would call again soon. And it was really remarkable how many times he did happen to call while the Count was away, and though on such occasions he appeared profoundly distressed, he usually solaced himself with a turn in the beautiful grounds.

These constant visits of the Englishman at length gave the honourable Tora some food for reflection. He learnt something of the story of the rose-garden, and that morning his household knew that he was to set out at midday for Osaka.

That night Omi-San waited impatiently for the coming of her lover. She was restless—ill at ease. Excitedly she paced up and down her room; occasionally she went to the window, and, drawing it back an inch or so, peered out. But at last came the tap on the shutter, the low call, "Omi-San," and she was in his arms. Then there was a sudden commotion round about, lights flashed in the room, and her lord and master, Tora, stood before her, his ugly face livid with rage, his limbs trembling with excitement.

Without speaking, he turned and beckoned to the two servants who held the lights, and they immediately advanced towards Omi-San. She saw the movement, her face blanched with terror, and, recoiling before them, she flung herself at Floyd's feet, and in a voice that rang with acutest fear she implored his protection.

Now, whatever virtues he may have lacked, courage was not one of them. He was quick to perceive that he had got himself in a tight corner, and just as quick to act. He had only his hands to aid him, but in a trice they went up, and presently one of them shot out like a streak of lightning, and the man nearest him went staggering back, the candle, meteor-like, flashing through the firmament of the chamber. Omi-San, doubled in a heap upon the floor, buried her face in her hands and moaned aloud.

Tora's hand flew to his pocket, but he as suddenly withdrew it. Then he went and opened the door through which Floyd had entered, and, turning to him, said the one word—

"Go!"

He looked at the Count, and across his face flickered the shades of obstinacy and irresolution. He knew not what to do: yet wisdom would not be denied.

"Count Tora," he said, "I apologise freely for my presence here to-night. I frankly admit that I am entirely in the wrong, and I am perfectly willing to assume the consequences. For what has happened I, and I only, am to blame. This woman was a child in my hands. I assume responsibility for her also."

"Your honourable generosity shall not be put to the test," sneered the Count. "I have no need of you or your illustrious virtues." Then, once more, he pointed sternly to the door.

Floyd flushed hotly: his eyes shone with fury and dogged impotence.

"I will not go," he said, "until you have forgiven her also."

"I have not forgiven you yet," was the reply. "Go, before I forget who and what you are."

"Go, go," wailed the unhappy woman. "Oh, my lord!"

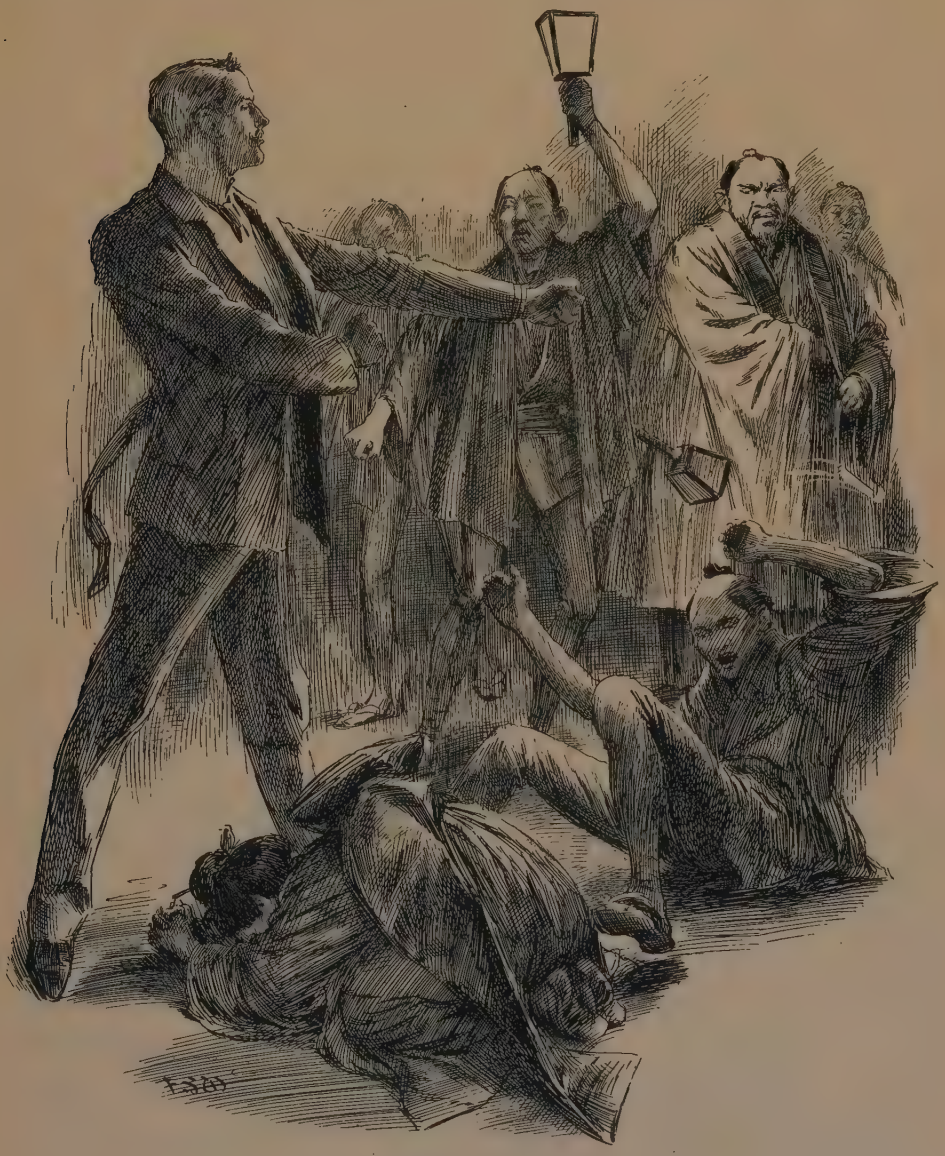
The plaintive cry went to his heart and

stirred every manly impulse. She was all the world to him at that moment. He sprang forward with arms outstretched, but the servants barred his way. He looked

the blame are mine. I want you to remember that."

"I shall not forget."

"If anything I can do——"



Tora's hand flew to his pocket.

into their grim, impassive faces. These men were machines guided by the voice of the master yonder.

Recognising the hopelessness of his position he turned once more to Tora.

"Let us talk," he said. "The folly and

"You can do nothing. I am weary. To-morrow we will talk."

"To-morrow, be it. Until then you will forget?"

"I will forget."

He looked about the room, at the faces of Tora and his servants, at the thin

partitions behind which many more might eagerly be awaiting the signal. Then his eyes rested for a moment on the crouching, moaning figure of the woman.

"Farewell, Omi-San," he said. "I will come again to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Oh, my lord!"

All through the long run back to the city her voice haunted him; he heard it above the rattle of his rickshaw; it palpitated in the air like the wailing of a lost soul. "To-morrow! Oh, my lord!"

Early the next day he presented himself at the gates of Tora's estate, and was there handed a letter by an obsequious retainer.

"What is this?" he said.

"Had not your Excellency better read it and see?"

With nervous fingers he tore open the envelope, and these words, written in English, met his gaze—

"Count Tora is sorry to deprive himself of the honour of once more basking in the illustrious presence of Mr. Floyd, but the interview is quite unnecessary now, as Omi-San died *suddenly* last night."

THE GOLDEN GIRL.

With apologies to Mr. Le Gallienne.

OH! a Golden Girl has golden hair,
And the daintiest Grecian nose;
A radiant brow as a lily fair,
And lips like a budding rose;
Two eyes as bright as the stars at night,
Her breast like a soft sea billow;
Two tiny feet with the ankles neat,
And a waist like a supple willow!

You may find if you wed such a Golden Girl,
When the glamour has passed away,
That the only gold is a golden curl,
That the feet are feet of clay;
That the eyes so blue are not half as true
As you thought when the words were spoken,
That the beauty palls when the image falls,
And the fragments lie all broken.

For a Golden Girl may have raven hair,
With never a glint of gold;
She may wear no face that the world calls fair,
She may even be growing old:
Yet hand in hand in the flowery land
You may walk with that girl apart;
For the only gold that a heart can hold
Is the gold of a Golden Heart!

C. I. PERRY KEENE.

THE WORLD'S SPORT.

SPORT IN AUSTRALIA.

By F. G. AFLALO,

Joint-Editor of the famous "Encyclopædia of Sport."

I FEAR Australia is too far off to attract the sportsman from these latitudes, but those who visit in search of health or wealth will, if their aspirations are modest and they seek neither fierce carnivora nor fleet horned game, find in the latest exploited of the continents much occupation for their gun, and not a little opportunity of testing their angling skill. The fauna of that arid island commends itself rather to the naturalist, for whom the quaint platypus, the assiduous bower-builder, and the archaic lung-fish possess the deepest interest. For the sportsman, however, there are kangaroos and wallabies to hunt or shoot; weird "opossums" to stalk by the pale glow of the moon, involving much waste of powder and shot on the gnarled branches that mimic the motionless little animals; ducks and other waterfowl swarm in the marshes; and the angler may, in the southern colonies and especially in Tasmania, enjoy finer trout-fishing free than five hundred a year would procure for him at home. For the more venturesome sea-fisher, whose constitution is equal to the freaks of the misnamed Pacific, the waters all round the coast teem with all manner of large and excellent fish, game while living and most desirable when well cooked.

KANGAROO DRIVING.

Perhaps the most characteristic quality of Australian sport is its cheapness. Of course, this cannot well endure, but while it lasts it furnishes an agreeable and striking contrast to the tolls and restrictions on sport in the mother country.

I have, perhaps excusably, had the cost of sport on the brain just lately, and the highest testimonial to the cheapness of shooting in Australia is accorded when one finds that there is simply nothing to say on that score.

Given a gun and a few rounds of ammunition, any Sydney or Melbourne lad with the merest fragment of skill can, within a couple of hours' ride of the city, shoot birds enough of some kind or other for his dinner. This extreme inexpensiveness is not, it must be admitted, all to the gain of sport in those regions, for the absence of any gun and game license unavoidably leads to license of another kind, and there is little chance of adequate protection of the beasts and birds in the breeding season. The accompanying lack of restriction as to trespass only serves to aggravate the evil case of the females at the time of year when most they need some asylum far from the slayer and his gun.

KOALA, OR AUSTRALIAN BEAR.

I am not for a moment disparaging the Australian as less sportsmanlike than his kindred at home. If our own fence months and laws as to private ownership were repealed, I should not like to go bail for the immunity of the pheasant and trout in the breeding season.

It cannot, perhaps, be said that Australian sport is very varied. Variety, in fact, is not among the strong points of that otherwise fascinating continent. There is no variety in the scenery along hundreds of miles of railway line or coast track, though such isolated beauty-spots as the Jenolan Caves and sundry scenes on the Hawkesbury and in Tasmania are unrivalled both north and south of the Equator. There is, to the casual observer at any rate, no variety among the

continent's beasts and birds. Nearly all the former carry a pouch, and lie abed all day, and most of the latter vie in colouring with the rainbow, and in voice with the shrieking locomotive. And with such uniformity among the beasts and birds of the chase, sport cannot be many-sided. There is the carefully sighted express rifle for the bounding kangaroo; the 12-bore cartridge with No. 6 shot does for the skulking opossum or native bear, and for most of the birds, though the rifle comes in handy for the bustards and brush-turkeys, heavy fowl that are surprisingly adroit in keeping just out of range of small shot.

SHOOTING CRESTED PIGEONS IN AUSTRALIA.

The fishing, in both fresh and salt, offers far more variety than sport with the gun, and the turbulent outings after schnapper in small tug-boats are as different from the placid anchoring in the land-locked inlets for black bream or the suicidal clamber over the cliffs that brood over famous groper pools as is Highland salmon-fishing from raking for Thames gudgeon.

Hunting is, of course, hunting all the world over, and all that can specially be said in its praise in an Australian plain strewn with rock-boulders and honeycombed with the treacherous burrows of fearsome animals, is that it affords under such conditions more than its customary opportunities of breaking the hunter's legs and the master's neck.

It may now be as well to pass from these generalities to the distinctive features of one or two of the chief sports with gun and rod.

The kangaroo is the principal victim of the chase, and its timidity and swiftness of foot commend it to the sportsman who likes his sport minus unnecessary danger, as much as its appetite for grass intended for sheep and cattle condemns it in the eyes of the farmer. So the kangaroo has to go, and it does go in a variety of methods.

It is hunted into stockades and brained with clubs; it is poisoned; and it is shot, either by stalking or driving. The last-named is not, in the particular case of the kangaroo, a very sporting method. The animal is, when flurried, as dazed as

any hare. Considerations of sport are, moreover, subservient to the desire to destroy such vermin, and the guns are in consequence so posted, and in such numbers, that the animals have no chance of escape.

Few animals of such size die more easily, and a very indifferent marksman, with a twelve-bore loaded with No. 2 shot, will generally, at close quarters, bring down any kangaroo that is driven by him. I have seen large wallabies killed with no more than half-a-dozen pellets in the head and chest.

But the best method of bringing down the larger kangaroos is unquestionably by stalking with a well-sighted rifle. In this there is real sport, or the nearest approach to sport that the larger marsupials offer, and the absence of danger in the animal itself is to some extent balanced by the rough work entailed in working two or three miles to leeward over parched sand and scrub peopled by fierce insects and venomous snakes.

Any little excitement that the sportsman may hanker after will be furnished at a moment's notice by his placing himself between a black snake, or death-adder, and its hole in the neighbouring rock, or by his disturbing a tarantula or two. I know a surveying engineer who, on one occasion, somewhere in tropical Queensland, placed his nose, when laying down his chains, within an inch of an enormous basking centipede, and has not, twenty years afterwards, forgotten the horrible shock on gradually seeing the repulsive creature close to his face. Had it laid hold, he was a dead man.

Cooler and more peaceful is the moonlight ramble after the smaller marsupials that carry beautiful and much-coveted skins, and wander forth at night amid the gum-trees. By a marvellous protective instinct, these animals stiffen their bodies and remain motionless at the first sound of footsteps crackling in the dry undergrowth, and, save when the experienced skin-hunter gets them in line with the moon's friendly disc, and critically reads their secret, they thus escape many a charge of shot. Even when discovered and plugged with lead, their prehensile tail and curved claws often cheat the gunner of his prey, and the corpses sway amid the gum-branches that, then more than ever, resemble gallows-trees. Easiest to see are the little native bears (bears in name only, and weighing no more than a few pounds), and easiest to hear and distinguish, too, amid the few characteristic voices of the bush, is their blood-curdling cry when badly hit. I once heard a monkey's voice under similar circumstances, but it was a glad whisper next to the swan song of the koala.

Of the remaining quadrupeds of that land, the rabbits only furnish work for the gun, which makes little impression on their pestilent millions. The carnivora, marsupial and otherwise, are regarded only as vermin, and their fate is more usually strychnine or the pole-trap.

The pigeons, among Australian birds, are a motley group, and their shooting is in great favour, the more so as most of them are excellent eating.

The emu and cassowary are also much stalked in the north, but the lyre-bird and one or two others are persecuted for the plumage in a disgraceful and wasteful manner, of which, were it permitted to forget the parable of the mote and beam, we at home might perchance have something to say. What would be the use of it, though, when every rare and beautiful bird that, storm-driven and weary, alights for sanctuary in these islands is, within twenty-four hours of its arrival, in the hands of the nearest bird-stuffer ("taxidermist" he is called in the local directory; but directories are notoriously flattering, and "stuffer" is far more descriptive of his methods).

Of the peculiar interest of Australia's fishing much might be said. Yet it has its analogies in the fishing of older countries, and for the benefit of anglers at home black-bream fishing may be likened to punt-fishing for roach; the schnapper takes the place of our pollack, though in reality an overgrown sea-bream; there is the flat-head for our

gurnard, and the groper, weighty and wary, for our carp.

Jew-fish run with live-bait much after the fashion of pike, and the great perch of Queensland rivers will compare favourably with the largest and gamest of the amateur's sea-fish in this country.

A well-known grayling-fisher, who genially discourses in the *Field* and elsewhere under the name of "Red Spinner," has, if I remember rightly, likened the little Queensland sand-whiting to his favourite fish; and there are many other denizens of Australian waters, not to mention the brobdignagian progeny of trout introduced into Tasmania, ready to test the skill, ay, and the strength, of the angler.

How long the present superabundance of sea-fish can be expected to last now that serious trawling experiments have been initiated by Mr. Frank Farnell and others it would be difficult to say; but the coastal waters of that continent are practically stiff with fish, many of them eatable, most of them exceedingly loth to die, and willing to fight to the last.

SCHNAPPER FISHING.

It is impossible within the necessary limits of a magazine article to take more than the most superficial view of the sport of a continent, even where the sport is so simple as it is in Australia. This much, at any rate, I would venture to say in conclusion. Let those who pay the colonies even a flying visit try and take a hand in its shooting and hunting and fishing; for in this way they will quickly make acquaintance with the peculiarities of colonial nature, and they will in a month get a more thorough and sympathetic grasp of the sadness and ineffable charm of bush-life than they could gather from all the books in the Macquarie Street Library at Sydney.

VOYAGING UNDER THE SEA.

No. I.

THE SUBMARINE BOAT "ARGONAUT" AND HER ACHIEVEMENTS.

By SIMON LAKE, Inventor and Builder of the Boat.

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THE problem of submarine navigation has had the attention of inventors almost from time immemorial. It has led to the expenditure of immense sums of money and the sacrifice of many lives. One of the earliest experiments was an appliance that enabled a diver to disappear beneath the surface of the water at night, and walk along the bottom until he came beneath an enemy's ships, the bottoms of which he perforated with an auger, thus causing the ships to sink. But the father of submarine navigation may be said to be a Dutch inventor, Cornelius Debrell, who built in England, in the time of James I., a submarine boat embodying the principle common to all submarine boats—that, namely, of the water-ballast compartments, with pumps for emptying them, to restore the buoyancy of the vessel. If the accounts of the matter are correct, Debrell submerged his boat a number of times, and kept it under water several hours at a time.

Following Debrell, a number of inventors worked at the problem, and devised vessels that they thought would solve it, among others Robert Fulton; and during the Civil War a number of submarine boats were built and tried with more or less success. It was by means of a submarine boat—of the kind called "Davids"—that the Confederates sank the Federal steamship *Housatonic*, in Charlestown Harbour, on the night of Feb. 17, 1864. Since then interest in the subject has been constant and keen, the American, English, French Spanish, Italian, and Russian Governments making trial of many inventions submitted to them, and some of them spending large sums of money in experiments of their own.

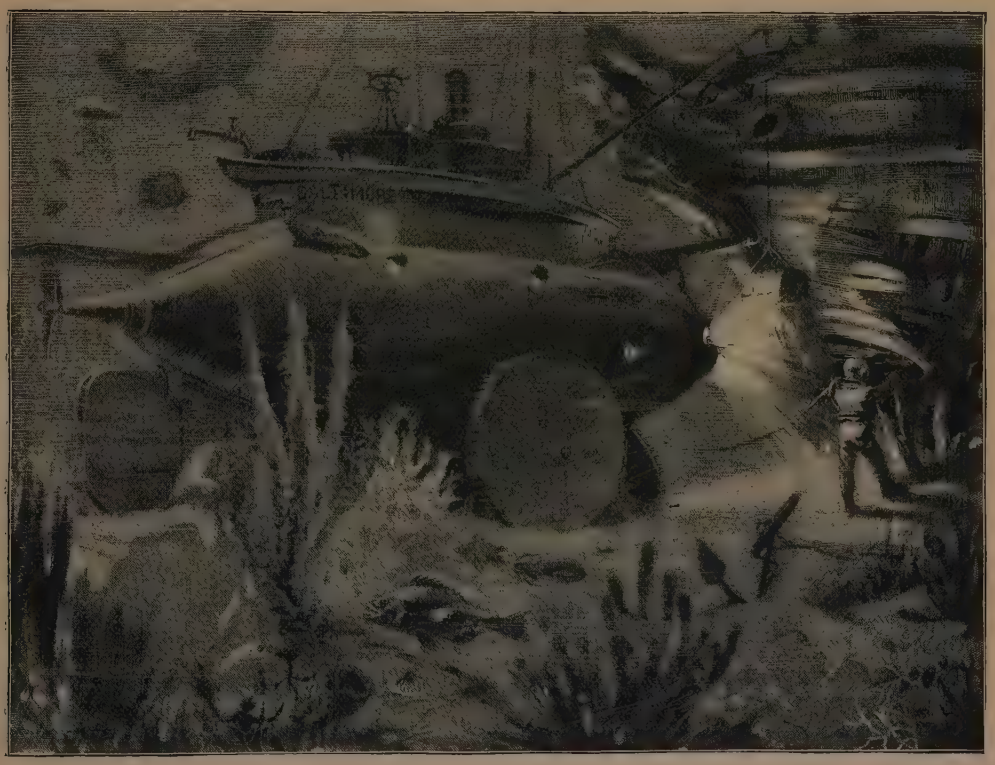
My own submarine boat, the *Argonaut*, is quite different from any other thus far projected or constructed. All previous attempts have been to design a boat to navigate between the surface and the bottom; but the results have been, as a rule, unsatisfactory, owing to the disturbing influence of waves and currents, as well as the difficulty of maintaining trim and equilibrium. These craft should more properly be called diving-boats. They are intended to be steered by vertical and horizontal rudders or vanes (as in the Nordenfelt, Gymnote, Holland, and Peral types) placed in various positions, but generally near the stern, or by changing the angle of the propellers, as in the Goubet, Baker, and Tuck types.

When it is desired to submerge such boats, they must first be very accurately balanced, so that the bow and stern are exactly alike. Then the vessel must be in equilibrium with the water—that is, she must weigh no more, no less, than the water she displaces, under which conditions the theory is that she can be guided through the water like a fish; but here the difficulty arises. Man has not, nor can he have, the training and instincts of fishes, and he cannot compete with Nature in her own domain. With a navigator carefully trained to the business, a vessel might possibly succeed in navigating the deep to some extent in this manner; but it still remains, I think, somewhat of a question. All mariners know how difficult it is to steer an absolutely straight

course on the surface; then how much more difficult is it to steer a straight course beneath the waves.

On the surface the vessel can only swing to the right or left. She does not go up in the air, because she is held to one plane by her weight; neither does she go down, because she is held to the same plane (the surface of the water) by her buoyancy; therefore, the rudder is able to control her. But below the surface all these conditions are changed. Every wave imparts an up-and-down motion to the particles of water beneath it, and, consequently, affects the course of the submarine vessel. Currents run in a variety of directions, and as soon as the screw or propelling mechanism starts in motion, it affects the equilibrium and trim of the boat. If one of the crew moves either forward or aft, the trim is affected, and all these things tend to elevate or depress the bow of the boat or affect her course; and as she can go either to the right or left, or up or down, or, indeed, in any direction, there is scarcely any limit to the difficulty of holding her securely to an appointed course under the surface of the water. Either she will be ducking down and running her bow into the bottom of the sea, or bobbing up again to the surface.

But with the *Argonaut* we experience none of the difficulties above recited. By referring to the accompanying skeleton sketch, her principles will be readily understood.

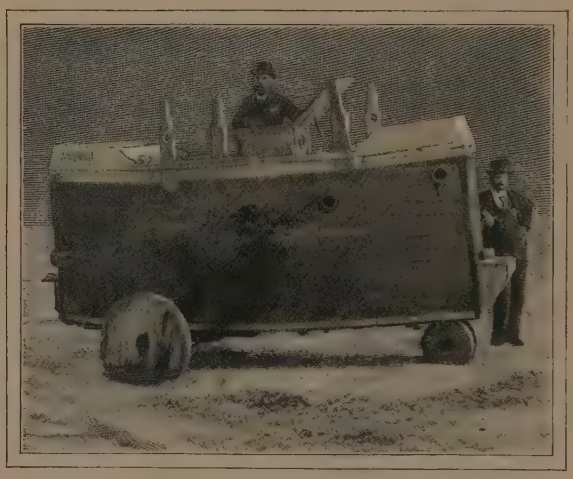


THE SUBMARINE BOAT "ARGONAUT" ON A WRECKING EXPEDITION.

The hull of the vessel is mounted on three wheels. Of these *E* is the rudder, for surface steering, and is also the guiding wheel when the vessel is running on the sea-bottom; and *C* is one of the supporting and driving wheels, of which there are two, one on each side. *B B* are two anchor weights, each weighing 1000 lb., attached to cables, and capable of being hauled up or lowered by a drum and

mechanism within the boat; *o o o* are water-ballast compartments, contained within the boat; *H* is the diver's compartment, situated forward, with an exit door opening outward in the bottom; while *G* is an air-lock.

When it is desired to submerge the vessel the anchor-weights *B B* are first lowered to the bottom; water is then allowed to enter the water-ballast compartments until her buoyancy is less than the weight of the two anchors, say, 1500 lb.; the cables connecting with the weights are then wound in, and the vessel thus hauled to the bottom, until she comes to rest on her three wheels. The weights are then hauled into their pockets in the keel, and it is evident that she is resting on the wheels with a weight equal to the difference between her buoyancy with the weights on the bottom and the weights in their pockets, or 500 lb. Now this weight may be increased or diminished as we please, either by admitting more water into the ballast tanks or by pumping some out. Thus it will be seen that we have perfect control of the vessel in submerging her, as we may haul her down as fast or as slow as we please; and by having her rest on the bottom with sufficient weight to prevent the currents from moving her out of the course, we may start up our propeller or driving-wheels and drive her at will over the bottom, the same as a tricycle is propelled on the surface of the earth in the upper air. In muddy bottoms we rest with a weight not much over 100 pounds; while on hard bottoms, or where there are strong currents, we sometimes rest on the wheels with a weight from 1000 to 1500 pounds. Thus the effect of currents and wave-motion, and the maintenance of trim and equilibrium, are not factors in the successful navigation of the vessel; in fact, navigation becomes surer than on the surface, as one is travelling in a medium which does not constantly change like the surface-water from the effects of winds, waves, and currents. When the divers desire to leave the vessel, they go into the diver's compartment, located in the forward portion of the ship, and close the door communicating with the living quarters. This door closes on rubber packing, and is air-tight. Air is then admitted into the compartment from compressed air reservoirs, until the pressure of air equals that of the surrounding water. The bottom door may then be opened, and no water will come into the boat, as the pressure of air contained within the compartment offers an invisible barrier to its entrance, and the divers may pass in and out as frequently as they please.



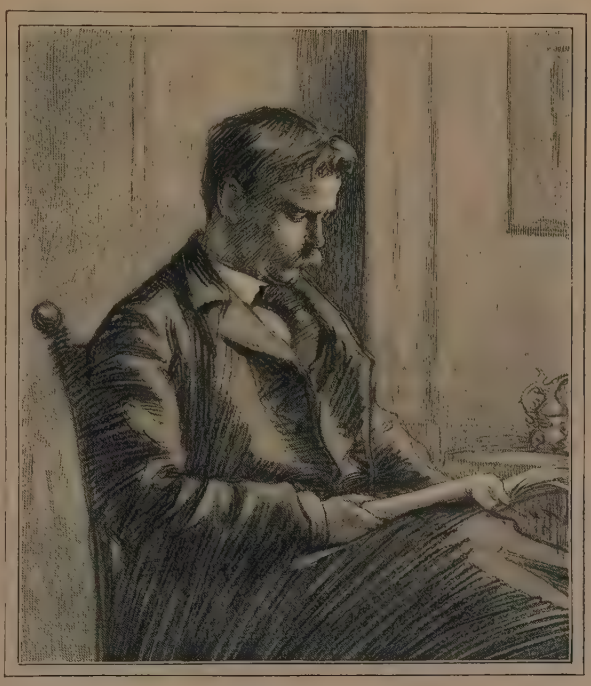
THE "ARGONAUT, JUNIOR."

Mr. Lake built this, his first experimental submarine boat, in 1894. After several successful descents, she was abandoned, and now lies at Atlantic Highlands, half buried in the sand. Dimensions: length, 14 feet; width, 4½ feet; depth, 5 feet.

The *Argonaut* is fitted with a White and Middleton gasoline engine of thirty horse-power, which operates the screw, the driving-wheels, the dynamo, the air-compressors, anchor-hoists, and derrick-operating machinery. She is provided with two Mannessman steel tubes, in which sufficient air may be stored, with what is contained in the boat, to last the crew for twenty-four hours without obtaining a fresh supply from the surface. In the *Argonaut*, however, and probably in

all such craft used for commercial pursuits, as a usual thing, there will be a connection with the surface, through which a constant supply of air may be drawn, either by the masts, as shown in the views, one of which supplies air to the interior of the vessel, the other being utilised as an exhaust from the engine, or through suction hose extending to a buoy on the surface. While the engine is running, there is about fifty cubic feet of air flowing into the boat per minute; and when the engine is closed down, there may be a flow of air maintained by an auxiliary blower, so that it is possible to remain below for days, or even weeks at a time.

The course is directed by an ordinary compass when on the bottom, and it is found that the needle responds as quickly and is as accurate as when on the surface. Notwithstanding the fact that the *Argonaut* is quite a small vessel, a crew of five men have lived aboard of her during an experimental cruise extending over two months, during which she travelled over 1000 miles under her own power, partly on the surface and partly on the bottom. The trip was made to demonstrate the practicability of vessels of her type travelling on various kinds of bottoms, also to demonstrate her seaworthiness and capabilities in searching the bottom, in working on sunken wrecks, finding and taking up submerged cables, etc.



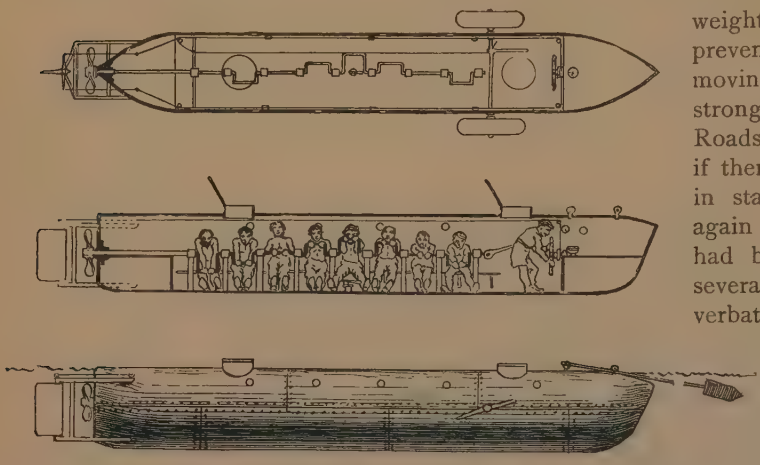
SIMON LAKE.

Drawn from life by W. D. Stevens at Atlantic Highlands, October 16, 1898.

We have been out in some pretty rough weather, and found that she was perfectly seaworthy. Of course, being so small and of such weight, the seas at times would wash clear over her decks. This, however, caused no inconvenience to those below, as her stability was such that she would roll or pitch very little, even though the seas were breaking over her in great volume. We have been cruising on the bottom in rivers, in the Chesapeake Bay, and beneath the broad Atlantic. In the rivers we invariably found a muddy bed; in the bay we found bottoms of various kinds, in some places so soft our divers would sink up to their knees, while in other places the ground would be hard, and at one place we ran across a bottom which was composed of a loose gravel resembling shelled corn. Out in the ocean, however, was found the ideal submarine course, consisting of fine grey sand, almost as hard as a macadamised road, and very level and uniform.

During this trip we investigated several sunken wrecks, of which there are a great many in the Chesapeake Bay and on the coast adjacent thereto. The vessels we boarded were coal-laden craft, and of themselves not of much value; but the coal would pay handsomely for its recovery, which could be readily accomplished with the proper equipment. We found one old wreck said to have gone down some forty

years ago near the mouth of the Patuxent River. There was nothing in sight except a few timbers and deck-beams, and these were nearly consumed by the toredo—a boring worm—which completely honeycombs any timber it may attack. We pulled up some of the planks of this vessel, which had a numerous growth of oysters, mussels, and several kinds of submarine vegetation clinging to them. The portion of the timbers not eaten by the toredo was found to be almost as hard as iron and thoroughly impregnated with the dark blue mud in which the hull lies buried. After the timbers were hauled to the surface, in sawing them in two we noticed a very strong odour of yellow pine, and so learned that they must be of that wood, though they were as black as ebony. Toad-fish had evidently found this old wreck a congenial habitation, and when the diver's hand comes in contact with the slimy back of one of these horrible-looking, strong-jawed, big-mouthed fish he pulls it back pretty quickly. The piece we pulled up had within it three of these fish, which had taken up their abode in portions of the timber that had been eaten away, and one was a prisoner in a recess which, evidently, he had entered when small and had grown too large to get out. In a wreck near Cape Henry fish were very numerous, principally bass and croakers, though two or three small sharks were seen in the vicinity.



THE CONFEDERATE SUBMARINE BOAT WHICH SANK THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "HOUSATONIC" DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Three different crews were drowned in this boat before she accomplished her purpose. As shown in the two upper diagrams her propeller and two forward paddles were worked with a shaft propelled by eight men. The steersman, in front, discharged the torpedo, shown in the lower view.

It might prove interesting to copy one day's experiences from our log-book. This day we submerged for the purpose of discovering how much weight was necessary to prevent the current from moving the *Argonaut* in a strong tideway (Hampton Roads), and also to discover if there was any difference in starting our machinery again under water after it had been shut down for several hours. I copy verbatim from the log-book under date of July 28, 1898.

Submerged at 8.20 a.m. in about thirty feet of water. Temperature in living compartment, eighty-three degrees Fahrenheit. Compass bearing west-north-west, one-quarter west. Quite a lively sea running on the surface, also strong current. At 10.45 a.m. shut down engine; temperature, eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

After engine was shut down, we could hear the wind blowing past our pipes extending above the surface; we could also tell by the sound when any steamers were in the vicinity. We first allowed the boat to settle gradually to the bottom, with the tide running ebb; after a time the tide changed, and she would work slightly sideways; we admitted about 400 lb. of water additional, but she still would move occasionally, so that a pendulum nine inches long would sway one-eighth of an inch (thwartship). At 12 o'clock (noon) temperature was eighty-seven degrees Fahrenheit; at 2.45 p.m. the temperature was still eighty-seven degrees Fahrenheit. There were no signs of carbonic acid gas at 2.45, although the engine had been closed down for three hours, and no fresh air had been admitted during the time. Could hear the whistle of boats on the surface, and also their propellers when running close to the boat. At 3.30 the temperature had dropped to eighty-five degrees. At 3.45 found a little sign of carbonic acid gas, very slight, however, as a candle would burn fairly bright in the pits; thought we could detect a smell of gasoline by comparing the fresh air which came down the pipe (when hand-blower was turned). Storage-lamps were burning during the five hours of submergence, while engine was not running.

At 3.50 engine was again started, and went off nicely. Went into diving compartment and opened door; came out through air-lock, and left pressure there; found the wheels had buried about ten inches or one foot, as the bottom had several inches of mud. We had 500 lb. of air in the tanks, and it ran the pressure down to 250 lb. to open the door in about 30 ft.

The temperature fell in the diving compartment to eighty-two degrees after the compressed air was let in.

Cooked clam fritters and coffee for supper. The spirits of the crew appeared to improve the longer we remained below; the time was spent in catching clams, singing, trying to waltz, playing cards, and writing letters to wives and sweethearts.

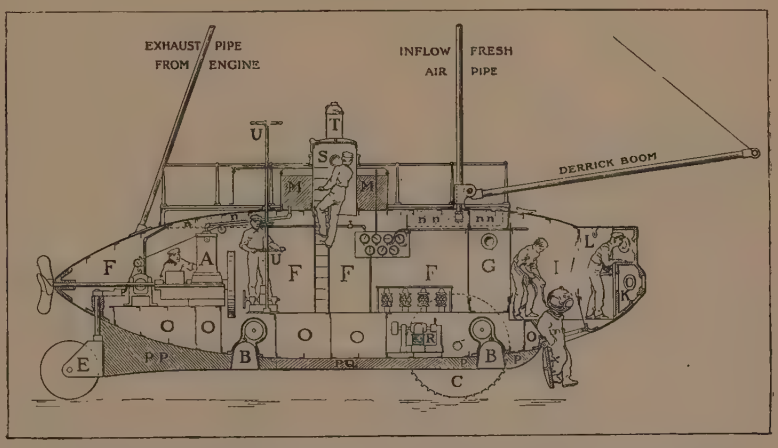
Our only visitors during the day were a couple of black bass that came and looked in at the windows with a great deal of apparent interest.

In future boats it will be well to provide a smoking compartment, as most of the crew had their smoking apparatus all ready as soon as we came up.

Started pumps at 6.20, and arrived at the surface at 6.30. Down altogether ten hours and fifteen minutes. People on pilot-boat *Calvert* thought we were all hands drowned.

We spent some time with Hampton Roads as headquarters, and made several descents in the waters adjacent thereto. We were desirous of making a search for the cables which connected with the mines guarding the entrance to the harbour, but could not obtain permission from the authorities, who were afraid we might accidentally sever them, which would, of course, make their entire system of defence useless. It was, therefore, necessary for us, in order to demonstrate the practicability of vessels of this type for this purpose, to lay a cable ourselves, which we did, across the channel leading into the Patuxent River. We then submerged, and, taking our bearings by the compass, ran over the bottom, with the door in our diving compartment open, until we came across the cable, which we hauled up into the compartment with a hook only about four and one-half feet long; and we could not avoid the impression that it would be a very easy thing to destroy the efficiency of the present mine system. And how many lives might have been saved, and millions of dollars besides, had our navy been provided with a craft of this type to lead the way into Santiago, Havana, or San Juan, off which ports squadrons were compelled to lie for weeks and months, owing to fear of the mines!

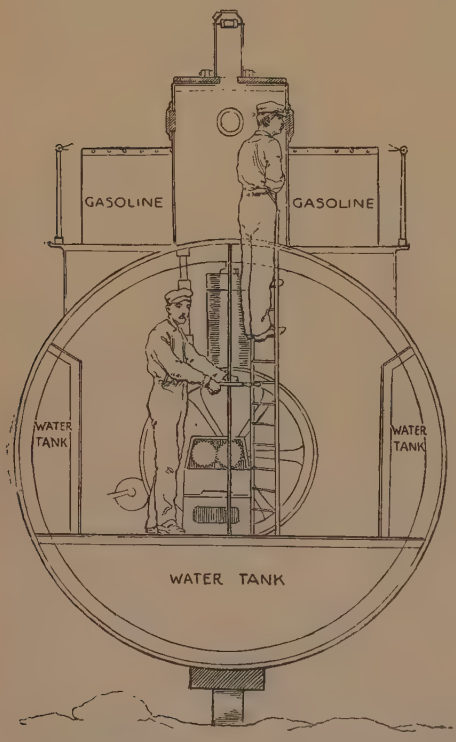
I have frequently been asked my sensations on going beneath the water—whether I had any fear of not being able to come up again, and whether it did not require a lot of courage. I usually reply that I have always been too busy and interested for fears or sensations, and that it does not



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE LAKE SUBMARINE BOAT "ARGONAUT."

A, Gasoline engine, thirty horse-power, which supplies all the power used in moving and operating the boat BB, the two anchor weights used in sinking the boat. C, one of the two driving wheels. E, rudder and guiding wheel. FFFF, the "living-room," in which are placed the engine and all the other machinery and apparatus for operating the boat. G, the air-lock: it affords passage to and from the diver's room without reducing the air pressure. H, the diver's room, whence free passage is secured into the sea. K, bow compartment where the search-light is placed. L, the forward lookout compartment. MM, gasoline tanks. NN, compressed-air reservoirs. OOOO, water-ballast compartments. PP, permanent keel. PQ, drop keel. R, dynamo. S, conning-tower. T, binnacle. The compass in this binnacle is in direct view from the outside steering gear; but from the conning-tower it is read by reflection. U, outside steering gear. In general form the "Argonaut" is cylindrical, or cigar-shaped, with a very bluff bow and a pointed stern, and is thirty-six feet long.

require any courage on my part, as I am so thoroughly satisfied of the correctness of the principles upon which the *Argonaut* is constructed and the strength of the structure as to have no doubts or fears of any kind; but I do think it requires courage on the part of those who do not understand all the principles involved and who simply



AMIDSHIPS CROSS-SECTION OF THE "ARGONAUT."

trust their lives in my hands. Quite a number of people have made descents in the vessel, but in only one or two instances have I seen them show any signs of fear.

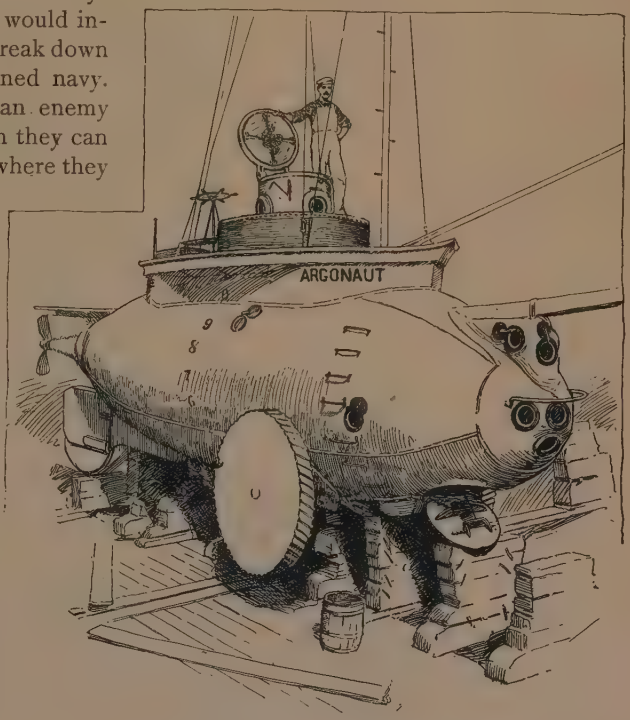
In one instance, during our trials in the Patapsco, several gentlemen were very importunate in requesting the privilege of making a descent the next time we were to submerge. They were accordingly notified when the boat was to go down. At the appointed time, however, some of them did not appear, and of those who did not one at the last would venture. I have no doubt had we made the descent at the time they made the request all would have gone; but thinking about it for a couple of days made them change their minds.

On another trip we had a college professor on board who could not understand exactly how our men got out of the boat. I told him to come into the diver's compartment and I would explain it to him. Accordingly, he reluctantly, as I thought, entered the compartment, which in the *Argonaut* is a little room, only four feet long and a little wider. After closing the door, I noticed that the colour was leaving his face, and a few beads of perspiration were standing out upon his forehead, and had he been anyone else than a professor, or, possibly, a newspaper man, I would not have gone any further with the experiment. The door, however, was closed and securely fastened. I then opened the valve a full turn, and the air began to rush in with a great noise. He grabbed hold of one of the frames, and glanced with longing eyes at the door we had just entered. I then turned off the air and said, "By the way, Professor, are you troubled with heart disease?" He said, "Why, yes, my heart is a little affected." Remarking, "Oh, well, this little depth will not hurt you," I turned on the air again after saying to him, "If you feel any pain in your ears, swallow as if you were drinking water." He immediately commenced swallowing, and during that half minute or so we were getting the pressure on I believe he swallowed enough to have drunk a bucketful of water. After getting the desired pressure, I stooped down and commenced to unscrew the bolts holding the door which leads out into the water. Our professor said, "What are you doing now?" I answered, "I am going to open this door so you can see the bottom." Throwing out his hands, he said, "No, no. Don't do that. I would not put you to that trouble for the world." However, about that time, the door dropped down, and as he saw the water *did not* come in, the colour returned to his face, and he exclaimed, "Well, if I had not seen it, I would never have believed it!"

The object hitherto sought in building submarine vessels has been to provide a new appliance for carrying on war; and all naval authorities agree that if a successful torpedo-boat of this type can be

built, there is no means known to naval science to prevent the destruction of any squadron afloat. Viewing them from this point, submarines undoubtedly will be one of the greatest agencies ever known for the promulgation of that universal peace so much desired by all people who love their fellow-man and who would rather see international differences settled by arbitration than by the sword. When every nation with a sea-coast has among its defences a number of submarine torpedo-boats, it will be worse than folly to think of invading its territory from the sea. No transport-ships would dare approach its coast-line and attempt to land an army if a number of these little destroyers were known to be prowling about the vicinity. In all probability the fear they would inspire would be so great as to break down the nerves of the best disciplined navy. Men can stand up and fight an enemy that they can see and at whom they can strike; but to be in a position where they do not know at what instant—whether asleep or awake—without any warning whatever, they may be blown into another world, will inspire such terror that no one could long endure the strain.

Had the Cubans been provided with one or two of these little craft, Spain could never have invaded and laid waste their beautiful territory with her army of 200,000 men. Consequently Cuba would have been in the position which all countries should be in—that the majority of the inhabitants could have managed their own affairs without interference from outsiders.



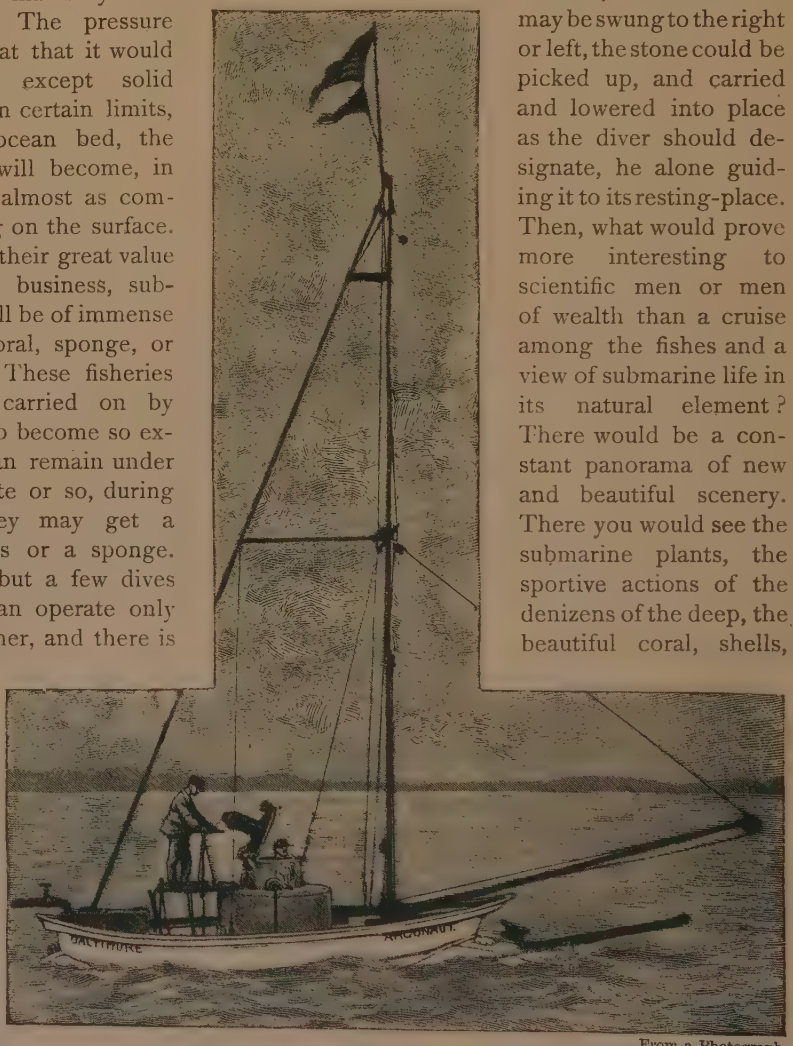
THE "ARGONAUT" IN DRY DOCK.

Drawn from photographs by Mr. Lake. The door of the diver's compartment, just under the bow, is open, and resting on some of the keel blocks. Through this door the divers leave the boat when it is submerged, compressed air in the compartment preventing the entrance of water.

Warfare, however, is only one feature of their usefulness. While submarine torpedo-boats will, in all probability, in future wars between maritime nations, destroy millions of pounds' worth of battle-ships, cruisers, etc., yet the submarine wrecking boat will undoubtedly recover from the bottom of the sea many times the value of the vessels lost in war. Of the cargoes, treasures, and vessels lost in the merchant service, the aggregate amounts to over twenty millions of pounds per year, according to the official report of Lieutenant-Commander Richardson Clover, Chief Hydrographer of the United States Navy; and as the loss has been going on for many years, the wealth lying at the bottom of the ocean transcends the fabulous riches of the Klondyke. One authority said many years ago: "There is every reason to believe that the sea is even richer than the earth, owing to the millions of shipwrecks which have swallowed up so many a royal fortune." Fortunately, the majority of these great losses occur in waters in which it will be practical to operate with submarine boats of the *Argonaut* type. By referring to our coast-lines, it will be found that the

bottom is principally composed of a hard white or grey sand, and is very uniform. The depth increases as you leave the shore at the average rate of about six feet per mile, and the bottom forms an ideal roadway. Of course, there are depths in the ocean which man's eye can never behold. The pressure would be so great that it would crush anything except solid metal; but within certain limits, exploring the ocean bed, the writer believes, will become, in the near future, almost as common as travelling on the surface.

In addition to their great value in the wrecking business, submarine vessels will be of immense service in the coral, sponge, or pearl fisheries. These fisheries are principally carried on by native divers, who become so expert that they can remain under water for a minute or so, during which time they may get a handful of shells or a sponge. They can make but a few dives in a day, and can operate only during fair weather, and there is also great danger from sharks, which usually abound in great numbers in the waters where the pearl, sponge, or coral is found. What an immense harvest the submarine could recover here as she went wheeling along over the bottom. With the door open in the diver's compartment, the choice specimens could be picked up with a rake only four or five feet in length, without leaving the boat, or the divers could be sent out clad in their armour, and could search the bottom for a couple of hundred feet on either side of the ship. Then, again, in laying submarine foundations for breakwaters, piers, lighthouses, etc., it would only be necessary to equip one of these vessels as a derrick, and dump the stone overboard in the vicinity in which it is desirous of operating. As the boat may readily be run backward or forward, and the derrick may be swung to the right or left, the stone could be picked up, and carried and lowered into place as the diver should designate, he alone guiding it to its resting-place. Then, what would prove more interesting to scientific men or men of wealth than a cruise among the fishes and a view of submarine life in its natural element? There would be a constant panorama of new and beautiful scenery. There you would see the submarine plants, the sportive actions of the denizens of the deep, the beautiful coral, shells, and flowers with which in some localities the ocean bed is carpeted; and to this would be added the zest of probably running across a valuable treasure-ship. In fact, it would be the most interesting exploration men could make.



From a Photograph.

THE "ARGONAUT" SAILING ON THE SURFACE.

[NOTE.—Next month we intend to give an account of a voyage under the sea in the *Argonaut* by a passenger, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker.—Ed. *E.I.M.*]

WEE MAGGIE.

By C. EDWARDES.

BALLYSHANE slopes in one rather long street from the mountains to the sea; the crimson heather in August binding it to the north, and the blue Channel to the south.

Patrick O'Hagan's wine and spirit store occupies an important site at the corner, where the by-road turns in a somewhat slovenly manner from the main thoroughfare through the village.

In August 189- the Ballyshane people read on the wall of Patrick O'Hagan's stable a notice to the effect that Messrs. Johnson and Carron, evangelists, would attend in Ballyshane from the 10th, and that service would be in the tent every night at 7.30, and on the Lord's Day at 7.45.

This intimation excited the little place, not because it was peculiarly friendly or inimical to evangelists, but because it was just three years since Jim Carron had left Ballyshane, saying no word to anyone—not even to "Wee Maggie" or his own mother.

It was supposed he had done something wrong, or intended to do something wrong. Anyway, his old mother had died of annoyance or worse, and Ballyshane had said things about Jim that were not charitable.

As for Wee Maggie——

But Wee Maggie's case was as dolorous as Jim's was inexplicable until this particular August.

She had been the prettiest creature at sixteen, with such a shapely head, red-brown cheeks, dark brown eyes, dimpled chin, little ears, hands, and feet, and the famous dark hair of the district. She was at her most glorious epoch when Jim fled, after worshipping her for three or four months.

Wee Maggie was not all that wee. But she was called that to distinguish her from her grandmother, with whom she lived, being an orphan. Mrs. Maggie Calloway was tall, angular, moustached, and forcible; by no means the person for a granddaughter to live with who was not disposed to submit herself to rules and regulations. Moreover, Mrs. Maggie was of the strictest order of Calvinists. She believed ardently in hell and its flames and their preparation for all persons who made slips in life of the kind Mrs. Maggie herself could not, and would not if she could, pardon.

Wee Maggie was said to have loved Jim Carron, even as Jim Carron had loved her.

She lost her good looks temporarily after Jim's disappearance, but recovered them ere he had been gone a year; recovered them, with bountiful interest, so that she was a byword for miles up and down the main road.

Then it was that John O'Hagan, Patrick's second son, turned his attention to Wee Maggie. John O'Hagan had red hair, but a most remarkable success with the ladies.

Wee Maggie was warned against him. Mrs. Calloway stormed on the subject, with copious references to hell fire.

But young John O'Hagan proved victorious in spite of everything. He was wont to talk of Jim to Wee Maggie, and only incidentally of himself. That was, of course, a devilish ruse.

Anyway, after a time, John O'Hagan got an appointment in Belfast, and two months later there was no holding Ballyshane from discussing a very monstrous little item of news. Wee Maggie had been

kept indoors for weeks, and Mrs. Calloway's lips in chapel were a lesson even to a lobster's claws. But Betty Annett explained everything when, apparently with full license from Mrs. Calloway, she proclaimed the fact that she had on a certain afternoon aided Wee Maggie to increase the world's population with a fine lass.

For many Sundays in succession Mrs. Calloway cursed John O'Hagan unctuously from the beginning of service to the end. Patrick, the father, declined to be made responsible for his son's misdeeds, even if, he said, these had any relation to Wee Maggie. Also he declined to give the lad's address in Belfast.

Then, after more months, Ballyshane and even Mrs. Calloway seemed to get accustomed to the sight of Wee Maggie with a child in her arms.

Sad to say, the girl seemed strangely happy with the little babe. She sang to it in the roads and sang to it as she rolled it in the hay of Mr. Gordon's meadow alongside her grandmother's tenement. But, nevertheless, there was sadness in those sweet eyes of hers—an unfathomable sadness.

And now, of a sudden, the babe sickened and died of a common childish ailment.

An astonishing crowd of the Ballyshaners attended the funeral from brutal curiosity. And their curiosity was not unrewarded; for Wee Maggie, who had restrained herself until the earth rattled on the tiny coffin, then broke forth in lamentable cries: "O God, why did You take her? How could You take her? I'd have done anything for You to atone for my sin. But You are so cruel!" etc.

It was a scene of high quality. Mr. Wilson, the minister, looked over his spectacles at the girl fumbling on her knees in the gravel by the grave-side. He did not interfere. He left that to Mrs. Calloway, who had words of her own. "How can ye be so shameless, woman! Get up when I tell you. You'll cut your frock all to bits. I'm sure you will. And they're all staring at you, you irreverent young firebrand!"

However, Wee Maggie had her passion out, heedless of the parish, Mr. Wilson's cold glittering eyes and long mouth, and her grandmother's upbraidings.

She was always celebrated for her dignified carriage; and never had she borne herself so proudly, even defiantly, as when, at the end of the funeral (baby being hidden out of sight), she consented to follow her grandmother from the graveyard. The tears streamed down her cheeks, but she walked. "Man, how she did walk!" as Billy Egan said afterwards to Tim Mahony.

With the reappearance in Ballyshane of John O'Hagan, his head redder than ever and his eyes more impudent and confident, poor Wee Maggie's cup seemed likely to be full.

But no such thing. Wee Maggie cut John O'Hagan with the ability of a Park-Laner, cut him before the parish and behind the parish, and never so much as blushed on her beautiful cheeks as she looked unmoved into his impudent eyes.

Of course, nothing was said or done. Even Mrs. Calloway, who from sheer weariness had made an end of cursing John O'Hagan in her prayers, saw the inadvisability of reopening so ugly a wound. The past was past; the sooner it was forgotten, also, the better.

And this brings us to the "Gospel" placard on Patrick O'Hagan's wall, and the circular tent subsequently in the meadow between the spirit-store and the post-office, with its two little white pennons having the words "God is Love" done thereon in blood-red letters.

It was three o'clock, and of the two evangelists the elder, Mr. Johnson, was alone in Ballyshane. He had rooms in the cottage of a woman who had sheltered itinerant evangelists ere this. Jim Carron was to arrive later, in time for the service.

A man named Mooney accosted Mr. Johnson by the tent entrance.

"When'll Jim be along, Sir?" he asked.

"Not for two hours at the least," said Mr. Johnson pleasantly. "He is detained in Belfast."

"'Deed then, Sir, he'll be doing fine for himself," remarked Mooney. "We're thinking he'll draw the crowd this night.

They 're powerful keen on hearing Jim, "deed and they are."

"I'm glad to know it," said Mr. Johnson. "Mr. Carron has been through the fire."

"The fire, Sir?"

"I'm talking of his spiritual trials," said Mr. Johnson.

"Oh, sure!" remarked Mooney, as if he were not at all sure really. "Does he know his mother's dead?"

"He does not. He left home and kindred and his earlier temptations to give himself entirely to the Lord."

Mooney stared. He was a seafaring man, with plain ideas of life and duty.

"Well, well," he murmured, and lounged away to the little Ballyshane harbour, where he spread his news among the knot of men like himself, in blue knitted jerseys, mostly with pipes in their mouths and steady eyes to their brown faces.

He was wont to talk of Jim to Wee Maggie.

John O'Hagan also strolled into the meadow to look at the tent. He had a covert smile on his impudent lips. If Jim had become this sort of a man, he had not much to fear from him. Perhaps, too, he would not have felt afraid under any circumstances. There was a kind of pluck in every stiff, bristly hair of his red head.

At five o'clock or thereabouts, Wee Maggie left her grandmother's house with the weekly wreath of flowers for her Wee Maggie's grave in the churchyard. She begged the flowers from the neighbours. This day they were nasturtiums and sweet-williams—nothing more choice. It was a somewhat garish and untidy, small tribute, but her heart was with it.

She, too, was thinking of Jim Carron, confusedly. Her grandmother had again begun to say things. She had, for instance, wished him at the bottom of the sea. Why did he come to Ballyshane to revive the iniquitous memories that clad her with thorns?

But Wee Maggie did not know what to think. Jim had been so ardent. He had lain at her feet for hours, gazing into her satiny blue eyes and telling her she was everything to him—earth and heaven in one.

She climbed the churchyard wall at the steps, looked about her, and kneeled beside the little mound, flowers in hand. She was not very copious in prayer. It sufficed her when she had entreated that some day she might have her Wee Maggie in her arms again—a little winged angel enfolded in the embrace of a larger winged angel.

She picked off a stone from the mound, upon which she then put her flowers.

Scarcely had she done this when a vibrating voice above her whispered—

"Maggie!"

"Oh, how you did startle me!" she exclaimed, when she had jumped to her feet and stood wide-eyed, facing Jim himself. Jim certainly, though he had lines

on his forehead and by his mouth, and nothing of the old unrestrained worship in his eyes.

"What is that?" asked Jim Carron, pointing to the child's grave.

Wee Maggie bent her head, and she coloured something like the flowers on the grave. But she did not answer.

"It isn't your — grandmother?" he continued.

"Och no," said Wee Maggie, almost with levity. The idea of tall Mrs. Calloway reposing under so brief a heap!

"Then who is it?"

Something in his tone irritated the girl. He spoke as if he had the right to interrogate her. Besides, the more she glanced at him, the less she recognised in him her old admirer—and more.

"It's my own lass," she said simply.

"Your child! Then you forgot me and married, and——"

"It's all wrong, you are, though it's a shame in me to say a word on the subjec', and that's been dinned into my ears till I'm stone deaf about it," exclaimed Wee Maggie, this time with no confusion in her face, but just honest, transfiguring human nature and indignation. "He deceived me with his talk about you and his—wicked ways. But I dinna want to remember more of it."

Jim Carron's hands were about his lined brows.

"Is it truth you're telling me?" he whispered.

"Truth!" cried Wee Maggie. "Just ask John O'Hagan himself; and it isn't James Carron I'd have believed would have charged me with lying. Foolish and weak I may be, but I'm no liar."

Jim Carron was lost from that moment. He could not be his converted self again, when he had seen Wee Maggie's beauty under such glorifying and pathetic conditions.

"John O'Hagan!" he murmured.

"Ay, John O'Hagan. And I'll be going the now. You're a fine preacher, I suppose, and I'm vexed my grandmother will not let me come to hear you."

"But you're free, Maggie?" he cried.

"Free!"

"You and him. I mean——"

"Quit that, James Carron," cries Wee Maggie in her turn, all red again. "I hate, hate, *hate* him! I've no one, just no one—only that."

She nodded at the little grave; then, without another word, walked off. A princess after long training could not have withdrawn with more dignity.

Jim Carron watched her, muttering fragments of the Gospels. Then his eyes chanced to fall on the modest tombstone to his own mother, which was near. Her brother had raised it over her. He sank into tormenting reverie as he leaned against it. He had given up all to follow Christ—all, all; and the thought of the miserable insufficiency of the sacrifice gnawed upon him.

By-and-by he tottered from the graveyard with bent head, and with his head still bent he passed Patrick O'Hagan's spirit-store and turned into the meadow with the tent.

Egan and four or five others were sitting in the ancient familiar way on the granite lumps and the wall outside the store. They stared at Jim Carron, but said nothing. He did not see them, and they on their part hardly recognised him, and felt no inclination to hail him.

Once in the precincts of his cathedral, Jim Carron revived a little. The benches were set in rows. There was the daïs at one end, with the Bible on the table, and the three scriptural texts were pinned to the canvas, one behind the daïs and one at either side of the tent. The one behind the daïs was, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of God is at hand."

Nevertheless, as he looked at this text, Jim Carron fidgeted, for he knew that there was something in him unfit to be an expounder of the tremendous injunction.

He sat down and leaned his elbow on the Bible, and then it was that the great temptation took shape in his mind. Away in a foreign land (America, for choice), with Wee Maggie and no one else, what a life of bliss he might lead! And it was now nothing to him that this was but a recrudescence of the old passion which he had thought it his duty to fight in the old

days. The spirit had conquered; now it was the turn once more of the flesh.

Thus his colleague, Mr. Johnson, found him.

"They expect much of you, James," he said, "and I'm glad you are preparing."

"Yes, that's what I'm engaged in—preparing," answered Jim Carron, with an awkward smile.

"It's my own lass," she said simply.

"You have a hard task, for you are a prophet in your own country, and you know what we are told of such."

"Ay," said Jim; "I know."

The two evangelists then left the tent for their tea. John O'Hagan, pipe in mouth, was in his father's cabbage plot when they crossed the meadow.

"Ah, Jamie, my man, Jamie!" said he, with a grin and a jerk of the head, as he also thought of Wee Maggie. "I'd not lose the fun of hearing thee for a pair of sixpences."

And Jim Carron at that self-same moment was saying to himself, as if it were a fine discovery, "She hates him and there is no one to reward him evil for his evil, no one but me. If but the Almighty would put His sword of flaming vengeance into my hand and bid me strike! If——"

"Don't overdo it with them, James," said Mr. Johnson, impressed by his colleague's absorption. "Keep something in hand for the after times."

In reply to which Jim wagged his head and smiled to himself a smile scarcely less ugly than John O'Hagan's a moment or two before.

"I know the Ballyshaners—none better," he remarked.

He was silent over his tea, but that was not imputed to him as a failing; and afterwards he folded his thumb in his pocket Bible and sat looking at the flowers in Mrs. McCartan's little garden. There were sweet-williams in the garden, and they reminded him of Wee Maggie's wreath on the grave of her little babe.

"Well, James, are you ready? It's gone seven," said Mr. Johnson at length.

Jim Carron rose heavily.

"Ay, I'm ready," he replied. "I've been meditating my text. It's 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.'"

"A good text, for certain. Any man who's been rightly trained could work well on such a text. Bring it in on the drink as well as on the general application of punishment to positive wrong-doing."

"I'll bring it in in all ways, I'm thinking," said Jim Carron.

Then they faced the village.

Jim nodded in a wan manner to the scores of women-folk, principally, who saluted him, some with a movement ridiculously like a curtsey—for a preacher was an esteemed body in Ballyshane. The men were less eager. "Well, Jamie, man," said Peter Docherty, with an eye-twinkle. But Jim Carron's calm "How do you do, Mr. Docherty?" seemed to quell enthusiasm.

The trial was to pass through the double file of young men who massed between the road and the entrance to the tent. They were the material he had to work upon; they nudged each other and grinned, but said nothing. And among them, though less childish than the rest, was John O'Hagan, whose red head was like coarse sunshine in the crowd. John O'Hagan's lips, however, were bad enough for anything. Jim Carron loathed him more for the seeing of them.

The tent was now packed: the little boys and girls were set to squat on the grass between the benches.

Jim Carron was ill at ease. He was seeing Wee Maggie in his mind every moment, and John O'Hagan with his eyes whenever he looked straight before him. John O'Hagan was whispering a good deal to Tim Mahoney, his neighbour, and he (Jim Carron) was plainly the subject of the whisperings.

"I will go through with it, nevertheless," said Jim Carron to himself. "I'll not disgrace myself before Ballyshane."

And he did go through with it. From his opening of, "Dear friends and neighbours that were used to be" to his ending of "And that's all for to-night," he held Ballyshane strangely. There was no denying he had the gift. Even John O'Hagan had soon forborne to sneer. Jim Carron was so terribly circumstantial about the heat and unpleasantness of the fires of hell, and when he roared he shook the tent. He thumped the Bible, too, like no Evangelist hitherto at Ballyshane: beat a cover off it, and was not dismayed.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay," he cried once after a pause, during which many gentle bosoms rose and fell fast; and this time his gaze gripped John O'Hagan, who didn't like it.

"It's a sure vengeance—a never-failing vengeance," he added, still gripping John O'Hagan.

He was hoarse ere he finished, but he gave out the final hymn, saying, "If any of you think I can comfort you with words out of the Gospel, such as those which have given me my own blessed salvation, let them stay behind."

As it happened, though, no one stayed behind for this purpose, Ballyshane was not all that impressionable. On the second or fifth night it might be different, but to break into demonstrative penitence on a first night——

"Put out the lamps, James," said Mr. Johnson, "and I'll take the books."

The crowd had behaved well, both inside and outside the tent.

"No, I'll take the Bible," said Jim Carron.

He had it in his hand, and had already extinguished the lamps (Mr. Johnson having preceded him outside), when John O'Hagan appeared through the back entrance to the tent.

"Let's have a word with you, Jamie," he said, with strange seriousness for him.

"A word with me! You!" exclaimed Jim Carron, white, rigid, and with a thumping heart.

"Ay. It's about Maggie Calloway."

But hearing this, Jim Carron swung the Bible, which had thick corners, and hit John O'Hagan hard on the temple. The blow staggered John O'Hagan, and before he could recover himself his assailant was upon him tooth and nail—more like a wolf than a man and an evangelist. John O'Hagan, taken by surprise, was soon grassed, and then, with his knee in his

throat, while he clutched the publican's son's arms in a frenzied clutch, Jim Carron completed his vengeance. In his common senses, he would have been no match for John O'Hagan. As it was, he throttled him as if he had been a kitten.

All this took place in the dark of the tent. There was no cry from either man.

Afterwards Jim Carron stood up, trembling from head to foot. He glided to the door of the tent. There were stars and the outlined shapes of two or three of the Ballyshane youths by the field gate. Else nothing could be seen. One of the youths smoked a cigar: doubtless a rank, bad one, like John O'Hagan himself ten minutes ago. The glow of its tip suggested the eye of a devil in the gloom of hell.

"What will I do?" gasped Jim Carron.

Then, as if in answer to his yearning inquiry, there came words to his brain.

"I'll do it," he replied.

From the other entrance of the tent he crept forth into the night, having passed John O'Hagan's warm dead body near the backmost benches.

He knew his way now, no one better. The past three years were blotted out of his life.

There were two low stone walls to climb, and then Mrs. Calloway's yard to reconnoitre. Perchance, Mrs. Calloway would be with one of her contemporary gossips, as in the old days.

Mrs. Calloway's pig squeaked as Jim Carron came near its precincts.

"Hist!" he whispered, with his eye on a star above the slate roof of the house. In his heart he ached to have Maggie within reach of his arms.

"What will I do the now?" he again asked himself, wringing his hands like a daft body.

Yet once more he had his reply. The kitchen-door of the house opened, and Wee Maggie's face came towards him.

"Maggie!" he cried softly.

She started and stood still, her face against him in the darkness like a moon.

"Maggie, it's me—it's Jim," he said, with unmistakable words.

He saw her quiver, hesitate, and then approach him.

"What do you want?" she demanded. "I—I 'm alone. My grandmother's up the road."

"The Lord be praised!" said Jim Carron eagerly. "Lass, get your hat and shawl and fly with me."

Jim Carron completed his vengeance.

There was a pause.

"Is it me ye're talking to, James Carron?" then asked Wee Maggie, with pride in her voice as well as her deportment.

"Ay, just you, dearie. I've done it. I've killed Johnny O'Hagan. I done it for you. He's stark by this, and at the Judgment-seat."

"Save us!" ejaculated Wee Maggie awesomely.

"It's true," said Jim Carron.

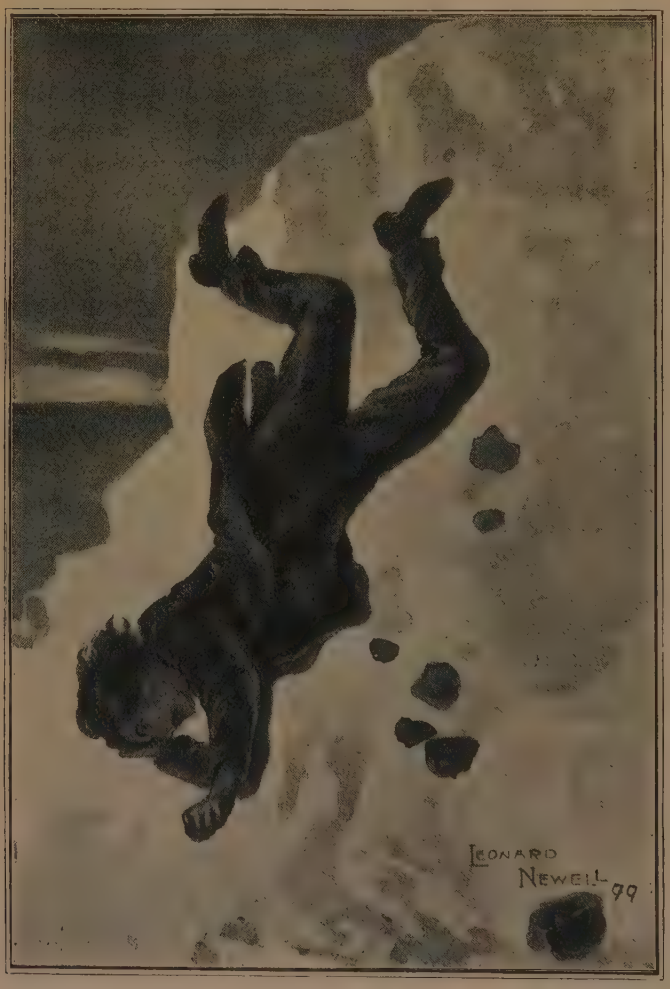
"Ye're telling me you've killed John O'Hagan, that was father to my little Maggie?" said Wee Maggie, with impressive solemnity.

"That's it. I caught him by the throat

and squeezed his breath out. And now you and me can wed in safety."

"Once more, James Carron, I 'm asking ye, is it a lie ye 're telling?"

"It 's no lie. He didna say a word—I give him no chance. And I made perfect sure before I left him."



He ran his quivering hot fingers through his dishevelled hair, and then cast himself over the cliff-edge.

Hearing this and believing him, Wee Maggie receded.

"You foul thing!" she whispered. "I'd no touch you with a spade-point. Whether ye 're lying or speaking truth, James Carron, I hate you sore the now!"

"Hate—me!"

"Hate you, ay! Isna it enough that I've been on the tongues of all Ballyshane for years, and you—a preacher! There 'll be no end to it. Go, I tell ye, or I 'll cry out for my grandmother."

"Maggie!" gasped James Carron.

"Go!" said she in a frenzy; and she turned, strode into the house, and banged the door behind her. Worse still, she drew down the kitchen-blind.

The pig grunted afresh, and James Carron had no spark of light to rest his eyes or heart upon.

He stayed while he counted fifty mechanically; then he, too, turned and walked and walked in the night until it was daybreak over the sea. It was a chill morning, and the Channel eyed him like cold steel.

Now realising his fatigue, as he had already realised his endless misery, he sat on a grassy bank overlooking the Channel, which surged its wailing waters at his feet, fifty yards down.

For the last time he put the question to himself: "What will I do?"

But there was no answer now.

He sat on until the sun's red tip slid above the water. The sight of this glamorous splendour seemed to give him his death impetus; for a moment or two afterwards he stood up, ran his quivering hot fingers through his dishevelled hair, and then just cast himself over the cliff-edge. And in an hour or so the sea caught him up, lurched him briefly, and finally floated him from the shore.

THE CHRIST WITH THE BLUE EYES.

This bust - a new discovery—was recently purchased by the Russian Ambassador at Madrid, and has been pronounced by experts to be the work either of Michael Angelo or Donatello. The eyes are of blue rock crystal. A photograph of the work has been sent to the Queen, who is desirous to have the bust copied in marble. The discovery has created a sensation in the world of art.

POETRY IN PRACTICE.

THE gift of the Governorship of South Australia to Lord Tennyson practically means the putting of his father's

Photo. by Bassano

LORD TENNYSON,
The New Governor of South Australia.

poetry into practice, for the late Laureate sounded the trump of Empire as none of his predecessors had done, and anticipated our present-day creed of the great mission of the Anglo-Saxon. Thus it was exceedingly appropriate that Lord Tennyson should be the first English poet who had ever been raised to the peerage, just as Scott was the first man of letters ever raised to a baronetcy. It is fifteen years since the peerage was granted. The present Baron was then thirty-two and a bachelor. He was named, of course, after his father's friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, immortalised in "In Memoriam." He was educated at Marlborough and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar. He hitherto has been quite unknown to fame, save as his father's biographer. He married Miss Boyle, great-granddaughter of the seventh Earl of Cork (whose eccentric wife was once described as "very short, very fat, but handsome, splendidly and fantastically dressed, rouged not unbecomingly; her rage of seeing anything curious may be satisfied, if she pleases, by looking in a mirror").

A YOUNG EARL FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.

Lord Tennyson was a youth of twenty when the new Governor of New South Wales, Earl Beauchamp, came into the world. Lord Beauchamp's name is Lygon, but his family were originally Beauchamps. Plain Mr. William Lygon (whose father's name was originally Pyndar) represented Worcester in Parliament for thirty years, and was created Baron Beauchamp, in 1806, being advanced to an Earldom in 1815. The present Earl, who is the seventh, succeeded his father

Photo. by Chancellor, Dublin.

EARL BEAUCHAMP,
The New Governor of New South Wales.

in 1891, when he was only nineteen. He is keenly interested in the High Church, and when he was at Oxford it was thought

LADY TENNYSON, THE NEW VICE-QUEEN OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

he might become a parson. His sister, Lady Lygon, who goes out with him to act as hostess at Government House, is

VISCOUNT ORGAN-GRINDER HINTON,
Who wants to be Earl Poulett.

just thirty, and is Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York. The family seat, Madresfield Court, at Malvern, is famous for its beautiful gardens.

THE MOST LEARNED SERVANT OF THE CROWN.

The Crown is about to lose the services of its most learned official, for Dr. Richard Garnett, C.B., is to retire from the Keepership of Printed Books in the British Museum, where he has been since 1851. The son of a famous philologist, he was born at Lichfield (where Dr. Johnson first saw the light) in 1835, three years before his father became assistant Keeper of Books in the British Museum, under Panizzi. He entered the library as a boy of sixteen, and has lived there ever since. Under him the Catalogue has been printed, running into three thousand volumes. He is not only a great bibliographer, but a critic of rare insight, a poet, a translator (from German and Italian), and a writer on a thousand-and-one subjects. In fact, what he does not know about books is not worth knowing. He is the pink of courtesy, and will be greatly missed.

GENEALOGICAL JOURNALISM.

Time was when the genealogist was considered a rather boring Dryasdust, for whom the bustling workaday world had no ear. Nowadays, however, he has become a journalist as jaunty as the best of them, for scarcely a week passes without the claims for some peerage being exploited in the newspapers. A Welshman is pleading to become Lord Lovat; a Perthshire parson would fain be Earl of Caithness; a City solicitor and a platelayer in Chili have each an eye on the Earldom of Buchan; Mr. J. M. Barrie's cousin, who is an actor, wishes the Earldom of Findlater revived in his favour; an Islington builder dreams of the Barony of Stafford; and Mrs. Druce thinks that her son, the sailor-boy, may yet be his Grace of Portland. But these claims are somewhat intangible, and cannot compare with the Poulett peerage in arresting the attention of the man in the street. The organ-

Photo. by Bullingham.
WILLIAM JOHN LYDSTON POULETT,
The Cheltenham Schoolboy, who also wants to be Earl Poulett.

VERESTCHAGIN, THE GREAT RUSSIAN PAINTER, AT HOME.

grinder's claim is familiar: he is fifty, while his rival is only sixteen. The Peerages were very shy about stating the progeny of the late lamented peer; but to-day they would state the case thus. Note the dates—

William Henry Poulett (with six people between him and the Earldom) married, on June 21, 1849, Lavinia Newman, daughter of a Southsea pilot. She bore three sons, registered in Mr. Poulett's name—

(1) WILLIAM TURNOUR POULETT, the ORGAN-GRINDER, born Dec. 15, 1849. He married, on Dec. 6, 1869, Lydia Anne Shippy, music-hall "artiste," the daughter of a "general dealer." Besides two or three daughters, she had—

William Henry Poulett, born April 1, 1870, who, the Organ-Grinder says, is now Viscount Hinton.

(2) Frederick Poulett, born Sept. 27, 1852. He has been mysteriously lost.

(3) Charles Blewett Poulett, born Aug. 24, 1854; died 1857.

Lady Poulett (No. 1) died on Aug. 29, 1871. Her husband, who had lived apart from her, married, on Sept. 20, 1871, Miss Emma Sophia Johnson. She died, Sept. 16, 1876, without having children. The Earl then married, on March 1, 1879, Miss Rosa de Melville, who bore him two daughters and a son,

(4) William John Lydston Poulett, born Sept. 11, 1883.

The whole case hinges on the legitimacy of the organ-grinder. Even if he were dead, young Mr. Poulett (who is now at Cheltenham) would have a rival in the organ-grinder's son, who is now in Ceylon.

A MUCH BOOMED PAINTER.

Probably M. Vassili Verestchagin, the Russian painter, has been more boomed recently than any other artist, and he has had a large audience; for not only did art-lovers go to the Grafton Galleries, where his pictures of Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia were hung, but he also wrote a book on the subject for Mr. Heinemann. M. Verestchagin was born in 1842, and was intended for the army. But he loved painting better, and managed to gratify that taste as well as perfect himself as a soldier. He studied for some time at Munich; he has travelled

Photo. by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

MR. H. V. ESMOND.

extensively in the East, and he was a volunteer in the Russo-Turkish War (in which he was badly wounded). His

studio is composed of three walls, the fourth being open to Nature, for he believes that you can't paint outside life naturally in a room.

THE NEW AMBASSADOR FROM THE U.S.A.

Mr. Joseph Hodges Choate, the new Ambassador which America has sent us in the place of Colonel Hay, is a distinguished lawyer who has been making £20,000 a year at the Bar for a long time. He bears one of the oldest names in the United States, and claims descent from the Pilgrim Fathers. He is sixty-six years old, and was educated at Harvard. He is a very clever after-dinner speaker, while as a pleader he has few equals across the water. Last year he made a vigorous attack on Richard Croker, the Tammany "boss." He will be accompanied to England by his wife and daughter.

A NOTABLE NEW PLAYWRIGHT.

It is long since a young dramatist filled so much of the playgoer's horizon as Mr. H. V. Esmond does; for while we have all believed in him for some time, he has bounded into the first place by his recent tragedy, "Grierson's Way," produced by the New Century Theatre. Mr. Esmond, who has approached playwriting from the player's point of view, began his career as an actor with Mrs. Langtry in 1886, and has had an extraordinarily active career ever since. One of the best things he ever did was his Cayley Drummle in "Mrs. Tanqueray," for he makes excellent "old men." His first notable play was "The Divided Way," produced by Mr. Alexander in 1895, which also saw "Bogey" from Mr. Esmond's pen. He made his first financial hit with "One Summer's Day," which was cleverly acted at the Comedy by his wife, Miss Eva Moore. To-day he has to be congratulated on an artistic triumph in "Grierson's Way," and great things may be justly expected of him.

Photo. by Hollinger.

THE HON. JOSEPH CHOATE.

A PRIEST WHO WRITES NOVELS.

Dr. William Barry, whose new novel, "The Two Standards," has made such a hit, is a Londoner by birth and an Irishman by descent. He is a Roman Catholic priest—he was educated at the English College in Rome—but has always been more or less literary. His first novel, "The New Antigone," appeared (anonymously) in 1887. He has published over sixty essays, and writes in several journals. He is nearly fifty years of age.

MR. BARLING'S INCOME.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

IT had been an imperfect year for Mr. Barling, but it would be a hard year indeed that frowned continuously, and last night, for the first time, luck had smiled upon him. The smile had come in the singular form of a railway accident. Not a serious accident, but with little to do but to catch flies in his City office, it was better than nothing. Mr. Barling had wired to the company's office, and now, well wrapped up and his face touched with artistic white, sat in his flat in Ashley Gardens and awaited the arrival of the company's representative.

"Can you see a gentleman, Sir?"

"Who is it, James?" asked Mr. Barling.

The excellent James whispered—"I rather fancy he's from the railway, Sir, in answer to that message that I——"

"Show him in, James, but tell him that I am very, very ill."

Mr. Barling closed his eyes. A jovial, breezy man, in a short coat and a silk hat, advanced into the room with an air of repressed exuberance.

"My name," said the jovial man in a forced whisper, "is Drayton. I've called to make some inquiries——"

"I know—I know," said Mr. Barling feebly. "This is a terrible thing, this accident."

"Most deplorable, Sir."

"Physically," said Mr. Barling, speaking with a great effort, "I'm—I'm a wreck. Mentally, I'm an extinct volcano."

"Dear, dear, *dear!*" said the breezy man, clicking his tongue. "Is it so bad as that?"

"It's worse," sighed Mr. Barling.

"And what compensation, Sir, did you think of asking, I wonder?"

"Take a cigar," said Mr. Barling desolately. "I shall never smoke again; you'd better take both of them."

"These smokes," said the visitor cheerfully, as he lighted up, "weren't bought at no five a shilling, *I'll* bet my boots."

"You were talking about compensation," said Mr. Barling brokenly. "I daresay now"—here he had a fit of imitation coughing—"I daresay the company will want to settle it by a lump sum at once."

"Shouldn't wonder."

"And to enable them—oh, my poor head!—to enable them to arrive at a figure, I suppose——" Mr. Barling stopped, and looked round the room vacantly. "Where am I?" he asked. "Where was I?"

"You were supposing, Sir."

"Ah yes. I suppose it will be necessary to give some idea of my income during the past three or four years."

"That's just what I want to get at," said the visitor, taking out his pocket-book and blinking as the smoke came into his eyes.

"Roughly speaking," said Mr. Barling in a weak voice, "I've been making three thousand a year—perhaps more."

"Perhaps less?"

"No less," said the invalid, with sudden vehemence, "not a penny less."

"Very well," said the man cheerfully, making an entry in his pocket-book; "not a penny less, then."

"Besides that, there have been various odd affairs that have brought in money. Suppose you say four thousand."

"Four thousand," repeated the visitor, as he made the correction.

"I 've also had money left me at various times," went on Mr. Barling, with fine exaggeration, "running into, say, about five or six hundred a year. Suppose we say five thousand in all."

"By all manner of means, Sir."

"I daresay," remarked Mr. Barling, "that, if anything, I 've rather understated it. But I 'd rather do that than appear to be trying to get the best of anybody."

"Rather."

"If the company likes to offer me a big lump sum down—I shall be wrong, perhaps, in accepting it; but still—— Well," continued Mr. Barling, with a burst of generosity, "one ought to be straightforward, even when one is dealing with a railway. What shall we say to five hundred pounds down and say no more about it?"

"I should reckon," agreed the visitor, "that that would be letting them down cheap."

"Five hundred guineas," remarked Mr. Barling thoughtfully, "paid down at once. Not later than the end of this week. Next week I want to be off to—I mean to say next week I may be a good deal worse, and then I might want a bigger sum if the matter remained unsettled."

"If I were you, Sir, I should get all I could out of them. See how they treated me the other day, when I happened to be in a second-class carriage with a third-class ticket! Why, charged me excess!"

"What?" cried Mr. Barling, "you don't mean to say that they made *you* pay!" He laughed cheerfully, and forgetting his pained whisper, spoke in his usual loud voice. "Well, well," he said, "if they 'd do that they 'd do anything. Fancy coming down on *you*."

"I was very much annoyed about it, Sir. It was only a matter of threepence-halfpenny, but it 's the principle of the thing that I look at."

"Fancy charging you," repeated Mr. Barling amusedly. "One of their own—— Well, it just shows that one needn't be too delicate in charging *them*. Have the other cigar."

"I 'll put it in my pocket," said the visitor, rising, "and smoke after lunch. Meanwhile, perhaps, you won't mind filling up this form and sending it on to me."

"With great pleasure," replied Mr. Barling. "You 'll tell them how bad I am, won't you? And do you mind letting yourself out? I can't move hand or foot, as you see."

"Good morning, Sir!" said the visitor, backing to the door, "and thank you for the information."

"My good fellow!" said Mr. Barling handsomely, "don't mention it."

The man was but half-way down the steps when he stepped aside to allow two people, who had just arrived, to pass by him. At the same time he heard the voice of Mr. Barling from the landing above. Looking back, he saw that gentleman descending upon him furiously.

"You scoundrel!" screamed Mr. Barling. "Wait where you are!"

"Meaning me, Sir?"

"Yes, you." Mr. Barling had flown down the stairs in his scarlet dressing-gown with remarkable activity. "What the deuce do you mean by leaving this form on my table? As sure as my name 's Barling——"

The two new arrivals stopped and looked on at the dispute.

"What 's all this fuss about, Sir? I call on you in my capacity as Income Tax collector. You very kindly give me ample information——"

"Do you mean to tell me that you didn't say you were from the railway company?"

"Railway company?" echoed the Income Tax man indignantly. "Why, what on earth are you talking about? It was you that——"

The two new arrivals begged pardon. *They* were from the railway company, they said, and one of them, a doctor, expressed his great satisfaction at finding that Mr. Barling was none the worse for the regrettable accident of the night before.

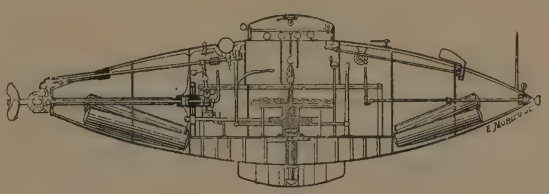
"Bah!" said Mr. Barling.

SUBMARINE BOATS.

By LIEUTENANT G. E. ARMSTRONG, late R.N.,

Author of "Torpedoes and Torpedo-Vessels."

THE attention which the French Admiralty is at present devoting to the problem of subaqueous navigation is no new thing. Admiral Aube, when Minister of Marine, gave a good deal of his time to the construction of "submarines," and the example set by him has ever since been followed, with more or less energy, by his successors. It has been announced that the *Gustave Zédé*, the recent trials of which have caused such a sensation, is the first submarine vessel entitled to be considered as an effective war-vessel, but as a matter of fact the *Goubet*, which was built three years ago for the Brazilian Government, was declared to be fully capable of carrying out the intentions of her designer. She is much smaller than the *Gustave Zédé*. Whereas the latter is 130 ft. in length and 265 tons displacement, the *Goubet* is only 26 ft. long and ten tons in weight. The *Goubet's* hull is made of gun-metal to prevent corrosion, and the boss of her propeller is so constructed that it can be turned in different directions, thus obviating the use of a rudder. The motive power is electricity derived from accumulators, and a secondary means of propulsion is provided by a pair of "fins" actuated by hand power, which can move her along at a speed of about two knots. Her speed when driven by her main engines amounts to about seven or eight knots. According to the published accounts of the *Gustave Zédé's* trials, this speed has not been exceeded in the larger vessel, but the French boat has perhaps the advantage of being able to keep under water for a longer period than the Brazilian. When the *Goubet* was despatched to her destination her capabilities were declared to be just as great as those of the boat whose cruise from Toulon to Salins d'Hyères has been carried out so successfully, but it is significant that nothing has been published about her subsequent performances.



GOUBET'S FIRST SUBMARINE BOAT, 1889.
Jointed screw; electric motor and oars.

In 1894 the Commander-in-Chief of our Australian squadron made a report to the Admiralty on a series of experiments carried out before him with a model of a submarine boat invented by Mr. Allan, of Sydney, which was afterwards exhibited in London. He committed himself to no expression of belief that the problem of submarine navigation was any nearer solution than it was before, but he nevertheless asserted that if the vessel could do what the model performed, naval warfare would be revolutionised. Yet the distinction which the Admiral carefully drew between the model and a vessel is a vital one. The model in this case is nothing more than an ingenious form of locomotive torpedo. The Brennan, which is propelled and guided by connecting wires attached to revolving drums on shore, and the Sims-Edison, which is actuated by a connecting wire, led to a

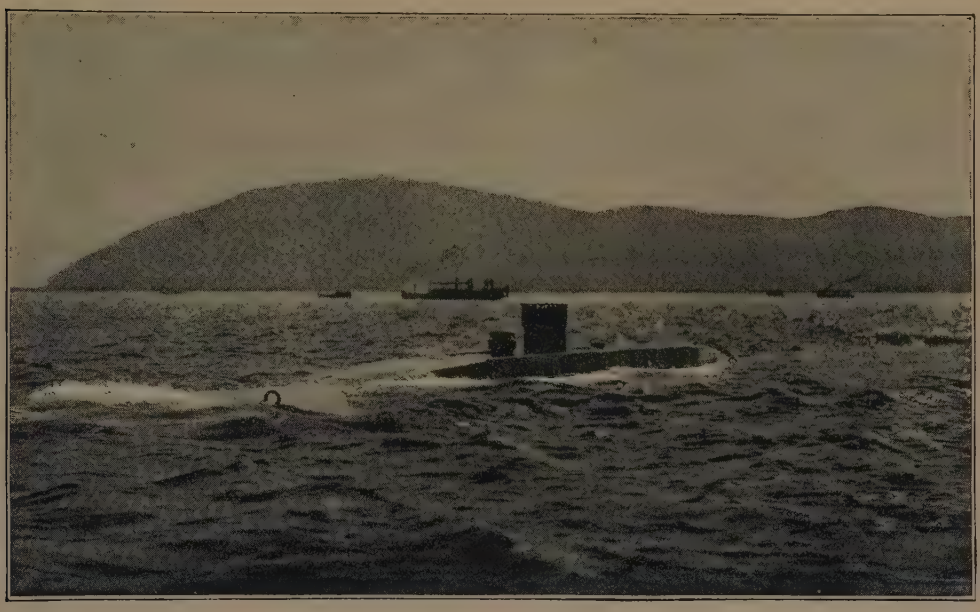
battery or dynamo, also on land, are nothing more than models of submarine vessels, with the exception of one all-important particular. In each case the man whose eyes and brain control its path is not on board, and his vision is unobscured by sea-water. Herein lies the chief obstacle to the use of submarine boats as practical vessels of warfare. To be effectual the vessel must be an independent unit in the true sense of the word. Her captain must be in a position to seek out his quarry for himself, to approach it unseen, and be able to discharge his torpedo at such a distance that the shock of explosion shall result in no damage to himself or his vessel. The specific gravity of a submarine boat must necessarily be as nearly as possible equal to the surrounding medium, and the slightest injury or disturbance of that relative specific gravity must result in the most perilous consequences to the crew.

The range of vision afforded to the captain of a submarine vessel is very small indeed. In the tropics, when the sun's rays are nearly vertical to the surface of the water, the hull of a ship might be visible at a distance of about thirty yards. In the sunlight which is vouchsafed to us in these latitudes, the range of vision would be even less, while at night the "eyes" of the boat would be absolutely blind. For the purpose of overcoming this defect, both the *Goubet* and the *Gustave Zédé* are fitted with a periscope. This apparatus consists of a telescopic tube with a small camera fixed to its upper end pointed above the surface. By an ingenious arrangement of lenses the image is conveyed to the observer in the boat and the position of surrounding objects thereby learnt. Unfortunately, however, the apparatus suffers from two serious disadvantages. It serves to reveal the boat's position, and it can only be used in the very smoothest water. The slightest roughness has the effect of wetting the camera and blurring the image; the vessel's way has also to be almost entirely stopped. It has often been suggested that a powerful electric ray might be projected from the bow of the vessel for the purpose of discovering the enemy at night, but this would only lead to the detection of the "submarine" herself, and the suffusion of the light in the water would simply have the effect of dazzling the helmsman. This "blindness," in fact, is, at present, insurmountable, and it is difficult to conceive in what manner it can ever be overcome.

While carrying out her recent trials the *Gustave Zédé* had her cupola above water nearly the whole time. Now and again she was entirely submerged, but she found herself compelled to come to the surface frequently for the purpose of verifying her position. In spite of these difficulties, it is asserted that she could not be sighted from a battle-ship at a greater distance than two thousand yards — a statement which must be accepted with a considerable amount of reserve. Supposing, however, the assertion to be literally correct, it means that, with her speed of seven knots, at least seven or eight minutes would elapse after being sighted before she came within striking distance. If the machine-guns of her adversary could do her no damage in that time, even though she appeared but intermittently, one can only say that they must be badly served. If a submarine vessel under these conditions is invulnerable, how hopeless must be the position of a ship attacked by a small locomotive torpedo. Yet, in the latter case, naval authorities by no means allow that machine-guns are unable to check the torpedo's course. If, too, the enemy is under way, she is hardly likely to stop to be aimed at, and the slow speed of the "submarine" would render a chase out of the question.

It has been readily assumed that so long as a submarine vessel is entirely submerged she must necessarily be invisible to her enemy. This, however, is dependent upon the condition of the atmosphere and sea at the time. If the water is clear and the sun at all high in the heavens, the approach of a "submarine" could be detected with ease by an observer stationed at the masthead of a ship. Indeed, whenever a submarine vessel is known to be in the neighbourhood, the enemy, if he be wise, will conn his ship from the masthead, exactly

as he would when threading his way through unsurveyed coral reefs. In bright sunlight a shoal or reef in clear water can be easily detected by this means from a considerable distance and at a depth of even ten fathoms. A submarine vessel which is submerged to a depth of only two or three fathoms would be sighted with even greater facility. In thick water or darkness, of course, she would be invisible; unfortunately, however, her downward deflection may lead to the vessel burying her nose in the bottom—as, indeed, has actually happened when experiments have been carried out—before she is able to bring herself once more into the horizontal position. The motive power requisite for driving the vessel's engines must necessarily be electricity derived from accumulators. Compressed air cannot be retained in sufficient quantity, and steam is out of the question. There are many



THE NEW FRENCH SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT "GUSTAVE ZÉDÉ."

enemy would, for the same causes, also be invisible to her.

One of the chief difficulties encountered by designers of a submarine vessel is the arrangement for its retention at a uniform depth. As has been already pointed out, its specific gravity must necessarily be nearly equal to that of water, and the slightest difference in its load must affect it instantly. There are two ways of providing for this—namely, by means of ballast-tanks, which can be emptied or filled at will, or by a hydrostatic valve, as in the case of the Whitehead torpedo. In shallow waters, where submarine vessels will be chiefly employed in defence of the coast, the slightest objections to the use of accumulators in a confined space, but apparently these have been practically surmounted in the case of the *Gustave Zédé*. There must, however, always be a considerable amount of disturbance of the compasses when placed in such juxtaposition to the motors, and, indeed, they will hardly be trustworthy or of much practical use in such a vessel. Still, he would be a bold man who would affirm that these constructive and engineering difficulties cannot be eventually overcome. It is the strategical and natural disadvantages which submarine vessels suffer from which will retard their use or development. Once discover a means whereby a captain of a submarine can see his way clearly

through the water, and other improvements will probably follow.

In considering the advantages to be derived from the use of submarine vessels it will be as well to base our judgment simply upon the actual performances of those already built. The *Gustave Zédé*, which may be looked upon as embodying all that practice and science are at present able to suggest, hardly affords much encouragement to her builders, who have striven for twelve years to solve the problem of subaqueous navigation. Her speed is very slow, her range exceedingly limited, and she is, to all intents and purposes, blind under water. It is difficult, in fact, to understand in what respects she constitutes an improvement on the Brennan or Sims-Edison torpedo. In the words of her keenest admirers, "she has but a narrow range of action, and can only co-operate in the defence of the coasts." She is, of necessity, a daylight boat. Her speed and handiness are considerably inferior to those of a locomotive torpedo; she presents a much easier target to the enemy than the latter; her cost is immeasurably greater. Most important of all, her crew are exposed to perilous risks, and she is hampered by the necessity of shaping her movements in such a way that she may find a means of returning from her mission.

The use of the locomotive torpedo, on the other hand, entails little or no risk on its operator, and it can follow its quarry regardless of its own fate so long as the blow goes home. In other words, the submarine boat, in its present form at least, is not so useful for coast defence as a locomotive torpedo, or even as a long-range Whitehead. If she were capable of being navigated with ease and impunity under water by day or night her claim to be considered as an effective weapon of naval warfare would be overpowering. But the present type of submarine boat falls short of this necessary degree of efficiency by a very long way.

It has been announced in the French Press that, besides the *Narval* and *Morse*, now under construction at Cherbourg, six other submarine vessels are to be laid down this year at that port, in addition to those which are to be constructed at Brest, L'Orient, and Rochefort. These vessels, we are told, will be larger than the *Gustave Zédé*, and will be of a hybrid type, capable of steaming on the surface like an ordinary torpedo-boat, or of being propelled by electricity beneath the water. The largeness of the programme affords a very clear indication of the faith which the French Admiralty have in the usefulness of the class of vessel in question. It is astonishing, however, that they should have considered it wise to build such a large number of sea-going submarine vessels without having taken the precaution of learning their capabilities from a pattern vessel first. The disadvantages from which the *Gustave Zédé* suffers must exist in her successors, unless naval science makes great advances in this direction before their completion. In the meantime naval constructors throughout the world will watch with the greatest interest the public-spirited efforts which the French Admiralty are making to solve the problem of submarine navigation. But there is as yet nothing in the performance of the *Gustave Zédé* or any other submarine vessel to warrant any consequent modification in our present methods of ship-building. Let us also comfort ourselves with the assurance that, as soon as the submarine torpedo-boat has proved itself worthy of being counted as an effective vessel of war, our naval officers will assuredly devise a means of destroying it or guarding against its insidious attacks.

THE THIRD OVANOFF.

By ERNEST G. HENHAM.

I FOUND the mansions in Victoria Street, where I came to live on being invalided home from the West Indies, rather too exact a model of repose, for, when in good health, I enjoy a certain amount of confusion and bustle. My flat was quite at the top of the building. I chose this crow's nest because I had an idea that the air would be fresher and less charged with blacks. However, I was mistaken, and now, after a considerable experience, I must reluctantly admit that there is no spot in London, unless it be in the remote suburbs, where the ubiquitous little spots of grime can be evaded.

I had very few friends, no near relations, and, as a consequence, I found my new life dull. In the West Indies every Englishman in the place nodded at a first meeting and asked you to dinner at the second. In London a man avoids his neighbour as though he were the plague. Often I would almost collide with a frock-coated gentleman upon the stairs; sometimes I would be whisked aloft in the lift with a couple of gaily attired ladies. I never spoke to anyone, and nobody ever addressed me. After about a month of this existence I naturally began to suffer from *ennui*. Everyone had assured me that there was no comfort like flat-life; there was no domestic worry; no bother of rates and taxes; no trouble if you wanted to go away for a month. My friends might also have added that this same kind of life is dominated by a most paralysing dullness. I was more completely alone in London than I had ever been up in the Jamaica hills. The stately mansions were almost prison-like. I would steal out in the morning for my constitutional and find the stairs dark, the corridors gloomy; there was a strange, heavy silence everywhere, and each landing seemed to possess a peculiar odour of its own. The whole thing oppressed me. But after the first six weeks there came a change.

The flat immediately beneath mine had so far been vacant—at least, that was my surmise, because I never heard the slightest sound underneath. One evening I was lying, in a half sleepy state, by my fireside after dinner—it was early in the winter—trying to make up my mind whether I should attack the uncut novel at my elbow or whether I should venture forth to witness a play, when all my dormant senses were thoroughly aroused by an exceedingly plaintive sound. I sat up and listened. Someone was playing upon a piano—not idly fingering the keys, but playing with all the soul thrown into his effort. The tune was the most piteous and plaintive thing I have ever listened to. I know nothing of music, so I cannot explain what there was in this mournful air that so fascinated me. It was a short piece, and when the unknown pianist had finished it, he—for I felt somehow convinced that a man was the player—commenced it again, and played it over and over, until I was walking up and down my floor, half distracted with the sadness and enchantment of the air. The piano was in the flat beneath mine.

The music stopped presently, and though I strained my ears, though I even bent towards the floor and listened intently, not a single other sound reached me. I could not read; I could not settle myself to anything; I could not drive that

tune out of my memory; repeatedly I found myself humming it, and though I checked myself instantly, the next moment I would be beating time with head or hand, and humming it again.

During the next week I lived a different existence. Every night, occasionally in the afternoon, the weird music came to torment me. I found myself listening for it, waiting for it, and I was never disappointed—though I would rather have been, for I was not in good health, and I began to fear that the music would affect my nerves. For the pianist played nothing else; the monotony was so persistent; the strains were so maddening. So highly strung were my nerves that, when once in the most fascinating bar a wrong note was sounded, I actually cried out, and brought my man, a staid and indifferent creature, to inquire whether anything was wrong. The tune had a complete hold upon me. I walked about the streets with the music running through my brain. I went into music-shops, and made myself ridiculous by humming the first few notes and asking for it, but I could find no one who had ever heard of it.

One morning I met the caretaker in the gloomy passage. A fog had come up suddenly, and he was turning on the electric lights. I bade him "Good morning," and remarked, "So Number twenty-one is let!"

He smiled slowly. He was a big, stupid-looking man, but I could see that he was surprised at the remark. "Yes, Sir," he said heavily, "it's let. May I ask, Sir, how you came to know?"

"The tenant plays on his piano every night," I said indifferently, and added, "I say 'his,' but don't know if I'm right."

"I believe you're right, Sir, but I don't know anything about him, and none of us knows anything."

"That is unusual," I said, with a shiver—the passage was cold.

"There's something strange about him, Sir, I think," said the man, in a burst of confidence. "He came in here about a week ago. He brought hardly any furniture, though that's none of my business, and nobody sees anything of him day or night."

"What's he like?" I asked.

The man looked frightened. "I've never seen him, nor has the porter, nor the lift-boy. None of us have seen him. He steps in and out somehow, Sir, I suppose. But there's never a sound in that flat, except it's the piano you talk about, Sir."

I went away wondering. That night the plaintive strains came up as usual. I determined to make a move. I called my man, and sent him down with the following note—

"Mr. Hilton presents his compliments to the tenant of Number 21, and would be extremely grateful if he would be kind enough to make some modification in his playing, as Mr. Hilton, being somewhat of an invalid, finds the constant repetition of the same air rather trying to his nerves."

When the man returned, he informed me that there had been no reply to his knock, so he had put the note into the letter-box. There was no more playing that night, and for several evenings I listened in vain. Anyone might have thought that the flat was tenantless.

Several days passed. As usual, one morning I was searching for something to pass the time. Finally, I walked into a well-known building, where an exhibition of modern musical instruments was being held. I strolled about idly, and at length found my way into a gallery, where there were one or two organs and a long row of pianofortes. There was scarcely a soul about. I sank upon a red plush divan, but was up again in an instant. At the end of the gallery someone began to play softly upon one of the pianos, evidently with no idea of testing the instrument. The touch was too earnest for that. But the tune!—the same that had well-nigh distracted me for so many days.

I hurried along the gallery. Close to the side of an organ a man sat with his back towards me, and his head bent forward over the keys, as though he could not afford to lose a sound. When he had finished the wailing melody, I stepped forward. "Excuse me," I said, "that is a very fascinating air. May I ask the name?"

The man started round, with an arm held up as though to repel an expected blow. I saw a white face, with black frightened eyes—a good-featured face, wearing a short black beard and moustache, and withal a haunted expression of fear. The next moment he rose and said, with a distinct foreign accent, "Monsieur, the piece has no name. It belongs to me, and is mine only."

I came a step nearer. "By that confession I know that we are neighbours. I must apologise to you for my note of last week."

The expression of his face altered. "You are the Mr. Hilton whom I have troubled. Monsieur, I must ask your pardon. This little piece of music is all I have. I should have answered your note, but I was afraid."

The last words seemed to escape his lips against his will.

"Afraid!" I said. "Why, I'm an ordinary Englishman. Perhaps it was not polite of me to write as I did. My head is not strong, and that air played constantly was—well——"

"I know," he said hurriedly. "Again I ask your pardon, Monsieur."

"I have to ask yours. I may assure you that I had no intention of alarming you. Perhaps," I continued, after a pause, "you may consider that I am entitled to an explanation."

He looked me full in the face with his dark straining eyes. "You are a gentleman. I can see it. An English gentleman is as good as his word. Is it not so?"

"I hope it is," I replied gravely.

"It is fearful, this silence day after day. It is awful, this company of my own thoughts. I will trust you, and if—no, Monsieur, I will not wrong you. I am suspicious of everyone. You will come and lunch with me?"

I gladly accepted the invitation. As we left the building I noticed that my companion glanced round hurriedly on every side before springing into a cab. I began to wonder—and not without cause—whether he could be a fugitive from justice.

In a quiet little room, with a cigar and cup of black coffee, Paul Ovanoff told me his story. "First, let me tell you the history of that piece of music. It was composed by my wife, my sweet wife" (his voice broke, and I looked down upon the tablecloth). "She was a Jewess, a poor Polish Jewess, and I, a rich Russian gentleman, loved her passionately and married her. She became Christian, and we were married by the rites of the holy Russian Church. Shortly before the birth of our only child, a son, she composed that wonderful piece of music, which took possession of my brain. I know no music; but this tune I learnt, and can play, as you know. It is all I have to remind me of her and my past life."

"Is your son dead?" I asked in tones of sympathy.

"No; he lives, but I cannot have him with me. He has been taught to believe that I am dead."

I looked at him in amazement.

"You do not know Russia, that land of intrigue and plotting. Its whole system of government is undermined by conspiracies and honeycombed with secret societies. No man is safe there—the greatest least of all. I had wealth and power. I was in favour at St. Petersburg. But—cursed be the day that led me to it!—I devoted my time and wealth to the extermination of one of the principal societies. I was too successful. I unearthed a plot against the Czar; I broke up one of the most formidable combinations in the empire. The leaders were sent to Siberia, and I—I became a marked man for the dagger of the assassin."

"It was a dangerous game," I said.

"It was the sport of a madman. On account of my marriage I had made enemies among my own relations; the integrity of my motives became suspected at Court. I knew that my foes were closing round me, that the death-stroke would fall, but I kept the truth from my wife—my dear wife—until——"

His head went forward over the table, and I thought he was choking. I poured out some water, but he waved it aside, and continued with an effort: "The fiends!

You cannot know what these fiends can do when they have sworn revenge. They torture before they kill. I had sent their fathers and brothers to the mines. Nothing was bad enough for me. They killed my wife."

I could say nothing—pity would have sounded like mockery. Ovanoff concluded his story in a few words. "Monsieur, I need not tell you how I escaped from the country. My watchers grew careless, because they did not wish to kill me too soon. It was part of their plan. They desired me to think of my dead wife. I entrusted my son to the care of a friend, who was to spread the report of my death. Finally, I reached your great and hospitable London."

"Your enemies think you are dead," I interposed.

He smiled bitterly. "There can be no deceiving those cunning demons. They must find me, and they will kill me. It is a question of time. Now you understand why I live so secretly, and you understand why I love that tune."

I rose and grasped his hand. "Play it as often as you like—I entreat you. It will never disturb me now."

After this I saw Ovanoff frequently, and listened nightly to the fascinating melody, which I could not help thinking would be the means of bringing his foes upon him. Sometimes he came and sat by my fireside; only once I went into his gloomy flat. It was sparsely furnished, but Ovanoff said he had all that he required. No one else entered the place. He attended to his slight household duties, even down to cleaning the windows at night.

Shortly after the New Year I accompanied him to a concert, for the prevailing passion in life—his love for music—still remained. He wore a skilful disguise, which he could assume or abandon at a moment's notice. Quite at the commencement of proceedings my head began to ache violently, and I was compelled to return home. As I stepped out of the cab I met the caretaker at the door. He whispered to me when I came up, "I've seen him, Sir!"

"Who?" I asked in surprise.

"The gentleman in twenty-one. He came in about three minutes ago." Then he began to describe him.

I was greatly astonished. I had left Ovanoff at the hall, and had driven back quickly. How could he possibly have preceded me? There could be no mistake, for the man had described him with perfect accuracy. "Did he speak to you?" I asked.

"Not a word, Sir. He walked up to his flat, and he 's there now."

I could make nothing of this, and I was too ill to think. I went up to Number 21 and knocked. After a slight interval the door opened and Ovanoff appeared. The light in the passage was not very strong, and the hall behind him was in darkness. Still, I could see his well-known face and figure distinctly. "I have just got home," he said in low, frightened tones. "I suspected that I was being watched, and left the hall behind you. I did not dare to be seen speaking to you. My cab was quicker than yours. Good-night! I hope you will be better in the morning." He closed the door quickly, and I went up to bed.

I tossed about wearily for some hours, until I began to feel slightly drowsy, when I suddenly heard beneath me the well-known plaintive air. This aroused me again. I began to reflect upon my unfortunate friend and his sad history. The air was finished; it commenced again; at the third bar two false notes sounded; there followed utter and complete silence. It was as though the pianist had been struck down by heart disease as he sat there and played.

I sprang out of bed. My body was in a fever, and my head was splitting with pain. Bah! there was nothing to fear. Perhaps I had been dreaming. I was in a thoroughly nervous state and fit to imagine anything. I took some cooling medicine, returned to bed, and before long lost my pain in sleep.

The next morning I sent my man down to inquire after my neighbour. A note came back to the effect that he was quite well and in fairly good spirits. He hoped that I was better. I laughed at my foolish

fears. For two days I kept to myself; on the third I went to call upon Ovanoff.

The first thing that struck my attention upon entering the flat was a strong lingering odour, which my host informed me was due to a chemical experiment. The next thing I noticed was a certain change in the Russian. He seemed slightly stouter; his voice was softer and he spoke less fluently; his face had almost entirely lost its expression of haunting fear. I commented upon this latter point, and he told me that he had received good news that morning. He did not say more, and I could not well press him.

After I had left him that night something occurred that entirely destroyed my peace of mind. Three times the Russian played that piteous piece of music, and each time he played the penultimate note of the third bar wrongly. Nobody else might have noticed this, but I knew every note of that piece of music as I knew every letter of my name. The following evening I paid another call at Number 21.

The odour was still present. "Sit down, Hilton," said Ovanoff. "It is good of you to come and cheer up the outcast."

We began to chat. I made no mention of my discovery of the preceding night. Presently my host offered me a cigar. I refused it, because I declared that my doctor had knocked off my smoking for the present. Later he asked me to take a glass of spirits. I accepted. He went to the sideboard, poured out the liquor with his back towards me, chatting heartily all the time, and returned to the centre of the room. "You will add soda for yourself," he said.

I took the bottle that he offered me, removed the wire, and loosened the cork.

"Would you like to see me hit that electric-light globe over the door?" I

I pressed my thumb against the cork, and it flew out with a bang.

said gaily, pointing the bottle towards the object I had mentioned.

He laughed and half turned. "I will wager an even sovereign that you do not touch it."

"Watch it closely," I said. "You shall see me do it."

He looked at the globe of light. I stretched out my right arm over the table, with the soda-water bottle levelled. I pressed my thumb against the cork, and it flew out with a bang. At the same moment my left hand, passed beneath my right arm, altered the glasses.

"You have lost!" cried the Russian.

"Yes, I have lost. Come! your good health, my friend."

I splashed the soda into his glass and raised my own.

"To your very long life!" said Ovanoff with a certain grimness. We drank together.

After a short struggle, the Russian lay at my feet, drugged and insensible.

II.

Six uneventful years passed after my discovery that winter's night in the Victoria Street Mansions. Briefly I must revert to that terrible time. Though I am a nervous man, I summoned up courage to examine the body of the assassin, and by doing so understood in part the devilish ingenuity of the society which had sent him forth. He was made up to counterfeit Ovanoff to the life. For weeks he must have tracked him, learning all the habits of his secluded life, his friendship with me, practising the tones of his voice, learning even how to imitate his handwriting, and to play the mournful air that had given him such a powerful clue to work upon. Afterwards I searched the flat, but could find nothing that would incriminate the wily villain. In the kitchen the odour was more pronounced, but there was nothing to show me how the body of poor Ovanoff had been made away with.

I repeat that I am a nervous man; therefore, my first fears were for my own safety. This man had intended to drug me, then — I thought of Ovanoff and shuddered. Clearly it would not be safe for me to remain in the building. I could not summon the police and have the man arrested, because I had no proof; I could bring no charge, and my improbable story would be laughed at. Besides, if I attempted to lift up my hand against this mysterious society, one of the members would probably be told off to silence me for ever. My mind was quickly made up. I abandoned my flat that night, and went to live in an hotel, until I could make other arrangements.

About two years after these events, happening to be in town on business, I walked down Victoria Street, and stopped at the entrance to the Mansions, which looked to me more sad and gloomy than ever. The same caretaker was there, and I found him readily communicative concerning the tenant of Number 21.

"Still there, Sir. He's changed a lot since you were here. Comes in and out like the rest of them. Remember, Sir, how I thought there was something queer about him?" he laughed gruffly.

"What's his name?" I asked.

"He's a Russian gent, Mr. Paul Ovanoff he calls himself. Keeps queer sort of company, Sir. At night there's a lot of them—Russians, I *should* say, up there with him. They're always quiet enough. There's never a sound in twenty-one."

So the assassin had taken the name, and slipped into the place of his victim. Those who came to him nightly were his confederates; he had made that flat the headquarters of the society in London. I departed, feeling how impossible it was to hope for vengeance. Ovanoff had been done away with; the crime was unknown; the perpetrator was beyond punishment; no human being knew of the deed except myself, and I had no proof of it.

The six years passed, and I was beginning to forget the sad events in which I had played so unwilling a part. The winter that year was cold, so I resolved to cross the Channel, and spend a month in the French capital. It proved a bad speculation, for the weather there was worse, and I was just reflecting on a

further move to Algiers, when my plans were strangely interrupted.

I was sitting in my room, smoking a cigar, when I heard the far-away tinkling of a mandoline along the corridor of the hotel. I took little notice until the sound became clearer, then I bent forward and listened intently. I rose from my chair; the cigar dropped from my fingers and began to burn a hole in the carpet; I leaned for support against a table. The mandoline-player approached my door; the strings of the instrument were quivering, crying, and pleading with the strains of a well-known air; the piteous notes thrilled through the room.

I rushed across the floor and wrenched the door open. The player was passing, but when he heard the sound he turned. I cried out in fear. I was standing face to face with Paul Ovanoff.

He stooped and picked up the plectrum that had escaped from his fingers. "Monsieur is surprised," he said gravely, in French, and then stood looking at me.

"Ovanoff," I cried, "I thought—I was sure you were dead! You remember me? You remember Hilton?"

He put his hand to his forehead as though in thought. I was quivering with excitement. "You are Paul Ovanoff?" I said.

"Yes, Monsieur, that is my name. And you are M. Hilton. I know you!"

I took him by the arm and literally impelled him into my room. "There is fire here, Monsieur," he said calmly. I picked up my cigar, and poured some water over the black hole in the carpet.

"You are M. Hilton," he went on gravely. "I am glad to see you. I was on my way to London to find you."

"Where have you been all this time? Why didn't you write to me? Why did you disappear and leave all this mystery behind?" I asked excitedly. "And you didn't recognise me. Have I altered so much? My hair is getting white. Is that it? Eh?"

He looked puzzled, but made no direct reply. Suddenly he leaned forward and placed his hand upon my knee. "Listen, M. Hilton. In your great London, tell me, is there a street such as this—at one end there are old churches, and a tall tower with a clock that is often lighted at night? There is also a bridge, and before it an open space, railed off, where are many statues of your great men. At the other end I can see a railway-station. It is a solemn street at night. Many of the

He produced a knife from his cloak, and passed a finger across its edge.

buildings are divided up into offices that represent the Governments of your colonies; most of the houses are private hotels—you call them mansions."

"You are describing Victoria Street," I cried, interrupting him. "You know that well enough, Ovanoff."

He went on, as though I had not spoken. "About the middle of the street there is a large block. It is gloomy outside and dark within. A lift goes up and down. I can see silent passages, with dark doors on either side. There is one door—I am looking now upon the number. It is twenty-one."

"Where you used to live."

"No, Monsieur." The mandoline fell and rolled over upon the floor. "I have never been in your great city of London all my life. I am telling you what I see with my mind."

I felt that my friend had lost his senses. "You are Paul Ovanoff. You lived there. You know you did, and I lived in the flat above."

"I am Paul Ovanoff, but I have never lived there." His face underwent a great change. "M. Hilton! You say that I—I lived there? You knew me? You remember my face? When you saw me you recognised me?"

"Most certainly," I replied, almost angrily. "Do you think I'm a fool, Ovanoff? I knew you at once——"

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried, raising both hands above his head, his face white and drawn. "It was my father—my father—my poor father. Liprovski lied to me. My father was alive all those years. I suspected it. Tell me—tell me, good M. Hilton, where is my father now?"

So soon as I could control my tongue, I told him all I knew. He listened calmly, and when I had finished, said, "Thank you, M. Hilton. You are my good friend. You have not surprised me. It is all as I expected. I go now to pay my first visit to London."

"How did you know of my existence?" I asked.

"Liprovski, my guardian, told me of you. He is dead now, but in a paper left to me I found the address of your lawyer. It also said that you would give me advice if I came to London."

I remembered then that the first Ovanoff had on one occasion asked if I would befriend his son should necessity arise. I had consented gladly, and given him the address of my solicitors. I looked in utter wonderment at the son. I could not discern the slightest point in which he differed externally from his father. The same face exactly; the small black beard and the dark eyes; the same haunted expression; the voice was the same; I felt sure that if the father and son could stand together before me, I should not have been able to tell the one from the other. Sometimes an absurd idea came into my head that the man before me really was Ovanoff *père*, and that Ovanoff *fils* had no existence except in name.

Seeing that the young man was bent upon going to London, I changed my plans, and went with him. On the journey I asked him his object, but he would tell me nothing until we found ourselves running up on the boat express to Charing Cross. We were alone together in the compartment. Again I pressed him for his reason, and this time he answered me.

"M. Hilton, I am going to avenge my father's death."

"You shall not make the attempt—you must not," I said. "You will be killed yourself."

The young man's eyes flashed. "My father has been murdered. No man has proof of this, and therefore justice cannot be done—except by me."

I said no more, but consoled myself with the thought that he could only obtain the address from me. I determined not to give him the knowledge, which I felt sure would lead him to his death.

The train clattered over the bridge and under the arch of Charing Cross. Ovanoff was excited. I could see that he was trembling, like a greyhound held back on the leash. He stepped on the platform and looked about him with an air of familiarity with the place. Our luggage was lifted on a hansom. "Where shall we put up?" I said—with a reason.

Ovanoff looked straight ahead. "I do not know the name of the hotel. When we get out of the station we drive to the left—it is only one hundred yards about. The hotel looks over a large square" — he closed his eyes for a moment. "There are fountains playing, and there is a high column with great lions at its base. We will go there."

A head appeared over the back of the piano.

"The Grand," I said, with a gasp. I gave the order.

"Ovanoff," I said quietly, "when were you in London before?"

"I have told you. This is my first visit."

"Your father told me," I went on impressively, "that the Grand was the hotel where he went to stay on his arrival in England." He gave no reply.

When we arrived at the hotel Ovanoff went upstairs and slept for some time. After dinner he drew me aside. "I am going out. Will you come with me?"

"We will go to a theatre," I suggested.

He frowned and clenched his hands tightly. "No, no. You will not understand, M. Hilton. I go out to-night to do justice."

"Ovanoff," I said firmly, "listen to me. You are no match for the villain who we think has done away with your father. I shall not tell you where he may be found. It is for your own good, but I will not tell you."

"Nevertheless you will come with me," he said, and I consented.

When we stepped into Northumberland Avenue a light rain was falling, and the pavement was slippery. Purposely I avoided taking any initiative. Ovanoff did not hesitate for a second. He started off along the avenue, towards the river, and at such a pace that I had difficulty in keeping up with him. "Let us have a cab," I said once, when I was nearly down on the greasy stones, but he did not reply. I had the idea that he never heard me speak.

At the end of the avenue he turned off to the right, along the Embankment, and hurried on—on, while I half ran behind him, with a new sensation of fear rising at every step. We came towards Westminster. Parliament were sitting. I could see the yellow glow of the clock-tower through the mist. Ovanoff was some yards in front. He never paused, never wavered for an instant. Off to the right again, and across the road. I had a pain in my side, but I would not lose sight of my leader and guide—the man who had never seen London before. Past the grim, silent Abbey, and along Sanctuary; then he began to slacken speed. We were in Victoria Street.

I hurried on, half running, half shuffling, for my feet were as heavy as lead. I felt weak and frightened. I knew that Ovanoff would stop at a certain point — at the Mansions in the middle of the street. He did so, and waited for me to come up, but he did not speak when I joined him.

The caretaker swung open the door, and recognised, as he thought, the tenant of Number 21. "Good evening, Sir. Bad night." Then he saw me. I could see that he had difficulty in restraining a smile. Doubtless I was a disreputable object: my garments were splashed with mud, I was panting and distressed, my collar had become unfastened. As best I could I followed my friend upstairs.

"What are you going to do?" I panted.

"The man is not in. I was prepared to meet him here, but now I have another plan. I must ask for the key. Tell me the words in English."

Our conversation had all along been in French. I taught him to say, "I have lost the key of my flat. Will you please lend me your duplicate?" He went downstairs, and presently reappeared with the key. "Let me go in alone. He may be hiding."

The false Paul Ovanoff was not in. I entered the flat, not without great mental discomfort, for I recalled my last visit, and the door was closed. Ovanoff told me to stand behind a curtain, where I could see without being seen. He produced a knife from his cloak, and passed a finger across its edge, while his eyes grew wild and cruel.

"Suppose that a number of them come?" I said.

"I am here to kill one man, and I shall kill him," was the somewhat selfish answer.

"The man at the door!" exclaimed Ovanoff suddenly.

I had never thought of that. Of course, the assassin must receive some sort of warning from the caretaker. After a hurried discussion we went downstairs. Ovanoff went out, while I asked the man to oblige me by going to a chemist for a certain article that I said I needed. He went at once, and it was well that he did so, for Ovanoff was quickly back. In spite of the information that he had to impart he was perfectly cool. "I have seen him, *Mon Dieu!* I have seen myself. He is standing at the corner, talking to another man. He will be here at once. Come quickly."

We slipped upstairs. We had not been in our places more than five minutes when there came the rattling of a key in the lock. The door opened—closed, and the second Paul Ovanoff walked into the room. He turned on the light, threw off his cloak, stirred the fire, and seated himself. I could scarcely breathe. I feared he would hear the furious thumpings of my heart. Though the room was barely warm, perspiration was trickling down my face.

The Russian was uneasy. He began to pace up and down, and presently he settled at the piano. He smiled sardonically, and spread his fingers over the keys. "The mad tune," I heard him mutter in French. "It went into my brain that night. It fascinates me still." The next moment the strains of that weird air began to sound through the room. Suddenly he broke off with two false notes and smiled again.

He repeated the air, but when he came to the end of the third bar his face turned livid; his eyes started. I almost shrieked aloud at the sight. His hands fell shuddering upon the keys. I looked across the piano.

The assassin might have been looking at himself in a mirror. A head appeared over the back of the piano; the face was set towards him; the eyes glared at him. It continued to rise: the shoulders appeared, and then part of the body. The false Paul Ovanoff looked upon the real! He gave a fearful cry and fell back stiffly, with limbs twitching, upon the floor.

He was dead. There was no need for the knife; justice had done her work.

"My friend," said Ovanoff earnestly, "I have avenged my father. You will leave me here. I have *this* to get rid of. When that is done, the third Ovanoff leaves this building for ever."

Weak and ill, I grasped his hand feebly, and stumbled to the door. In the passage I came upon the caretaker, who was looking for me. "This is what you want, Sir," he said, handing me a packet.

I thanked him, and he went on, as I worked my way towards the lift: "So you know the Russian gentleman, Sir?"

"Yes," I said with an effort. "I have known him all along."

LESSER KNOWN MUSEUMS.

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S MUSEUM.

By HELEN C. GORDON.

IN reviewing any account of the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen, which is so especially enjoined in the teaching of the Christian Faith, one cannot fail to be struck by the sudden development of missionary zeal in the Protestant Church during the closing years of the preceding century. A number of evangelising societies sprang into existence about 1700, which have materially assisted in the suppression of unspeakable cruelties among savage races, and in opening up countries to the traveller and trader which a hundred years ago were a *terra incognita* to the civilised world. Among the earliest workers at this period were the London missionaries, who included in their ranks representatives of all Protestant forms of worship, and whose first field of labour was decided for them by a Cornish doctor turned cleric, whose piety at college had earned for him the sobriquet of "the Methodist." Captain Cook had just given to the world an account of his voyages and discoveries, and this aroused in Mr. Hewitt an earnest desire to illuminate, if ever so faintly, the mental and moral darkness of the dwellers in those unknown regions, and when the London Missionary Society was formed in 1795, he immediately offered a donation of £500 towards fitting out an expedition to the South Sea Islands. Before many months had passed, thirty workers had embarked on the good ship *Duff*, bound for Tahiti; and amongst many relics in the museum is a piece of ship's biscuit from the first night's supper on board this pioneer vessel. Travelling was slow work in those times, and two hundred and eight days elapsed before the *Duff* dropped anchor in Matavai Bay, to be heartily welcomed at first by Pomare I. and his subjects. The Tahitans' enthusiasm for their white visitors cooled down, however, as the stores of English goods and gifts diminished, and in little more than a year a murderous attack, prompted by the King, drove away more than half the heroic little band who had settled in the island. Seven clung to their posts, and in 1816 were rewarded by a present from Pomare of his household gods, accompanied by

Tahitan Fisherman's Charm.

Tahitan Charm to keep the Fire Alight.

a letter, in which he desired that the idols might be sent "to Britain, for the Missionary Society, that they may know

Devil Dancer's Mask from New Guinea.

the likeness of the gods that Tahiti worshipped." The majority of these, including a sacred ornament from a canoe revered by the fishermen of Huahine, have since been presented to the British Museum; but at 14, Blomfield Street,

Medicine Man's Basket.

they still have a fire charm—the little old woman who sits by the hearth to prevent the warm blaze from being extinguished.

From New Guinea comes a very fine specimen of a devil-dancer's mask, well calculated to strike terror into an unreasoning mind; and various utensils for household use, including an uncomfortable pillow in the shape of a rudely carved crocodile. The word, which to us is a symbol of feathers and down, should here be rendered more properly a "sleeping-stool for the head"; and other specimens from Central Africa consist merely of small wooden slabs on a stand with a curve on which the neck rests. This support prevents the elaborate bunch of hair at the back of the head from coming in contact with the ground, and obviates the necessity of redressing it frequently, which would, no doubt, be a great trial to the wearer. In the same case are relics of the awful traffic in "human ivory," which at one time engaged the attention of some fifteen thousand of the Khedive's subjects, principally Arabs, who left their agricultural occupations in the Soudan to form themselves into companies of slave-hunters in the pay of various merchants and men of high social standing in Khartoum. Officered in many cases by soldiers who had deserted from their regiments, these brigands practised the most abominable cruelties, and the Shilluk country was quite depopulated by razzias made for slaves by the Governors of Fashoda. The long forked stick from which one prong was cut to release as quickly as possible

Baby Charm carried by Childless Married Women in Bechuanaland.

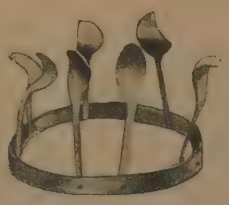
the poor creature whose head was imprisoned within it by an iron bar is but one of the many thousand yokes employed in driving gangs of captured negroes overland to Darfur and Kordofan. A drawing of a gangrenous hand was made by Captain Hore, who amputated it, and by so doing saved one unfortunate slave from the awful lingering death designed for him by his owner.

In all such dire distress, in famine, plague, or want, the unhappy negro has no hope of help save from the spirits of dead ancestors and chiefs represented by greasy wooden fetishes, and through them again to a higher power called Mulungu or Leza. A medicine-man's basket is full to overflowing with charms consisting of bits of coloured cloth, or stones, especially meteoric stones; crocodiles' teeth and shells, which after passing through the hands of a priest are supposed to be capable of bringing almost any blessing to their owner, or of warding off poverty, disease, and death. The fetishes of a lucky-bag are not confined to Central Africa by any means, and a baby charm carried by childless married women hails from Bechuanaland, between the Vaal and Zambesi rivers. Made of cord tightly wound round a wooden block, with two gourds for the head and feet, and two leather arms, this curious doll is adorned with necklets and armlets of beads, and just where the lower gourd joins the stem, with a row of small white shirt-buttons of undoubted English manufacture. As soon as a child is born the wooden baby is discarded, and woe betide any woman who picks it up. Traders also have their peculiar fetishes, and a cattle-stealer in Madagascar possessed a charm which consisted of a pig's tail, a dry bone, and some reeds tied together with a piece of blue cotton cloth. The tail signified that his pursuers would always be behind him and never catch him up; and the dry bone that he would escape "dry," which is Malagasy slang apparently for "scot-free." The secrecy of his nefarious business was symbolised by the rag of a covering, and to ensure his track being unseen the witty rogue had recourse to a play upon the

Wooden Representations of the Spirits of Ancestors from Central Africa.

words *vèro* (a reed) and *vèry* (lost), and believed himself safe from the vengeance of those he robbed.

In this same island of the Indian Ocean there also exists the custom of praying to departed relatives, as well as a profound belief in ghosts, and in an apparition which makes its appearance before death as a premonition of dissolution. Holding his dead kindred in such high honour, it is not surprising to learn that the family vault of a Malagasy is usually constructed in the courtyard of his country mansion, and that the dead and the living are housed side by side, the former by far the more comfortably and magnificently of the two. The restless spirit of an unburied person would be obliged to associate with wild cats, owls, crocodiles, and other ill-omened creatures; and as no Malagasy could for a moment entertain the idea of a relative sinking so low in the social scale even after his demise, he takes the only remedy which lies in his hands and erects a pseudo-tomb in which no body



Crown used in a Swinging Festival, worn by Siva's Votaries.

Missionary Society was effected in co-operation with the Government attempts to suppress the slave trade, which on the whole partook more of the character of a patriarchal institution, and under Radàma's rule the Christians enjoyed much liberty of action. His successor, however, Queen Ranavalona, adhered firmly to the old superstitions and practices; and at first secretly, but in 1836 openly, resented her subjects' gradual alienation from them. The active persecution of native Christians was renewed at intervals throughout five-and-twenty long and weary years. The first of many martyrs for the Faith was a young woman who was put into irons "which consisted of rings and bars, and were so fastened around the feet, hands, knees, and neck as to confine the body in the most excruciating position, forcing the extremities together as if packed in a small case." Similar fetters are preserved in the museum, measuring three feet in length and weighing half a hundredweight. Other victims of the Queen's ferocity were hurled

1. Hottentot Violin. 2. The Malagasy Lokanga. 3. Japanese Dulcimer.
4. Stringed Instrument from Ujiji. 5. Indian Violin

Musical Instruments from Various Countries.

rests, but only the ego whose fleshly shrine has perished in some unknown spot. Amongst these people the first practical good work done by the London

150 ft. into space from a precipice which has been compared to the Tarpeian Rock at Rome, a punishment reserved for sorcerers and Christians, who were considered

equally able to resist her Majesty's commands by means of powerful spells.

That harmonious sounds have charms for all nations, however barbarous, is proved by a collection of musical instruments from various countries, including Hottentot violins covered with skin, a mendicant's gong from Southern India with a sweet resonant note to attract the charity of the passers-by, a stringed instrument from Ujiji, and two others especially curious from Madagascar. The Malagasy vàliha is very unusual in shape, consisting of a thick round stem of bamboo about four feet in length with narrow strips of the strong outer fibre detached from the foundation for a foot and a half in the centre, and strained over small pieces of wood to serve the purpose of strings. On it is played a soft plaintive air, and its tones, resembling those of a guitar, are far superior to those of the lokanga much used by the slaves. This is generally made of some hard wood, and has two or three cords so tightly strung that it is bent into the semblance of a wide flat bow, and has a hollow gourd or calabash attached to one end. The room containing these primitive specimens of savage skill and savage superstition leads into two others, the walls of which are lined with symbols of the religious systems which, venerable in their antiquity and imposing in their ceremonials, oppose an almost insurmountable barrier to progress in the East.

Kali, the Goddess of Travancore, who Shook the Earth with her Dancing. She is usually coloured a dark blue, but in this idol she has a golden complexion, a doubtful favour granted by Brahma.

At the head of the 333,000,000 of gods which the Hindu mythology claims to possess stand pre-eminent the sacred triad, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. Of these the two latter are rivals in popular favour; for Siva, though the Destroyer, yet recreates, since death, according to the teachings of Hinduism, is simply "a change into a new form of life." Hence the name of this deity signifies the "Bright or Happy One."

The crown of which an Illustration is given is worn by his votaries at the Churruck Poojee, or "swinging festival," more in vogue formerly than now, when the lower orders of the people delighted in hanging suspended from bamboos by iron hooks forced into their bodies in his honour. Made from the sacred mud of the Ganges are two images of Siva: one seated on the sacred white bull adorned with a necklace of cobras; the other lying prostrate beneath the feet of Kāli Ma, his spouse,

Paramasattee or Spoon Idol.

who, so runs the myth, was indulging in a dance of triumph at her victory over the giants, and Siva called to her to desist, for the earth shook and trembled beneath her weight. Her exultation was such that she neither heard nor saw him, so, to attract her notice, he lay down among the slain, and she suddenly realised that she was standing on the body of her husband. Kāli is the Goddess of Destruction, and is painted blue to suggest the darkness of her skin, with which her lord was wont to taunt her; but an idol of lighter hue from Travancore probably represents the same vengeful lady in another guise, for Brahma changed her complexion to a golden tint in reward for a severe course of austerities to which she subjected herself. A curious wooden figure is outlined with iron spoons, which hold oil and wicks to be lit up in the shade of a banyan-tree at night, when take place all the ceremonies in connection with the worship of this famous "spoon idol," whose name, Paramasattee, signifies "heavenly virtue."

Models are here also of the Juggernaut Car and of the "Lord of the World" himself, an incarnation of Vishnu, who rose out of the sea at Orissa in the form of a block of wood fifty-two inches long and eighteen inches broad. A rajah who had already built a large temple in anticipation that a god would come to earth to dwell among men, was commanded in a dream to convey this block to his palace and conceal it for three weeks, while it assumed another shape. Had his behest been obeyed literally it is believed that Juggernaut would have been perfect in form; but at the end of fifteen days the king could no longer restrain his curiosity and peeped into the room. To his amazement the block had been divided into three figures—Juggernaut and his brother and sister—carved, however, only from the waist upwards, and the angry god

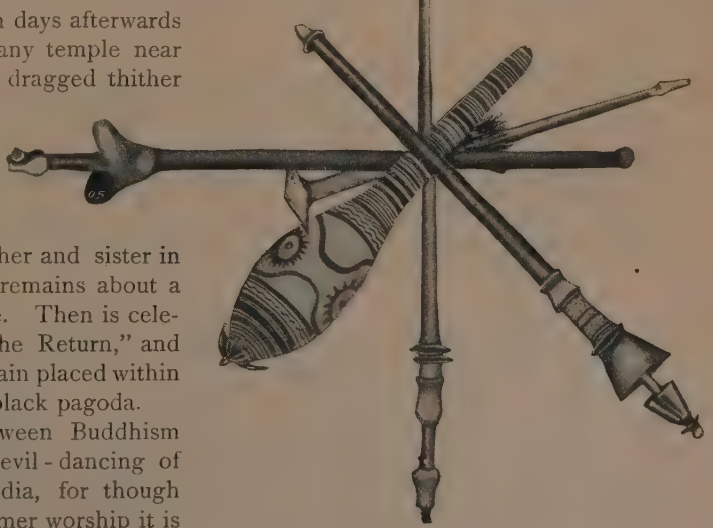
A Model of the Famous Juggernaut Car, under the wheels of which Hindus voluntarily cast themselves. The Wooden Images represent Juggernaut himself, whose origin is told in a curious tradition.

Jacket, Trousers, and Trident of a Devil Dancer in Ceylon.

declined to proceed any further with his work and provide the images of himself and his relatives with arms and legs. For three days in the year this popular idol is exposed to the gaze of countless thousands of pilgrims who flock to Puri believing that a sight of the "Lord of the World" is a sure salvation from sin. The hideous image is first publicly bathed by the priests, and is supposed to catch cold from this exposure. Ten days afterwards it is, therefore, taken to any temple near for change of air, and is dragged thither with frenzied zeal by its votaries in a huge structure, forty-five feet high, supported on sixteen wheels. Accompanied by his brother and sister in smaller cars, Juggernaut remains about a fortnight away from home. Then is celebrated the "Festival of the Return," and the unsightly triplet are again placed within the shrine of the famous black pagoda.

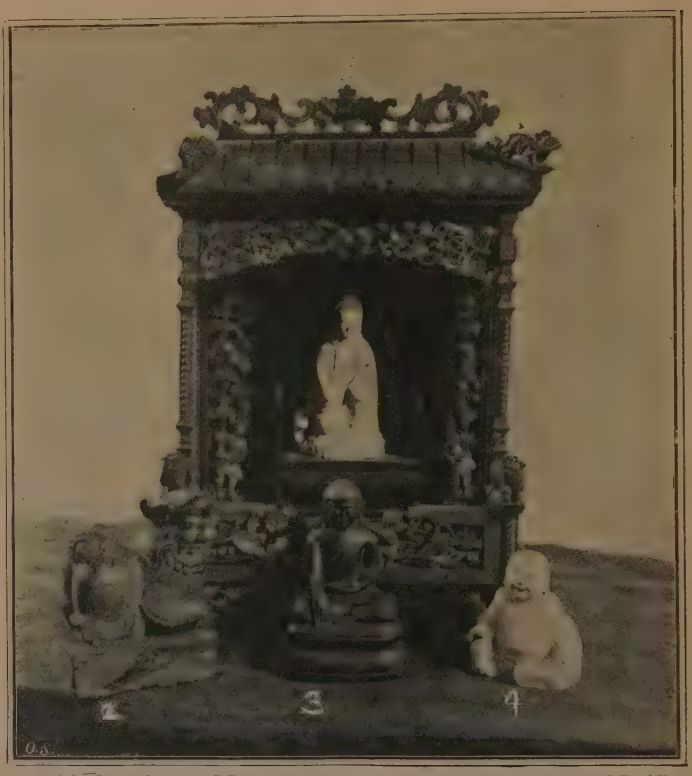
Apparently a link between Buddhism and Hinduism is the devil-dancing of Ceylon and Southern India, for though not sanctioned by the former worship it is closely associated with it; yet the jacket and trousers of a Yakka Dura are ornamented with an idol attended by Hanuman, son of Siva, a Hindu deity.

The moral code of the ascetic Prince Siddârtha, which in course of ages has become disfigured by "subtleties, puerilities, and extravagances," has now little hold in the land of its birth, but is emphatically the religion of China and of Eastern Asia. Thence the



Jingling Sticks and Clubs used by a Devil Dancer in Ceylon.

London missionaries have brought many images of the Buddha and of his mother, Kwan-Yin, the Goddess of Mercy, as well as a model of her shrine. Images there are also in plenty of those inferior deities of Buddhism whose special care it is to save men from sin and its consequences; and of the fabulous beast, a relic of Tauism. Standing out in bold relief among a group of "Buddhas" is a triumph of Japanese ingenuity — a carving from the gnarled branches of the tea-tree; while Chinese art is represented in a series of coloured etchings which depict the downward course of an opium-smoker and form a counterpart to Hogarth's well-known "Rake's Progress."



1. Model of the Shrine of Kwan-Yin.
2. Fabulous Beast born at the Birth of Confucius.
3. The usual Image of Buddha.
4. A Laughing Buddha.

Relics.

Last, but not least, among these relics and trophies of a hundred years' war with barbarism and superstition is an autograph draught written and signed by a good and honoured soldier in the fight, David Livingstone, whose lonely grave lies far away on the southern shores of Lake Bemba, in the very heart of Darkest Africa.

A Chinese Counterpart of the Rake's Progress, showing the Downward Course of an Opium Smoker.

For an hour she went up the room and down the room under my direction.

LADY BARBARITY.

A ROMANTIC COMEDY.

By J. C. SNAITH.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, the well-known Author of "Fierceheart the Soldier," has chosen the stirring times of the Jacobite Rebellion for the mise-en-scene of this story.

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CHAPTER IX.

OF THE MONSTROUS BEHAVIOUR OF MISS PRUE.

TO begin with, I instructed him in deportment. I put him through his paces with the exactitude of a dancing-master.

"Tread upon your toes, Sir," lifting up my skirts a little to show him how; "neater and lighter, my lad. Do not put your foot upon the carpet like a hundred-weight of coals. Tip your chin a shade more upward; set your head a little backward; shorter strides and one shoe behind the other—so!"

As a pupil he proved extremely apt, and in a few minutes he was giving quite a tolerable imitation of the motions of a woman of quality. His petticoat bothered him exceedingly, but in a little time even these troubles he overcame. Once he tried a simper, and did it prettily. Then in a highly successful way he played his shoulders like an arch and laughing miss. His next attempt was at a curtsey, but here misfortune came, as his heel caught in his skirt and he fell flat upon his back.

"The penalty of impertinence," said I. "As though every delicate accomplishment of Venus is to be obtained in half-an-hour!"

He rose, however, with fine gravity, and asked me how it should be done. It was a part of his character to let nothing beat him, and in this instance he tried a full twenty times rather than a curtsey should become his master.

There was one subject in which we were much exercised. How were his coat and vest to be disposed of? The search was to be of the strictest kind, therefore no risks must be run. It was Emblem who grappled with the difficulty. Stealing to his Lordship's dressing-room, she mingled them temporarily with his clothing, as masculine attire in that place was not likely to excite remark.

This had just been done, I was still in the middle of my tutelage, and making Miss Prudence imitate the cadence of my voice in high falsetto, when a knock upon the door startled us extremely. Emblem turned white as any pillow-slip; I began to tremble and could not have spoke a word that minute for my life; but the disguised fugitive looked at me, and looked at Emblem, smiled a little, and calmly said "Come in!" in the identical tone he had been practising.

A terrible being sailed into the room—no less a person than my aunt. She paused upon the threshold to gaze at the fair stranger in both dignity and doubt. Unable to recall the face, she screwed her gold-rimmed glasses on her nose and stared steadily down upon Miss Prue with that polite impertinence that flourishes most in dowagers. The time this manœuvre took gave me the necessary moment to recover myself. I seized it, smiled on my aunt's bland insolence, and said—

"My dear aunt, permit me to present to you Miss Prudence Canticle, that very familiar and dear friend of mine of whom

you have heard me so often speak. She shares all the secrets of my bosom, and I therefore, my dear aunt, commend her with the more confidence to yours."

"I am charmed, I am delighted, I am sure," says the dowager, sweeping a stately bow upon the phrase with great majesty.

"Madam," says the lad, "I'm infarnally glad of your acquaintancy."

My aunt, the dowager, was a person of too much breeding to express or to otherwise betray any astonishment at this; but I am sure she felt it, for though she had never seen Prue, my pious friend in *propria persona*, she had seen her letters, and on the strength of those epistles had held her image up before me as a paragon of gentlewomen and a mirror of the Christian virtues. I dare not look at my aunt's stern mien lest I broke out in a peal of laughter; but the lad, with a slight curl at his lips, and a saucy gleam within his eye, met full the shock of it, and quailed not.

"'Tis strange, my dear Miss Canticle," says my aunt with that sugared fluency in which she wrapped her sourest moods, "that I had no premonition of your coming. Barbara gives me not a word of it; I have even no hint of your arrival; and so, my dear Miss Canticle, I must beseech you to take things at Cleeby very much as you may find them, and accept this for their apology. Let me repeat, my dear Miss Canticle, that I had not the ghost of an idea that we were about to be so greatly honoured."

Now I was in a fever of anxiety and fear, and the face of Emblem announced similar emotions. We were at such a disadvantage that to prompt Miss Prudence in the ordering of her speech and conduct was outside the question utterly. But 'twas little she needed prompting. For she seemed superbly at her ease, fell into fiction of the cheerfullest and most high-coloured sort, without one "ahem!" of hesitation; and contrived from the beginning to treat her majesty, my aunt, with the most easy familiarity she could possibly employ.

"I am sure the apology should be supplied by me," Miss Prudence says. "I never writ Bab a word about it, did I, darling? But t'other morning my papa orders the chaise for town. I asked him, Would he pass near Cleeby on the way? That he would, says he. Then, says I, you shall drop me down there, and, faith! I'll spend a week with my ownest Bab. All this age I have not seen her."

And I believe the incredible rogue would have kissed me on the spot, as I could not possibly have said him nay, had I not drawn my face from the threatening proximity of his mouth.

"Your papa, Miss Prudence?" my aunt echoed in surprise. "I was informed that he died five years ago at Paris."

I was horrified by the magnitude of this error he had made, for my aunt spoke, alas! too truly. I might have been spared my agitation, though.

"Oh!" Miss Prudence laughed, "my dear mamma hath taken another piece of household furniture unto herself since then."

"A what?" cries my aunt, fixing her glasses on again to cover her distress.

You will understand that the dowager—dear lady!—being the product of an earlier generation, construed this flippant mention of so ornamental an article as a papa as gross irreverence. Yet I breathed again at the lad's ingenuity. However, he had gone astray on another point, and my aunt was not the one to pass it by.

"But what are you doing in the north, my dear Miss Canticle, if I may make so bold as to inquire?" says she; "for I have always been told that your residences were Tunbridge Wells and Mitcham Green."

"You were not aware then, Madam," replied Miss Prue, "that we bought quite recently a little place in Fifeshire?"

"Indeed!" says my aunt with interest, "and a very charming country to be sure." Then she turned to me and said, "Barbara, I am come to speak to you of a particular affair. Captain Grantley has just had the goodness to inform me that he proposes shortly to have this house searched from cellar to attic, to discover if that prisoner is hid anywhere within it. I told him it was a most monstrous project, and one more monstrous still to undertake,

as by that means our house and all its contents would be quite exposed to the mercy of his men, who, being of the very scum, can no more be trusted with good furniture than can a cat with a jug of cream."

"Very true, dear aunt," says I, "and I trust you will oppose it."

"I have opposed it," says my aunt grimly; "but the Earl, your papa, and this Captain man are really most unreasonable men."

"Prisoner!" cried Miss Prue. "Search the house! La! we shall have some fun, I'm certain."

"We shall indeed!" says I, even more grimly than my aunt.

Here it was that the dowager, to my infinite relief, bowed stiffly to Miss Prudence, and renounced the room in a distinctly disdainful manner.

"Bab," says the prisoner so soon as she was gone, "I consider that I have carried this off gallantly. But I fear, dear Bab, that if I stay here any longer than a day I shall prove a thorn in the flesh of that old lady. Her icy mien provokes me."

"Prue," says I, unable to repress the admiration that I felt for the agile fashion in which he had crept out of a corner uncomfortably tight, "you will either attain to the post of Prime Minister of England or a public death by hanging. There will be no half course in your career, I'm certain. For your wickedness is as great as is your wit. But you really must think a trifle more about your pious character, my dear Miss Canticle."

Now that my aunt was apprised of Miss Prue's presence in the house, it behoved us to wear bold faces and put our trust in impudence and the good luck that usually attends it. She must be presented to the Earl, and share our daily life entirely. She must be treated as an equal, and carry herself with sustained dignity and ease; she must be nothing less than perfect in the playing of her part, else questions would be provoked, any one of which might prove fatal to our scheme. Therefore, I occupied the interval between this and a quarter after four, at which hour I was due at the tea-table in the dowager's drawing-room, in schooling Prue in carriage, etiquette, and family affairs. And I cannot repeat too often that if this lad was not by birth and training a person of the mode, his natural instinct for mummery was in itself so admirably fine that had he been asked to don the royal purple of a potentate, he would have filled the throne at a moment's notice, have looked a king and acted like one. Besides, he had this very great advantage—he had been bred to no sphere in particular, and there seemed such a native richness in his character as made him ripe for any. The keenest observation of man and nature supplied in him a course of education in the schools. Therefore his mind had no predisposition towards any avocation. He was neither a physician nor a priest, a fop nor a vendor of penny ballads. He was just (in my idea) an intrepid young adventurer, a charming vagabond, with enough of sense and courage in him to become anything he chose.

For the nonce he chose to be a woman of quality. Therefore he was that woman, plus a dash of native devilry that she was born without. The way he played his eyes, the archness of his simpering, his ringing laugh, the sauciness that salted all he said, his smiling rogueries, his dimpled impudence, his downright, damnable adorableness, he appeared to put on with his dress, and wore with the elegant propriety of one who had dwelt in Spring Gardens all her days.

"My lad," says I, "you step a point beyond me quite. Here have you picked up Saccharissa's every trick in twenty minutes. 'Tis a miracle, I'll swear."

"Fudge," says he, "'tis no miracle. The living model is before me, and the rest is no more than a painter does when he transfers that model to a canvas. You twist your lips into a smile, and see—I ape 'em with my own." And the very trick I had of sardonically smiling from the corners of my mouth he immediately copied with marvellous fidelity.

"My Lady Barbara," says he, "you once disdained me with a glance. Here is the one you did it with."

Straight he gathered all his inches up

and gazed down upon Emblem and myself with a severity awful to observe. As for his voice, it was thin and somewhat treble in its quality. But it was an instrument that had a singular variety of tone. Its natural note was boyish, fresh, piercing; yet that did not prevent it from one moment scorning like an actress, nor the next from being missish, petulant, and shrill.

Pretty soon the ears of us conspirators were assailed with strange and reiterated sounds. The soldiers had begun their search.

The three of us looked at one another, and debated what to do. The Honourable Prudence Canticle turned to me, and said—

"Where's that pistol, Bab? There might be an accident, you know, and if there is—well!"

So much was implied by that doleful monosyllable that I handed the weapon to him without demur. He desired to keep it in the pocket of his breeches, but it called for a deal of judicious aid on the part of Emblem and myself ere his enormous hooped petticoat could be supported while he introduced it. Then a nice point had to be considered. Should we stay where we were and await the enemy, or repair to the drawing-room and meet it under the protection of the presence of the formidable Lady Caroline?

Miss Prue languidly professed that she was quite indifferent, being perfectly easy in her mind that her skirts, her powder, and her head-dress would be more than a match for a corporal and five foolish troopers.

"So long as that Captain remains strapped to his board in the library," she assured us, "I snap my fingers at 'em."

"Then you will confess," says I, "that Captain Grantley has the power to disconcert you?"

"Well—yes," says she reluctantly, "because—well, Captain Grantley is the devil."

"He *is* the devil," says I triumphantly; "never a doubt about it. 'Tis the only phrase that fits him, and I've employed it several times myself. Prue, do you know that I hate—I detest—that man, and yet—and yet——"

"And yet," says Prue, breathing hard, and her vermilion lips studded with two white teeth, "Bab, I quite agree with you that there is always a big 'and yet' sticking out of the Captain's character."

Further discourse was cut off by the unceremonious entry of two soldiers. The first was Corporal Flickers. His eye fell on three flaunting petticoats, and three faces of bold brilliancy surmounting them. Nothing to denote the thin and haggard fugitive in these. It would be uncharitable to blame the man for permitting himself to be so beautifully fooled, for the serene interest of Miss Prue and her innocent wonderment at the Corporal's appearance would have defied the majority of his intellectual betters to unmask her. And Miss Prue was so radiantly calm in the presence of the Corporal that I am sure the pungent jest delighted her indeed.

Now I hope you will remember that this Mr. Flickers was that very red-haired wretch who had declaimed so powerfully against my Lady Barbara Gossiter and all her works, beneath the window of her ladyship at three o'clock that morning. A deadly feud was thus between us. At the same time, however, there was a sort of fascination about a man who was so terrible in opinion. There was defiance in all the things that were crapulously shining in his beery orbs. In his nose, short and thick, and magnificently drunken, was writ the pugilist, and worse, alas! the pommeller of the classes. A mighty hatred of the aristocracy was indicated on his honest brow. His mien was so determinedly aggressive, and so purple in its tint, that it might have been washed in the bluest blood of dukes and earls. Thus at sight of him I could scarce refrain from shivering, as we are said to do when someone walks across our graves.

To him the searching of my chamber was a pleasing duty. It involved iconoclasm and a tearing down of gilded luxury. And there was a sufficient unction in the rude methods he employed. He half tore the window-curtain from the pole in shaking out its folds; he committed dreadful

carnage with the bed, tearing sheets and flinging counterpane and bolster to the ground. He wrenched one of the doors off my wardrobe, such was the vigour with which he opened it, and so ruthlessly mishandled one of my costliest robes that it was damaged beyond amendment. He was able to knock a china model of Apollo off the mantelpiece, and shatter it into a hundred pieces on the hearth. He cracked one of my finest Knellers when he tapped upon the wall to assure himself it was not hollow. He contrived to tread upon my poodle and render it permanently lame as he examined the floor and wainscot. He cut the Turkey carpet in a dozen places by the way he used his heels; and when he paused to take a little breath, he calculated things so excellently well that by suddenly dropping fourteen stones of beer and democratic blackguardism on a frail settee, he smashed it in the middle, and in the fall he had in consequence, had the good luck to put his elbow through the glass door of a cabinet. And he did all this with such a pleasant air that I almost wept for rage.

"Mr. Flickers," says I mildly, "my compliments to you. In five minutes you have managed to smash such an astonishing quantity of furniture that in future, with your kind permission, I shall amend the adage, and instead of speaking of a bull in a china-shop, shall phrase it a corporal in a lady's chamber."

"Dooty, my lady," says the Corporal simply, but trying to crush a mirror into fragments by jamming his back against it, "dooty don't wait fer duchesses. Dooty must be done."

To show how completely he was the slave of it, he resumed his happy occupation at the word; stepped lightly to my clothes-closet, and wreaked such a horrid havoc on my dresses that the tears appeared in poor Mrs. Polly Emblem's eyes.

But this catastrophe had another side, and to my mind it was not unpleasant. It was supplied by the behaviour of Miss Prue. When the cheerful Corporal was in the midst of his depredations in the closet, that young lady grew a lively red with rage, and doubled up her not unsubstantial but mittened fists, and shook them in the Corporal's direction.

"Gad!" she whispered, whilst Emblem and myself had to put forth desperate efforts to restrain her, "I would give a golden guinea to be Anthony Dare for just two minutes. I'd smash as many bones in his drunken carcase as he hath smashed these bits of furniture."

Captain Grantley's threat was executed to the letter. They sought the prisoner or evidence of him in every nook and cranny from the cellar to the skylight, but became none the wiser for their pains. Ruefully they told this to their commander, fuming in his fetters. I also went and told the Captain this.

Conducting my friend Miss Prue to the tea-table of my aunt, I was charmed more than I can express to notice how immediately this young lady ordered her bearing and her conversation to a harmony that accorded with the dowager's personality and her own. Launching these ladies properly on a topic on which they were well qualified to speak—to wit, the relations then existing between the Church of England and the Church of Rome—I tripped forth to the library to carry my compliments to its occupant. He was still in the exact posture in which I had previously seen him. But he was not writing now. Instead, his fingers were tapping the table in their impotence, and his eyes were red and fierce. He looked the picture of the tiger caged, and fretting away his heart in his captivity. His cheeks were wan and hollow, for the whole affair was a bitter load upon his mind. Indeed, he made a quite pathetic figure, chafing in a strict confinement at a time when it was desperately necessary that he should be abroad.

"Captain, how's the knee?" I began, with sweetness.

"It gives me no trouble, I assure you, my dear lady," he answered smoothly, "but it is really very good of you to ask." He gently smiled, for he was well aware that I positively knew that it troubled him exceedingly, and that my inquiry did not spring from any kindly impulse.

"I am here to tell you, Sir," says I, and observed the poor wretch keenly to catch him wincing, "that those fine troopers of yours have failed completely in their expedition. Completely failed, Sir! And as you have had the goodness to confer ignominy on this household and myself by insinuating that we are harbouring a rebel, I am here to thank you for it."

"Yes," he sighed, "I know they 've failed." He looked at his knee reproachfully.

"Captain," says I in a voice that was angelical, "how unfortunate it is that you yourself could not have led this man-hunt. I 'll warrant that you would have run this fugitive to earth."

'Twas more than the fellow could endure.

"Curse this knee!" says he, and again, "Curse this knee!"

The baited wretch looked so dolefully on the board and the bonds that detained his damaged limb that I fell forthwith into laughing at him.

"Pray do not spare your curses, Captain," I encouraged him, "tear your hair; conjure all the devils. Call a murrain in blue blazes down upon your evil state. Prithee, damn your scurvy leg, fair Sir! But, dear Captain, there you are You cannot move an inch, my friend. And reflect that your six zanies are as likely to catch this rebel as they are to catch a bird by putting salt upon its tail. Consider all this, dear Captain, and tell me what round sum sterling you would pay to be in a like hale condition to myself."

To show him what that hale condition was, and to aggravate his woes, I prettily gathered up my gown and danced him a few corranto steps daintily and lightly.

Poor fellow! These taunts of mine went right home into his soul. In spite of himself, he had to writhe; and I, finding him so helpless, did but prick and gall him more. I do not pride myself on this, for it was a piece of wanton cruelty, and perhaps a piece of cowardice. But I will be as honest as I can, and confess that I had an instinct that this was not the highest style of woman; but then, you see, I never did set up for a saint. Here was my enemy prostrate, and how could one resist the joys of trampling on him! Ascribe this, an it please you, to a full-blooded female nature!

The Captain bore my exultation for a time with fortitude, but then said, with a bluntness that I thought refreshing—

"Let us understand one another in this matter, my Lady Barbara. You play a winning game at present. You have the prisoner successfully concealed, and up to now the honours are entirely yours. It is the simplest thing in the world to hoodwink six clumsy fellows, but do not think, dear Madam, that you hoodwink their unlucky officer. He may now be taken in the leg and tied up to a board, but sooner or later he will have his liberty, and then, believe me, my dearest Madam, that some persons I might name may perhaps be dancing on another string."

The Captain's words were to be respected, for he was indeed a dangerous foe. None the less I scorned them, and replied in high derision—

"Perhaps, dear Captain, you will take my arm and make a tour of the house yourself? You seem to repose very little confidence in your followers."

"No, Lady Barbara," says he, "I will not do that, much as I would like. But I would fain remind you that since our last interview a day hath fled. Therefore, six days only now remain ere this is despatched to London. That is, unless the rebel happens to be retaken in the meantime."

This was his chance to repay my insolence. You may be sure he took it, and also that my heart quailed when he held that sinister blue paper up, and asked me whether I did not think it elegant.

"And again would I venture to suggest, my Lady Barbara," says he, "that though the first fall may rest with you, the game is not quite over yet." The man smiled with such a malicious affability that I dropped him a curtsey and swept out in a huff.

That blue paper was my nightmare. It *must* not go to London, yet how could I give the prisoner up? I desired to eat my cake and yet to keep it, and felt like working myself into a passion because this

was impossible. Accordingly, when I repaired to a dish of tea, and to have an eye upon Miss Prue, my mind was both disordered and perplexed. I was grieved to discover that the dowager and my dear Miss Canticle had discarded religious topics for the secular. Miss Prue was pouring into my aunt's receptive ear some most surprising details that presumably adorned the histories of many of the brightest ornaments of our world. And she was doing this with a vivacity that took my breath away.

"God bless me! yes," Miss Prue was saying as I entered, "of course I know my Lady Wensley Michigan. A dreadful woman, Madam! Plays at hazard every night till three, and poor Michigan hath to put a new mortgage on his property every morning."

"Never heard anything so monstrous!" cries my aunt in horror, but very anxious, nevertheless, to glean as many facts of a similar kind as possible. "And my dear Miss Canticle, are you acquainted with the Carews, and the Vortigerns, and those people?"

"Am acquainted with 'em all," cries my dear Miss Canticle, with a promptitude and emphasis that made me shudder; "and a pretty company they are! Shouldn't tell you a word of this, my dear Madam, only it is as well for persons who know what virtue is to be forewarned against those who don't."

"Exactly," says my aunt, with a grim and gleaming eye.

"Prue," says I sweetly as a song, though I was pale with rage, "I am going to dress for supper. Come along with me, dear, and I will show you my new watered silk. 'Twill make you dream of it to-night."

"A watered silk!" she cried, and instantly jumped up and followed me with a wonderful excitement that only a woman could have shown. How could I be angry with a villain with such a deal of genius?

"Prue," says I, as we ascended to my chamber, "you are a perfect devil."

"Perfection," says she, "is the pinnacle of womanhood. So long as I am perfect I don't much care. 'Tis what I aim at. I would rather far be a complete fiend than an incomplete she-angel! For you know as well as I do, dear Bab, that every she-angel is of necessity an incomplete one."

"What I wish to know," I demanded, being well aware that I could not argue her out of this position, "is the exact number of my friends you have slandered. Do you know that my aunt was speaking of the very flower of the aristocracy? Now tell me instantly, how long has this gone on?"

"Oh! about a quarter of an hour," says she, with an intolerable impudence. "And I spoke with the rapidity of a woman who is scandalous. Gad! I have played my part remarkably."

"Oh, you wretch!" cries I. "And what is it that you've said?"

"Nay," says she, "'tis not what I have said. 'Tis what I have not said. Let me see: the Marchioness of Quorn is bald as a toad when her wig is taken off; her Ladyship of Chickenley is twenty years older than she looks, and hath a married daughter; the beautiful Miss Brandysnap drinks whisky possets on the sly, and got the jumps the other morning. But that is a family affair, as the venerable rake, her father, had to be carried out of the Bodega every evening for a quarter of a century with nine pints of claret underneath his shirt. Then good Madame Salamander hath the fiery temper of old Pluto, and almost committed a manslaughter on her maid a week last Tuesday. There is a quantity of other things I've said, but I'll not tarry to retail 'em."

"Don't," I implored her, and took the stopper from my phial of aromatic vinegar. The Honourable Prudence Canticle was getting on my nerves.

CHAPTER X.

I PLAY KATHARINE TO MR. DARE'S PETRUCHIO.

It was our custom at Cleeby to sit down to the evening meal at seven o'clock. We held supper a function in our country day. Then it was that the Earl, my heroical papa, gout or no gout, would grace the table with his embroidered

presence, and ogle his daughter or his sister-in-law, the ancient Caroline. This rather than his eyes, once so bright and fatal, should vainly spend their waning lustres on a stolid dish or an unresponsive spoon. The poor vamped-up old gentleman, with that monumental vanity of man that we women feed for our private ends, would not admit, even to himself, that though this dog had once enjoyed his day, that day now was over. He might be condemned to death; the wrinkles might strike through his powder; he might be toothless, doddering, with a weak action of the heart, and his age in a nice proportion to his crimes; he might be propped up in a back-strap and a pair of stays, the completest and most ghastly wreck, in fact, you ever set your eyes upon—that is, before his man had wound him up and set him going for the day—but he would never admit that he was old, and that his vogue was buried with his youth. He would bow with depth and majesty as of yore, but with rather more of rheumatism; he would toast Venus just as often and sigh as profoundly as he did so; yet he never took the red wine to his shrivelled lips with quite that gusto that was his wont when he had blood and a pulse to grow inflamed in the pious ceremony. But he would tell a stranger confidentially that though people said his age was forty-eight, 'twas very wrong of 'em to talk like that, as his proper age was fifty. And I, who really am at times a tender-hearted wretch, would melt visibly every evening at his decrepit compliments and his senile quizzing glances. What a fine, unsubduable old gentleman he was till the hour his wicked soul and his corrupt old carcase were consigned to the eternal care of that other fine old gentleman to whom he had, as it were, in many ways a sort of family resemblance!

"Prue," says I, the moment we conspirators were assembled in my chamber, "this evening you have to undergo an Ordeal. We must prepare you for it, both in the body and the spirit, with great care."

I hinted of its nature, and lightly and not unlovingly touched in the character of that gallant heathen, my papa.

"La! the naughty old gentleman," pouts Miss Prue. "I must be careful of him."

She assumed a face of copy-book propriety that is invariably worn with a pinafore and plaited hair at a seminary for young ladies. Then she turned to the maid and said—

"Now, Emblem, touch my eyes up, and improve my cheeks a little."

Mrs. Polly did as she was bid—dabbed the powder on daintily and subtly, made her a provoking dimple with uncommon art, pencilled her brows arch and swarthy, then heated a hairpin in the candle and curled her eyelashes into a provoking crispness, a trick she had borrowed from the French. Then she selected a new robe for her, even more elegant than the one she wore; and while the maid, to give her greater ease and comfort in the wearing of it, unpicked a portion of the bodice and concealed the open seams by cunning contrivances of lace, Miss Prue assiduously practised the pose and movements of her form. For an hour she went up the room and down the room under my direction, with skirts gracefully lifted now in two fingers of one hand, now in two fingers of the other. And so intelligent and persistent was she that soon she seemed to sail across the floor with the lofty imperious motion of a woman of quality.

Thereafter she besieged the mirror; to practise smiling, be it said. Lo! at the first trial there was a bewitching dimple at the left corner of her mouth revealed. And those lips, how red they were, and how inviting! What may not red ochre do? Such illumination of those doors of wit looked seducing, irresistible. Later, she tried a little trill of laughter. What a fluted woodnote did she make of it! Next she tried a little trill and a smile together. The result was really too adorable. But to my surprise Miss Prue frowned and shook her pretty, wicked head.

"Bab," says she, "it will not do, dear. I showed my teeth, and one is missing, exactly in the middle of the upper jaw. You have not a tooth that you could lend me, darling? Besides, two other prominent members are blackened with decay. 'Twere

best I kept my lips close. And wearing 'em so tight, I must be careful lest I suck the paint off."

"Prue," says I severely, "you are more precautious than myself when I am robing and posturing for a conquest. Forbear, my girl, for this is vanity."

At this she winced, and palpably. I held my sides for laughter when I heard the reason why.

"Bab," says she, "when you call me girl, do you know it hurts quite horribly?"

"Girl, girl, girl!" cries I, with great emphasis.

"Bab," says she, with real roses in her cheeks, "if you call me that again I'll punch your—er—I mean—I'll—er——"

"You mean you'll what, my delightful little girlie?" says I, gloating on her rage.

"I'll kiss you," says she, revealing the red ochre on her lips.

At that I did desist, for I was not sure, judging by her looks, whether she was not hoping that I would take her at her word. And, in any case, I knew she would be quite the equal of her threat.

"Certainly I am robing and posturing for a conquest," she resumed. "To-night I conquer your papa."

"What?" cries I, aghast at her audacity. "You would never dare!"

"Bab," says she, "I think you will discover that Miss Prue is as much a Dare as ever was Mr. Anthony. And if he once kissed a heathen, surely she may captivate a saint."

I thought her impudence was charming, but could not let it pass without remark.

"You call me heathen, Prue. 'Pon my soul, I think the kettle calls the pot!"

"Perhaps that is so," she replied, "yet you know you are a terrible barbarian. Still to-night I conquer your papa. Why should I support the pains without the glory? If I endure the indignity of petticoats, let me have their compensations too."

Her saucy words brought me a brave idea.

"Prue," says I, "while you conquer my papa, I'll go and captivate the Captain."

Even as I spoke it flashed upon me what I had to gain. Let me once reduce him to complete infatuation, as I had done on a previous occasion, then I might venture to divorce him from his duty, and prevail upon him to destroy that horrible blue paper. The Earl, my papa, would then have naught to fear from the Tower.

Therefore, like Miss Prue, I fell to trimming myself up against the evening. I had out a new exquisite gown that was only yesterday from the tailors, and a very lovely modish article. And what a virginity there is about an unworn dress! How unwrinkled and serene in its countenance; how chaste and creaseless in its outward semblance! What a wooing look it hath with which to provoke the eye and mind of Millamant! Its graces wedded to her own, and where's the bosom to resist that combination of art and nature? Once on, however, and the nap is off the velvet of your dress and your desire also. The thing is not so perfect as it seemed. The armpit chafes you; there is a gusset out of place; it is a twenty-fifth of an inch too low of neck, or a twenty-fifth of an inch too high. The sleeve is too much like a pyramid, or not enough so. And you fear it is just two days behind the time. You would return it to the tailor on the instant, only—only you so crave to wear it this very night. Then you recall that all your others have been similar; fair and smiling failures; in the wardrobe supreme and flawless; on the body detestable and tight. You wear it three times; it begins to cleave to you like a friend, when, lo! the silk frays, the lilac fades, the mode's beyond it. I suppose a perfect robe ne'er will be fashioned till Nature fashions a perfect wearer. Your pardon, reader, but I am as privileged and fit to soliloquise upon a dress, I take it, as a poet is upon the stars, or a philosopher upon the dust and destination of his uncle. *Ohe! jam satis est.*

The Honourable Prue was dressed at last. A more ravishing figure I never saw; all flounce and furbelow; sprigs of japonica upon her petticoat; her face a painted glamour; a wondrous starry lustre in her eyes. Emblem put the crowning touches to her hair, and applied a special powder to it that improved a common yellow to a most uncommon gold. I

bestowed my best pearl necklace on her, fastened a great jewel among her artifice of curls, set diamond rings upon her fingers and braceleted her wrists, though the manner in which they were crammed upon 'em hath yet to be explained.

How fair she looked, and what an archness in her lifted chin and laughing eyes! Seen under the subdued and mellow lamplight that wrapped soft shades and gentle tints about her, I declare I never saw one more fortunate in beauty at Kensington or Windsor.

Having thus robed her to perfection, and heightened her appearance till she might melt one with a look, we put her out, and bade her lock herself in Emblem's chamber, while inimitable Mrs. Polly trimmed me for conquests too.

In a time—a long way less than half Miss Prue had occupied—I was declared to be accomplished properly. I wish you could have seen us when that young person was fetched in to criticise and to stand the ordeal of comparison. She stood before me, set her head a little to one side, as if deliberating nicely, and looked over all my inches keenly but complacently.

"Hum! you are not ugly," was her verdict.

"And you a man?" I cries, for I could not bring myself to consider that a veritable member of the Sex of Victims could damn me with faint praise of this sort.

"Well, Bab," he says, "you are not quite in my style, you see."

"*Your* style?" says I, aghast. I, the toast of the Prince of Wales, and the source of a thousand sonnets, not quite in the style of him! There was a deal of whim and quaintness in the boy.

"I like 'em clinging," says he modestly.

"You like 'em clinging? You'll perhaps explain," says I, flicking my fan perilously near his ears.

"I prefer the twining ivy to the big-eyed dog-daisy or the bold chrysanthemum."

The fan descended on him smartly.

"I can suffer your impudence easier than your taste," I sighed, "but both should be prayed for in the churches."

"Kissable and kind," says he, "there's naught to beat 'em. A modest violet of a downcast diffidence, prettily sigheth like a wind of spring; obedient to a breath; trembles at a look; thinks my lord Me the finest person under God. You know the kind I mean, Bab: plenty of blush about 'em—the very opposite of you."

"My lord Me," cries I delightedly; "that's you, my lad, outside and in. It hits you to the very eyebrow, and Man also."

"To be sure," says he, with grandeur, "if it hits me, it hits Man also. I am Man, and Man is Me."

"And both are the vainest things that breathe," says I.

"Except new gowns," he retorted villainously.

"Pish," says I, "I will not bandy with you. There is only one thing more deplorable in nature than a woman arguing, and that is a boy who is impertinent."

The time antecedent to the supper-bell we spent with profit. To-night I must be brilliant if I was to make a conquest of a hard-bit officer, who knew the world and Madame Ogle. I suggested, therefore, that I was put through a rehearsal now, to test the scope of my abilities and school them to the part they had to play.

"Prue," says I, "I must ask you to change your alias for twenty minutes. You are to be Captain Grantley and I dear Lady Barbara. We are to suppose this chamber to be the library, where you sit in weariness, misery, and rage, with your shattered knee strapped to a board. There is a blue paper in your custody which you have sworn to send to London if the prisoner is not retaken in a week. I enter to make a conquest of you, with the object of exciting you to destroy the document you hold. Now, Prue, sit down and turn yourself into the Captain, and I will woo you with a greater ardour than I ever wooed a man before."

"And by Jupiter and Mars, dear Lady Barbara, you've got to do if you are going to reduce this citadel," says she, becoming Captain Grantley on the spot.

Nothing must suffice her but she should

fill a warm chair near the fire, with another a yard or two away on which to prop her damaged leg. The Captain at once began to damn his knee with a vigour that was astonishingly lively; called my Lady Barbara a saucy jade and something of a devil into the bargain for letting rebels out into the middle of the night and providing them with pistols. Thereupon I sailed up to him, and opened the rehearsal by asking how his leg did.

"Oh, it is infernal!" cries the Captain with an oath.

"I am sorry for it," says I sympathetically.

"You will be," says he grimly, and swore again.

"My dear Captain," says I, with a wistful softness, "it makes me quite dismal, I assure you, to discover you in such a grievous strait." A tear stood in my eye.

"Dear Lady Barbara," says he, "you can tell that to my leg."

"Ah, dear Captain," says I, with soft-breathing tenderness, 'I wish you could see into my heart."

"'Twould be more difficult than pearl-fishing in deep seas," says he. "Besides, a heart, they tell me, is a thing you have not got."

"Oh, that I had not one! It would then be insensible to your masculine perfection that makes such a havoc of it now."

"Poor devil!" says he, very softly, and then again, "poor little pretty devil, I wish I were not such an extremely handsome man."

"Po-or lit-tle pret-ty de-vil!" I repeated, dwelling on each syllable, for surely arrogance could no farther go.

"Now then, woo away!" says he.

I knew that the real performance was not to be of the lightest kind, but if in any way it was to present the difficulties of this rehearsal, Heaven help me through it! But I told myself not to be daunted by a boy, whose behaviour, when all was said, was only a piece of mummery. This present subjection of the Captain's heart proved, however, one of the sternest businesses I ever undertook. It was a fortress walled with stone and flanked with batteries. Again and again I was repulsed in my advances; the energy of my glances, the fire of my speech, the assaults of my smiling, were defied and consistently cast back. Emblem certainly enjoyed it; I am sure the Captain did; and I—well, I found this sport of such an exhilarating kind that I began to direct my attacks in grim unflinching earnest. I began to forget Captain Grantley and Miss Prue, and the masquerader in a petticoat, in Anthony Dare, the hunted fugitive For this was the Man who at last had come into my life. No doubt about it. My lord Me, in his sublime unheed of our elaborate Court code of manners, had rudely forced an entrance into my sternly guarded heart. He had arrived there by virtue of most audacious blustering, and alack! he looked as though he meant to stay.

Wherefore, though our present passages might appear extremely spirited play-acting to Emblem and to him, the more I was involved therein, and the warmer I became, the less distinctly could I say where frolic ended and reality began. Never was I so artful as in this amorous farce. A word and a look hitherto had sufficed to fetch a sigh out of the choicest waistcoat. To be sure we were engaged upon a jest, but pretty soon Mrs. Polly Emblem was the only one of us who clung to that opinion. The lad had wit enough to see at once that my wooing grew too desperately stern to be mere mummery. When he repulsed my twentieth advance, and Mrs. Polly laughed outright at the fun without observing that her mistress was biting her lips with rage, the young villain, noting my occupation, and perhaps the mortification of my face, said—

"Dear Lady Barbara, I beseech you to forget me. It gives me terrible great pain to create such a flutter in your heart. But, my poor, dear lady, I would have you consider that your case is only one of many. Truly, I am not responsible for the manly graces and the upright character that have brought you to this pass. Dear lady, there have been others. And to them, tender souls! I invariably promise to be a brother. Cheerfully, therefore, will I admit you to their number, for 'tis not the

least sweet of my traits that to my victims I ever am humane."

The saucy style of him spurred me so keenly that my methods grew still more vigorous. But pleading, soft speeches did but increase his insolence. Raillery he laughed at; glances amorously bold put him in a saucy humour; glances amorously tender left him cold. He shook his head at these devices.

"I like 'em clinging," he reminded me.

I fell upon wistfulness and a pensive air. My demeanour grew as subdued and meek as anything out of heaven. Butter would not have melted in my mouth, you would have thought; nor, judging by the disposition of my countenance, could I have said "Bo!" to the arrantest goose of the male persuasion. My voice became a low, sweet song, and as melodious as the simple airs I used to play upon the virginal when I was a girl. That was before I learned to play on a more responsive instrument—Man. I mean that lordly thing, that harpsichord which beauty and intelligence perform all tunes upon at their capricious pleasure.

Fortune had denied me neither of these requisites. Full thoroughly had I used this natural magic. My finger-tips had thrilled a hundred strings. I had played any air I pleased upon a Prime Minister, a peri-wigged Ambassador, a Duke with acres and the gout, a Field-Marshal with as many stars upon his chest as a frosty night could show you; and at least one Personage who, being of the Blood, it is temerity to mention. If I acted Queen Elizabeth to these Sir Walter Raleighs—that is, if I so much as wiped my feet upon them—I made them happy for a week. And they had their rent-rolls and their pedigrees. Indeed, one and all wore such quantities of gold lace on their coats that when the world heard of my depredations it exclaimed: "Bab Gossiter is the very luckiest woman that ever flicked a fan." Therefore, was it not a paradox that I should prefer a kinless beggar to them all, and that he, presumably, preferred any slum-slut to my Lady Barbara?

"Why, you stoic villain!" I cried out, "you seem every whit as insensible to tenderness as to the Cleopatra manner. Do you not see my mood to be as melting as the morning sun?"

"Confess now," says he provokingly, "that you yearn to beat me with your fan?"

"Faith, that's true," says I.

"Then," says he, "this tenderness of yours is but a cloak you do put on to cover up Old Termagant. Your real nature is as sweet and gentle as an earthquake. Your meekness is a mantrap in which to snare a poor wretch with a shattered knee, for you are about as tame and docile in your character as is a rude lion of Arabia. Fie, my dearest cheat, you do not catch Anthony Dare for your husband thus—that is, I mean James Grantley."

"Yes, that is you mean James Grantley," says I, seizing on his error.

"Or if it comes to that," says he, "you can include Mr. Anthony Dare in that category. That is another man you will not catch for husband."

"'Tis a pity," I said, stroking my chin in a thoughtful way, "for, my lad, I should make you a very fiend and tartar of a wife. Your hair is pretty straight at present, but let us set up matrimony for six months, and I would curl it for you."

"By thunder! you would not," he cries, sharp as the crackling of a musket; and the fire that darted from his eye I thought worthy of a classical quotation. "You would be mild as a milk-breasted dove, and the obedientest little wifie in the world."

"Milk-breasted dove! Obedientest little wifie! I should indeed," says I, putting on my fury look. Poor Mrs. Polly and the fops of London were wont to tremble at it horribly, but Mr. Anthony never so much as honoured it with a blink.

"Six months," says he, quite calmly, "and 'twould be, 'Barbara, bring my slippers hither,' and hither would they come, without one solitary word."

"Without one solitary word?" says I; "come, that is an exaggeration now. I'm sure I should reply, 'Certainly, my lord,' and drop a curtsey to your honour's worship."

"Not even that," he said; "without one solitary word. And I should say,

'Barbara, fetch my snuff-box.' 'Barbara, darn my hose,' and so forth. And you would do it all with an instant obedience that would make you a pattern to your sex."

"I suppose your honour would beat me if I failed to do this?"

"Madam, you would not fail. I should be your husband."

Emblem laughed outright at the sublime sternness of his face. But I think had that lad put forth his hand just then in the manner of a king, I must have dropped upon my knees and kissed it as a most duteous subject of his Majesty. Despite his youth, his powder, and his petticoats, as he sat there solemnly and said this, he cut a wonderful fine figure.

"But this is talk," says I, determined to correct his youthful arrogance. "A kinless beggar may not aspire to the hand of a princess."

"And does not wish to do," says he, and made me wince. It seemed that when it came to fisticuffs he could hit the harder.

"Yet if you did you could never marry me, you know. A cat may look at a king, but beyond that it never goes."

"That is as may be," he replied; "but man proposes, God disposes, and what doth woman do?"

"Acquiesces, I suppose," says I, and groaned to think so.

"Extremely true," says he, "woman acquiesces. And if Man, in the person of myself, proposed to make a husband for you, your husband I should be, unless God disposed it otherwise, which is not likely, for Heaven hath been very much on my side hitherto. Deny, an you can, that if to-morrow morning I so much as put my little finger up and whistled to you, you would be in my arms before the evening."

"I do deny it," says I so fiercely that the blood rushed to my face.

"Of course you do," says he; "you would not be a woman else. You can lie as handsomely as any. But I'm thinking, my pretty Kate, I should make you a monstrous fine Petruchio."

"Bah!" I cries with monstrous scorn of him, "the boldest rogue outside the pillory, the raggedest beggar outside a ballad, playing Petruchio to my Lady Barbara! Have you blood, boy? Have you titles? Have you acres?"

"I have a heart, and I have a fist with which to caress and to defend you," says he, with a terrible simple candour that pierced my breast like steel; "and I think I should make you the finest husband in the world. That is if I cared to do so—which I don't!"

Here such an agitation fluttered in my bosom suddenly, that I began to curse my folly for daring to rehearse so dangerous a scene.

(To be continued.)

FINE FEATHERS.

SCRAPS FROM LADY BABBIE'S NOTE BOOK.

"IN the Spring" we all know by innate intuition, as well as by poetical precept, what happens to a young man's fancy—and can even further guess, perhaps, how very, very lightly this evanescent quantity roveth at that season from one flower to another in the rosebud garden of girls—

> For if not one, i' faith it is the other;
> And if not she, I still can name another.

Ah me! A careless time, but a pleasant nevertheless, did we spend in that Land of Long Ago, for all roads then led to a terrestrial paradise, and one never counted the cost of subsequent acquaintanceship with an uncomfortable Peri, who ever stands without the gate, and whose horrid name is spelled Experience.

Just as if anyone wanted to con his musty, fusty foot-notes and queries, which he so persistently presses on our acceptance, while the lark's throat still swells to heaven of a morning and sun-shafts streak golden pathways through the wood for dancing feet!

More than at any other time surely is it borne in on one during these bright spring days that God made the country while man built the town, and that it is good to be in one and out of the other. Never, truly, does an April morning of vagrant vanishing sunshine come round without the soul in one crying for garden and hedgerow. The sights and sounds of town seem there to clash more rudely on one's senses—the raucous cry of the 'busman interrupts our dreams of bird-filled branches, and the pathway of the crossing-sweeper's broom but poorly represents those enchanted brook-sides where primroses and wood violets nestle. Even a dusty dandelion growing raggedly by the roadside then takes to our sprouting imaginations a more admirable aspect than any painted velvet orchid that ever ruffled it under plate-glass in a shop-window. But all this, be it spoken, is purely from the Londoner's point of view.

Walking round the question, we come to another aspect—say, of Barbara and Dorothy and the bucolic others temporarily transported from this beauteous Arcady to Bond Street or a morning walk in Burlington Arcadia. The transition is to them unmixed fascination and ecstasy as compared with the dripping monotony of a rainy spring at home. Were ever shops so seductive or fashions more resplendent, or theatres more enthralling, or *jeunes premiers* more god-like than when seen by the fresh and unaccustomed eyes of the country cousin? And, indeed, it must be admitted, in the gracious interests of truth, that the booths and bazaars wherein are displayed the goods for our adornment are fresh and tempting enough to the willing eye of Eve's daughters at the moment.

Extravagance has not stopped its hand where the end in view is a successfully decorative effect, and perhaps at no time in the history of clothes-making were skill and money more lavishly used than at the present moment. Descending from sublime generalities to the practical actualities of the season, it is meanwhile very much to be noticed that though we contract apace the circumference of our frocks, a very added amount of skill goes to their successful completion. We modify one and emphasise the other at Fashion's imperative call, but, if truth must be told,

suffer some little loss of comfort in consequence for this. Tight and wriggling trains are a poor exchange, it shall be confessed, to the freedom-loving athletic English girl for her short and shapely lost draperies. However—and the word has a final meaning all its own—having arrived, the mode of the moment must be gracefully sacrificed to, and all that now remains for us meek followers of the Moloch Fashion is to do her homage with as much fervour and frequency as we may. Exotic hues predominate even at this early moment of the year, and our very cloth dresses make all for sweetness and light. Pale pink, pale lavender, citron, grey, green, and blue, with the same introductory adjective before each, are, as applied to cashmere and a higher make of polished face-cloth, all in the most recent arrangements of the mode. An unlimited purse and a light heart will spur many women to tread closely on the heels of fashion, but a wise one will probably tire in less than a mile, for April is still a little early to go quite as far as the shop-windows and our extravagant inclinations beckon, though in the matter of supplementary events there is full and plenty to choose from. Among the new fabrics, mousseline velvet, as it is appropriately called, will be certain of a vogue. It is as dainty as the first and as rich as the second material, a duet of excellences which cannot fail to find it popularity. There is a feeling now for two or more grades of one colour, which, for instance, shows itself frequently in millinery hailing from the Seine side. A dress of mousseline velvet done in four shades of pink was the most effective realisation of that effective scheme which could possibly be imagined. The bodice was made of bands of moiré ribbon in graduated colourings, the skirt in skilfully draped tones of mousseline to match. Incrustations of ivory lace overlaid both, and a bunch of velvet geraniums, ranged from ruby to pale pink, was fastened on one shoulder. The different shades were admirably mixed, always a *sine qua non* in such arrangements, and one, too, which only an artist in gowns can develop. The "White Drawing-Rooms" of early March demonstrated how universally and successfully, let it be added, women have betaken themselves to the wearing of lace gowns. Priceless overdresses of lace, in many cases heirlooms, were worn by nine-tenths of those who attended, and *en ravanche* the embroidered Court gowns were no less remarkable for worth and beauty. Several polonaises in Irish guipure were especially made for these occasions, and one in Carrickmacross lace, over white satin, was indeed an especial vision of loveliness. These sheath-like gowns in which we encase ourselves at present have at least the merit of displaying good lace to its fullest extent, but if one may name a drawback in connection with a favourite new fashion, it is that their extreme skimpiness renders a pocket almost impossible, and that for day wear most women are now reduced to the inevitable necessity of a reticule; while in the evening, lace *mouchoirs* are tucked away into the *décolletage*, such impedimenta as may formerly have found refuge in a pocket being arbitrarily left at home. The wide adoption of smart gold purses is a resulting influence, again, of one's pocketless condition. They are either fastened to the bangle or attached to a long chain worn round the neck, or, in the case of the largest size, are carried dangling châtelaine fashion from the waist. Many of these gold chain-purses are jewelled, and commonly cost from ten to fifty guineas. But some that I have seen incrusted with crystal or pearl are cleverly simulated to look like the real thing, and of these Mr. Faulkner, of Regent Quadrant, has got some very tempting specimens.

Entire wigs, save the mark! are another of our present fantasies. Long association with curling-tongs having left but little behind of our once thickly *ondulé* locks, the *posticheur* slips in with the valuable suggestion that by covering madame's hard-worked tresses with an entire wig, the best effects can be maintained without further disaster to her once crowning glory. Wigs accordingly have become a veritable mode of the moment, and most well-bestowed women now

own three or four of these convenient, highly ornate, and quite undetectable coverings.

Women with the sporting instinct, and they are a large percentage nowadays, will be interested to hear of the open golf championship for ladies, which is to come off at that charming little Irish town, Newcastle, on May 9, and three following days. Until lately this loveliest spot of even well-endowed County Down was comparatively unknown to fame, and its natural beauties and exquisite climate were passed by for less favoured spots. But, thanks to the enterprise and public spirit of the Belfast and County Down Railway management, a splendidly appointed hotel has been raised on the historic spot once occupied by Felix Magennis's famous New Castle (Gaelic, Chaislein Nui), and the holiday-maker, or sportsman, or antiquarian equally can here make a halting-place, pleasant beyond mere words to express, while the sketcher or the fisherman who makes the Slieve Donard Hotel his headquarters can count on a very full book or basket, as the case may be. Golfing is now, however, the chief attraction of this neighbourhood, and the County Down Golf Club-house, standing close to the new hotel, is the smartest of its kind in Ireland. Preceding the open championship aforesaid, that of the Irish ladies will begin on May 2 and three succeeding days, so that a large number of sportsmen and women will no doubt then make headquarters at the Slieve Donard, of whose splendid proportions a sketch is here subjoined. It has over one hundred and twenty bedrooms, while luxuriously arranged lounges in entrance-hall and corridors make an added attraction to its many others.

The drawing, dining, billiard, writing, smoking, and reading rooms, all admirably planned and furnished, are on the first floor; while model laundries, hair-dressing rooms, Turkish and other baths, are included in the scheme of this thoroughly up-to-date hostelry. Perhaps one ought to add that its charges are extremely get-at-able in view of so many advantages, and that when this Irish beauty-spot is better known to the appreciative traveller, Newcastle will owe not a little of its wider introduction to the outside world to the good offices and attractions of the Slieve Donard Hotel. Let it be written also that the best of bathing is a chief feature of the summer months, excellent accommodation being provided for ladies at a picturesque spot known as the Black Rock, which is within easy distance of the hotel. There is a chalybeate spa, too, for those who love such waters; nor is, on the other hand, the native *usquebaugh* wanting, I fancy, to complete the picture.

SLIEVE DONARD HOTEL, NEWCASTLE, COUNTY DOWN.

A CHARMING TOILETTE FOR THE RIVIERA.

Concha's drug had been potent. Lopez slept on.

See "Espionnage," Page 100.

The English Illustrated Magazine.

ESPIONNAGE.

By J. D. SYMON.

ALL evening the luck had been against Home. It generally was, and though he always bore his losses like a man and settled debts of honour at the earliest opportunity, thereby being seldom able to call more than a paltry fraction of his month's pay his own, to-night his brother officers noted that he was not himself. At one fleeting stroke of fortune he had betrayed unseemly satisfaction; once, as his evil star again prevailed, he cursed the winner to his face.

Leslie, thus consigned to Tartarus, looked up quizzically.

"Another drop of brandy, Home," he suggested; "it steadies the nerves. Ugh! this heat is enough to put a saint out of order." He filled a glass as he spoke.

But the other pushed it away. "There," he said, rising hurriedly, and flinging a handful of coins on the table, "that pays everybody, I think."

"Sit down, man, sit down, and enjoy yourself, the night's young—there's nothing else to do in this hole of a village—sit down—don't go—we 'll be wanting you for a song later, Home, me darlint—dull without you. Confound you, sit down, Home," the others chorussed in a Babel of exhortation.

"No, I can't, I 'm on duty to-night——"

"Grand Rounds, eh, to see that the Señoritas are at their posts?" Leslie began, but the slam of the door cut him short.

The players questioned each other silently with lifted eyebrows.

"Hard hit," someone vouchsafed at last. "Gad, who 'd have thought it, and all for a few paltry dollars."

"Got into the hands of some of these cursed Hebrew camp-followers, I believe. If he wants cash so badly, surely he might rely on his comrades."

"Go and find out what's wrong, Leslie; we 'll pool our winnings——"

"No go," Leslie replied. "On that point he 's stubborn as a mule. We 'd only offend him. It 'll be a tight place old Home can't wriggle out of."

"Thrue for you," said Delaney. "Pass the bottle, Leslie dear, and let 's be joyful, to-morrow we may all be layin' each other in a soldier's grave."

Outside the posada, Home caught the roar that greeted Delaney's bovine philosophy.

"They laugh at me," he muttered, turning towards his quarters. "The world's way—kicking the man that 's down."

On reaching his room, Home lit a candle and laid his watch and a pair of pistols on the table. It was five minutes to ten.

"Lopez is punctuality itself. At the stroke of the hour he will enter, and—we shall go out together into the dark—into the dark!"

Home walked to the window and looked forth. It was a starless night. The incidents of the previous night rose before him.

"You remember, Señor," Lopez had said, "what day of the month this is?"

"It makes little difference what it is—I cannot satisfy you."

"Then it only remains for me to see the

Commander-in-Chief and to have you posted as a defaulter."

"Please yourself, Señor, I may survive even that."

Lopez repressed a scowl, and continued with insinuating courtesy—

"Perhaps, then, this would interest Don Arturo Wellesley."

The little sketch-plan was really the most innocent thing in the world, but Home silently cursed the moment when he had been persuaded to draw it for Concha. The usurer's daughter was so interested in the war, so staunch a partisan of the Allies; he had never thought it possible that she could be a—— But even then Home could not call her traitress.

"That proves nothing, Señor, in your hands. You are our friend."

"Your very good friend, doubtless. But this——"

Lopez held out another paper, taking care that it should not be snatched away.

"You are the very devil!" Home exclaimed. The note he had written to Concha had concluded—

"This may help to make our movements intelligible.—Roderick H."

All that preceded had been torn away, and below, in the most cunning imitation of Home's handwriting, had been added, "To his Majesty the King of Spain."

Giving his astonished client a day's grace, Lopez had withdrawn.

"It is a jest," Home muttered, turning from the window. "Lopez comes expecting gold. He is paid in baser metal. I am an alchemist the wrong way about An alchemist should not blunder. I may as well look to the priming. Two minutes."

A step sounded outside. Home faced the door, and lifted one of the pistols. He was about to bring it to full-cock when he reflected that Lopez a minute early for an appointment was the last possibility.

"Confound it!" he said coolly, as his orderly entered. "I wish you would clean my pistols better, Tims."

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir," said the man, parrying the rebuke, "the Commander-in-Chief wants to see you immediately at headquarters."

"Very well. No," as Tims reached for the pistols, "leave them just now. In the meantime go down towards the inn. You will meet Señor Lopez. Bid him excuse me for half an hour."

Tims saluted and left the room, thinking his own thoughts. When the master had gone to headquarters, the man returned and attended to certain little matters that did not concern him.

The world wore a changed face for Home when he left the General's quarters. A man commissioned for secret service must needs keep a high heart, for he fights alone, and has only his courage and mother wit between him and a long drop, or a short one, according to the humanity or the convenience of his enemies. If the nearest tree is tall, good; if not—but the thought was tedious. The mere satisfaction of being chosen had made Home forget his personal worries. He stopped at the Paymaster's quarters, exchanged Sir Arthur Wellesley's order for good Spanish gold, and went on to his lodgings whistling, as if debts, duns, and extortionate Lopez had no place in the scheme of things. He was to start in an hour's time, presumably with despatches recalling General Cuesta, who lay with his Spaniards at St. Ollalla, but his real mission was to penetrate the French lines to ascertain their disposition, and if possible contrive that a false despatch should fall into the hands of Joseph Bonaparte. He was setting about his preparations when Lopez knocked at the door.

The usurer entered jauntily. Home scarcely returned his greeting.

"Perhaps, Señor, you will see your way now to meet the acceptance."

"I tell you I have not a peseta to call my own in the world."

"Probably not, but"—and Lopez drew closer—"one does not call on the Paymaster late at night without reason."

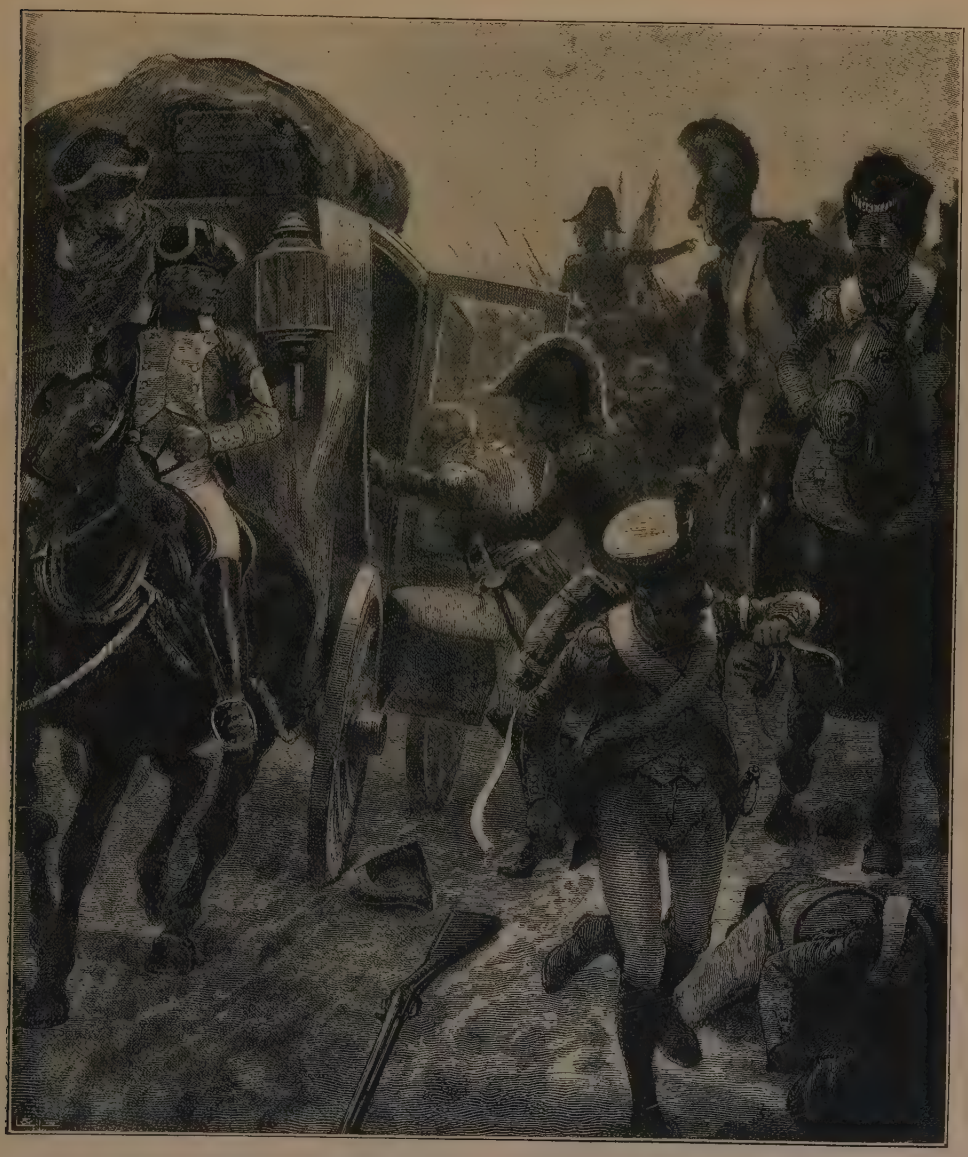
"Spy!" Home shouted, lifting one of the pistols that still lay on the table; "take your payment!"

He drew the trigger, a dull click followed. Lopez sprang forward and seized the other pistol. Home tried to wrest it from him, but the Spaniard had the advantage. He thrust the barrel close

to the other's temple. There was a second click. The two men drew back.

"*Maldicion!*" Lopez shouted, sounding the weapon. It was empty.

survivor he might have been tortured by remorse. It remains, then, for you to do one of two things—Señor: to settle your account with me or to bid me proceed to



Cuesta, yielding at length, ordered up his carriage and prepared for flight.

See Page 109.

Home examined his. The other charge had been drawn also.

"Curse my man's officiousness!" Home exclaimed.

"Hail him rather as our benefactor!" Lopez sneered. "Had there been a headquarters with these." He tapped his breast significantly.

A few moments later Lopez closed the door softly behind him and went his way with the comfortable reflection that a mission to which money was evidently

essential must prove difficult if not impossible when the emissary had been robbed—no—relieved of his purse.

The emissary, on the other hand, was telling himself that a minor capitulation is often only a stepping-stone to a decisive victory. But could his capitulation be termed minor? If brains against the lack of cash availed anything, he would make it so. An hour later Home left the village as quietly as possible, keeping his horse at an easy trot. The clouds had cleared, and in the starlight he could make out the flat country, dotted with clumps of olive and cork trees, that lay around Talavera. Here and there a sentry challenged. He gave the countersign and passed.

Beyond the outposts, Home went more warily, for he suspected that Lopez might have improved the time after they had parted. At the moment he himself was without definite plan. He might reach Cuesta's position easily enough, but after that, the Deluge. The useful bribe-bought peasant had ceased to be a factor in the scheme. Perhaps the wiser course would be to wait on circumstance.

The road now lay through an avenue of cork-trees. Home fancied he heard hoofs approaching. He paused, and then rode on, believing that his fancy had played him a trick. But a minute later at a dark turning three persons on horseback put themselves across his path.

He spurred his horse and tried to dash past, but the animal floundered and went down heavily. By sheer luck Home got clear and rose, cursing the tricksters who had stretched a rope across the road. Fortunately, he had not dropped his pistol. He ran at the nearest of his opponents, and was about to fire, when he heard his name pronounced in a soft Southern accent.

"Concha!" he exclaimed, letting his hand fall.

Two other riders swung themselves from the saddle and bore Home to the ground. He gave them trouble enough, but the contest was too unequal.

About daybreak Home accomplished a portion of his mission. He was within the French lines at El Bravo, but the manner of his entrance was little to his taste.

So far, indeed, he had succeeded. The false despatch was on its way to Joseph Bonaparte. The other still lay in his boot, but for how long he did not care to speculate. It was more profitable to examine his prison carefully. Thus absorbed, he did not hear the door open and close.

"Señor Home!" The voice was the voice of Lopez, though the dress was that of a peasant. "The Scriptures enjoin us to visit the prisoner. I have some good news for you. Now that we have perused your despatch there is no reason why General Cuesta should not receive it. That will simplify matters. Further, I would suggest that you, like a wise man, adhere to the winning side. The Allies are doomed; with Napoleon there is place and power. You may serve us well. I have long grudged your abilities to the other party. You will only lose by returning, for Wellesley will shortly see proofs of your treachery. Ah, no, my story will not be discredited. I am one of his trustiest secret agents. Think it over. Be wise. I shall return for your answer at noon."

Home turned his back and remained silent. The door closed slowly.

"Roderigo!"

He looked round in surprise, to find that one visitor had given place to another.

"To what do I owe this honour," he asked coldly.

Concha drew nearer. "I am sent to persuade you," she said, "if I can, to hold by the Emperor. There is nothing you may not aspire to—wealth, title, power. Nay, more. Come," she pleaded, "let me tell my father you are with us. If you consent this day, this hour, I am yours."

He disengaged her arms and drew aside. "In my country," he said with an effort, "woman's love is the reward of faith." She hesitated, blushing, and then renewed her allurements, more softly, more enticingly.

A thousand demons were rending Home. Had he loved her all these months so tenderly—but for this? Yet why not take life as it came?

"Concha," he said at last, and every word cut his heart out, "go back to your father; tell him I am not to be bought,

even by you. Heaven knows I love you, traitress though you are, but my honour is more."

The witchery of her answering smile made Home fear for his resolve. Only a moment.

"Now I know you for a true man!" Concha cried. "Forgive me, Roderigo, if the test was cruel."

"But what of all your other treachery?" Home asked gloomily.

She shrank away. "It was not mine, it was my father's—no, not my father's. Lopez is not my father. Oh, Roderigo, how I loathe him! I called him father, never having known my own. Once I loved him as a daughter. He was my guardian from childhood. When this war ruined him he took my property and became what he is. I was useful to him, he kept me by him—a tool, a captive."

"But these tears? Of a piece with the rest of your acting, doubtless."

She sobbed more bitterly.

"Try me, Roderigo, with any test, however hard"

His knit brows at length unbent: "There is only one way, and failure means death for us both. Listen!"—he drew her aside and whispered for a few moments.

"Yes," she said, nodding demurely like a child saying its lesson. "I can, I will. You shall see."

Waving aside the tender adieu Concha's impulsive Southern blood proffered, Home watched her quit the room.

It was close on noon when Lopez, still in peasant dress, came again. He sat down on a rough chair near the wall and stared at Home.

"Still obstinate," he said thickly. "Well, thus you are no use to us. We cannot be hampered with prisoners. At five o'clock a sergeant and six file will settle your account."

He laughed, and tried to rise, but dizziness seemed to have overcome him. He gasped once or twice, muttered a few indistinct words, and sank back breathing heavily. Home shook him soundly, but Concha's drug had been potent. Lopez slept on.

Later, however, the guard at the door, drowsy from a furtive siesta, told an inquirer that the man whom he had admitted on an order had been gone a good two hours.

He met a lad with led horses in the street, the guard further deposed; the two mounted and rode away. Which last was certainly true.

The order which Home carried sufficed to pass the companions through the French lines. They went deliberately, taking note of everything; while Concha, who had never let slip any talk of her guardian, furnished him with details which would be of infinite service. Once the French outposts were passed, they urged their horses forward, and reached St. Ollalla in safety, only to find themselves discredited. Cuesta had received the false despatch, which had confirmed him in his obstinate resolve to hold his ground. The second he would not entertain.

He had ordered the arrest of the messengers, when firing was heard beyond the village, and shouting "The French! The French!" a company of demoralised Spaniards scurried in. The disorder increased, and Cuesta, yielding at length, ordered up his carriage and prepared for flight.

At this the panic became general, when suddenly Wellesley himself appeared with his staff, rallying the disordered Spanish troops.

Home pressed towards his chief, was recognised, and called upon for his report.

"Thanks," the leader said briefly, "I think with this knowledge we can checkmate them. You may rejoin your regiment."

"I would request, Sir, a safe conduct for this lady, to whom I owe most of my information."

"This—*lady?*" Wellesley began. "Ah, um, I see! Well, I fancy you will prefer to act as her safe-conduct yourself. I hold you responsible."

* * * *

The combat surged towards El Bravo: the platoon of execution and the prisoner were forgotten. Towards evening the village was in flames. The fire crept up to the prison and enfolded it, hissing like a revengeful snake. But Lopez still slept on.

FIELD ARTILLERY IN FUTURE WARS.

By MAJOR E. S. MAY, R.H.A

Major May is a well-known authority upon the history and use of Artillery.

THE militarism which is undoubtedly abroad just now is hateful in some eyes, but is a symptom of a feeling that practical politicians cannot justly deride. What it seems to mean is not that Englishmen are going to enter on a wild-goose chase after plunder and glory, but rather that, following their commercial instincts, they wish to keep what they have got, and intend to see that the Government they have elected is doing its best to safeguard their interests. Twice at least within the last few years we have been very forcibly reminded that we may have to hold our possessions by the sword, and that the sharpening of our sword is therefore but a very ordinary act of prudence. Again, a man who carries treasure about in a wild region either goes armed himself or hires another to guard him. In our country people prefer to pay soldiers to defend them rather than submit to the call of conscription, which demands that they perform that duty for themselves. It is a purely business transaction entered on by business men, just as in other cases they employ servants as their means or interests allow them, and see that they get good value for what they spend. The wonder then is not that the Army and Navy are at present largely occupying public attention, but that they were treated with comparative indifference until, in the case of the former, a very few years ago.

Just now it is our artillery which is most in men's thoughts. Not unnaturally so either, when it is considered what vast strides forward that arm has made during late years. Not only, however, be it remembered, in the destructive power of its projectiles, or in their enhanced range. What has been a far more powerful factor in its importance is the improvement which has been effected in its mobility. Even as lately as the latter half of the last century guns found it difficult to keep up with infantry. The foot soldiers of Frederick's era were extremely well disciplined, and trained to a degree of perfection unknown at present. Marching is an art which can be acquired by assiduous practice, and unremitting was the toil his soldiers were called upon to undergo. But while men might be converted almost into machines by a relentless drill-sergeant, the inertia inherent in heavy guns and carriages was less easily overcome. The clumsy cannon blocked the roads and delayed the progress of the infantry. They came to be regarded as "train," a term unpleasing to the ear of eager soldiers.

In our service a further disability attended the arm. It was the child of the Board of Ordnance, not of the Horse Guards. It is no exaggeration to state that not only were the guns regarded by some high in authority as "train," but their officers were occasionally looked upon as little better than "artificers." Yet Minden had been a gunners' day, and Kunersdorf and Torgau had taught men to dread the power of massed batteries. Napoleon was originally an artillery officer. Perhaps that is why he specially fostered the strength of his batteries; at any rate, he utilised their power more than any general before his time. The gun-carriages became less unwieldy, the pieces began to move with ease, and

facility, and in consequence combined their efforts not only with one another, but with the other arms. A hundred guns in one vast battery shattered the Austrian centre at Wagram; seventy-five or six shook our left centre at Waterloo. If the familiar column of the Imperial Guard was the wedge that split many a hostile line, artillery was the hammer which drove it home. And as the long

THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY GALLOPING PAST.

and bloody wars drained the manhood of France, and the quality and training of the French infantry dwindled, the guns grew in number, and batteries were called upon more and more to sustain and aid the battalions. Even in the Napoleonic era bayonet and sabre wounds were comparatively few; fire was the determining factor in war, as the great Emperor has himself emphasised. It may be said, indeed, that the first symptom of substituting mechanical for personal superiority began with him.

A tube which will throw several hundred bullets in place of one, and which can be loaded and fired by but four or five men, offered mechanical advantages even in its primitive stages, once it could be brought on to the right spot at the right time. The tendency has grown steadily as science has developed, and in war, shooting machines in the shape of various guns are encroaching on the realm of the rifleman, just as the loom dispossessed the weaver, and the locomotive the stage-coachman. In his "Bibliography of Guns and Shooting," Mr. Wirt Gerrare lately told us with a sigh of regret how the hand firearm in war is rapidly reaching the close of its day. It will not come all at once, but that it is coming the signs of the times portend. Nor can we wonder when the characteristics of the rival weapons are considered.

It is desirable in an article such as this as far as possible to avoid technicalities, yet some, though not of a forbidding nature, must here be referred to.

A gun shoots further than a rifle, and that, unfortunately, is the characteristic which is most obvious and most fascinates enthusiasts. It is, however, by no means its most valuable quality, nor has the fullest development of its powers in this respect ever given great results. The modern rifle is destructive at a range which closely merges on that of artillery. But it is rarely or never of advantage to fire with it at long distances, because it is not possible to know whether the range is correctly found or not. Artillery can grapple with the problem, because there is a sufficient powder charge even in a shrapnel shell to create smoke enough to show where the shell bursts when it strikes the ground. At a distance of a mile and a half, gunners can therefore observe with accuracy the effect of their fire, and no ammunition need be wasted. Here, then, is one advantage possessed by artillery, but a greater is that a gun has no nerves. An elevation and a length of fuse are ordered after the commanding officer has completed his observations, and then every round is fired with that and no other elevation. No shaking hands or quickened breath affects the weapon: after a few rounds the gun often settles down, and remains pointed at its target, and there is no probability of wild shots. The personal element is eliminated as much as is possible.

Moreover, the effect of the enemy's fire is usually less pronounced than in other cases. Four men only are needed to work a gun; two attend to the ammunition; three, who can keep completely under cover, form a reserve. The piece itself or its carriage is practically none the worse for being hit. There are some old guns at Okehampton which have been fired at as targets by batteries for years, and which annually reappear, dinted and unsightly, but by no means shattered. Hundreds of shrapnel bullets have struck them, but they are no more the worse than a man pitted with smallpox is affected by his disfigurement. So it is that in action the guns remain and keep up their fire, even though a large percentage of their detachments fall. Moreover, men grouped round a gun are easily controlled and held in hand by their officers. They have absorbing and definite duties to fulfil, they cannot slink away out of sight, and the close presence of comrades encourages and sustains them. The guns, inert and inanimate, remain fixed, no matter which way the surge of battle flows, and the detachments remain bound to their weapons by the sheer force of circumstance. This is why artillery is the arm pre-eminently possessed of stamina or staying power, and this is why it has been always a support to the other arms. Napoleon, as I have shown, recognised the fact, and as his infantry fell off his artillery was increased. So in any imperfectly trained army the proportion of artillery should be higher than when the infantry is more to be relied on, while with unprofessional soldiers it should be at its highest.

In the war of 1870 perhaps the most distinguished share was borne by the German artillery. This was so for several reasons. In the first place, four years previously had been fought out the war that humiliated Austria, and the tactics of the Prussian gunners had been severely criticised. In place of being stupidly elated by the national triumph, the Prussian General Staff set itself to reorganise its artillery and correct the faults of its tactics. In 1866 the weapon of the Prussian foot-soldier was immensely superior to that of the Austrians; yet the guns were held back, and seemed to be impressed by the fear of musketry. In 1870 the chassepôt was greatly superior to the needle-gun, and had an effective range more than double as great; yet in the war of that year the batteries, which had been unenterprising four years before, were distinguished by something almost like recklessness in the manner in which they pushed themselves forward. The German guns were better than the French, and it seemed that, so far from being afraid of the chassepôt and the mysterious mitrailleuse, they threw themselves with especial audacity into the fight to retrieve the deficiencies of the needle-gun. Of their performances I need say little—they have become famous, and everyone who has studied military history

in the most cursory manner must be familiar with them.

At Woerth an immense line of 108 guns formed the centre of the German attack, shattered the French defence, and warded off their counterstrokes. At Spicheren, on the very same day, German guns were fighting in the foremost line within 800 yards of French shelter-trenches, and, but for the most untiring efforts in getting into position and determination in holding their ground, the Rotheberg must have been lost to the Germans. At Colombey-Nouilly the guns hurried on with generous emulation, and early in the battle almost all the German guns were deployed in great masses to sustain the unequal struggle brought on by von der Goltz's precipitancy.

But Vionville is the most striking example of how the shell-power and mobility of artillery may be thrown into the scale. Bazaine was seeking to elude the German grasp, and might slip away were not a swift stroke delivered at some vital spot to cripple and delay him. Cavalry and horse artillery were alone possessed of the necessary qualifications for the task, and at his flank accordingly the quick squadrons and light guns were launched. Surely in war there is no more dramatic picture than the brilliant swoop the horsemen and guns then made? Startled and surprised, the progress of the French columns was stayed; and they paused to gauge the magnitude of the force that fastened with such a menace on their flank. But soon the assailants were themselves threatened, and then the guns were called upon to face infantry, and to fight with dogged determination on the defensive where they had swooped down with light audacity of attack some hours before.

THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY GALLOPING INTO ACTION.

Even more impressive is the story of Sedan, when the long columns of German guns gradually deployed and encircled their opponents in the remorseless grip, whose weight it was impossible to shake off, and whose pressure became more insupportable as the hours flew by. In vain did demoralised troops belonging to every arm seek safety in the recesses of the Bois de Garenne. The pitiless shells still sought them out under the leafy screen, still scattered terror and dismay where they fell, still rained in a never-ceasing shower of destruction. Every attempt to break out of the treacherous cover was met by a yet more withering blast of fire, and the appearance of troops at the

edge of the wood simply drew an overwhelming tempest upon them. Ninety guns thus sternly prepared the way for the final assault of their infantry, and so completely did they accomplish their task that the loss, compared to that at St. Privat, was insignificant. The guns first been established, and the resistance of the enemy has been broken down by fire before the assault is delivered.

In order to bring this out clearly, it is necessary to become again, for a moment, technical, if not dry.

The German guns fired what is now

THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY: LIMBER AND REAR-GUARD RETIRING AFTER BRINGING THE GUNS INTO ACTION.

had practically beaten down resistance by shell-fire before the battalions moved forward. The capture of the edge of that wood, full of well-armed infantry, was a task which even the most confident onlookers viewed with apprehension, but the resistance met with was almost *nil*. Utterly discouraged at many points, the French laid down their arms and advanced to meet their enemies, crying "Mercy! mercy! we can do nothing; we are crushed by the fire of your artillery." Eleven thousand to fourteen thousand unwounded prisoners was a tangible tribute to the effect of that devastating cannonade.

And if fire-power could accomplish such things nearly thirty years ago, it is not an extravagant estimate which anticipates double or treble as much from it under similar circumstances now. Not two to one, nor three to one, nor even five to one will carry a position by direct attack in the face of modern smallbores and artillery, unless a marked superiority in fire has regarded as so useless a projectile that modern batteries do not carry a single round of it. It was what we call a "common" shell — that is to say, a hollow iron sphere or cylinder was filled with powder, the explosion of which broke it up into pieces, which were flung round about. Each of these shells constituted, in fact, a small mine. If exploded in a house, or under a wagon or gun-carriage, or in the midst of a compact body of men its effect would be great; but it would be very local. The pieces sent flying round soon lost their velocity, and had effect over a very narrow circle only. Against troops in loose formation and in the open the results were more moral than material. Early in the century an English artillery officer invented a shell, called "Shrapnel" after him, which was filled with bullets. These were released from the light covering that held them together by a small bursting charge, during the flight of the shell in the air, and then were carried forward by the force which had driven the

original shell from the gun. It is the boast of our artillery that this projectile, which has been adopted by all nations, and is now practically the only one which gunners care to use in the field, was the invention of one of its officers.

The difficulties in the way of a complete development of Shrapnel's original idea were, however, great. To adjust a fuse to the time of flight of the shell was not easy, and unless correctly adjusted the fuse was valueless. We may here pass over the various stages of development, and say at once that at present the shrapnel shell is an entirely reliable projectile, capable of minute adjustment, and adaptable to burst at any point in the path of the projectile from the moment it leaves the muzzle of the gun. Moreover, modern explosive agents are much more powerful than those formerly in use, and modern gun construction has enabled the most to be got out of them. Consequently, it has become possible not only to burst a shell in the air at the point most advantageous for the dispersal of the bullets it is filled with, but owing to the increased propelling power driving the shell through the air, each of these bullets carries further and strikes harder than formerly. The height above the ground and the distance in front of the target at which the shell is burst depend on the range, but we may assume for the sake of illustration that twenty feet up and fifty yards short of the target are good average distances. The effect of such a burst, then, is this—that a volley of, say, two hundred bullets is discharged from a point fifty yards in front of the opponent's line, and considerably above it. These bullets do not naturally all carry the same distance; some strike the ground almost at once, some are carried on perhaps as much as three hundred yards, all ricochet on favourable ground. The width of ground covered may be placed at some twenty yards. A strip of ground of that width and some hundred yards long, is therefore swept by a very destructive fire, delivered in such a way that it is not easy by occupying cover to gain security. A man lying down is almost as vulnerable as one standing up. A low breastwork or shelter such as would ward off a rifle-bullet will yield but comparatively small protection.

It is clear that such a projectile is endowed with immense advantages when man-killing in the open is the object to be arrived at, and that it then far surpasses in power the old-fashioned little mines or "common" shell of which mention has just been made. Great, therefore,

THE ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY: "HALT—ACTION—FRONT!"

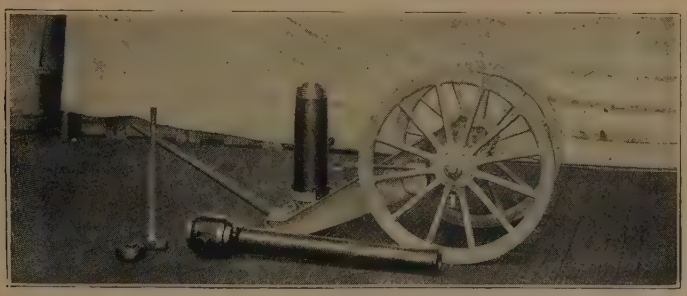
as were the performances of the German artillery in 1870, we have every right to assume that had it been equipped with its present *matériel* and ammunition, they would have been higher still; and we may fairly expect to find guns playing an even more prominent part in the wars of the future than they did when France was last conquered.

But since the shrapnel shell has attained anything like its present perfection we have not had many valuable object-lessons to guide us. Quite recently, as I shall show, its destructive effect has been brilliantly exhibited, but in order to be convincing, results should be gleaned from experiences where science fought impartially on either side. We have such an instance, and it is a telling one, from the war of 1877-78. At the battle of the Aladja Dagh, fought between the Russians and Turks on Oct. 15, 1877, modern shrapnel was for the first time employed in field warfare on a large scale. Here, as at Plevna, the Turks were securely entrenched, but the Russian artillery, which at Plevna had been kept back at long ranges, was now pushed forward to within 1500 yards of the works. The infantry waited for the guns to perform their task, and, in consequence, as at Sedan, suffered but little when they made the assault. The "common" shells, which are, as I have explained, but inefficient man-killers, were discarded, and shrapnel with time-fuses bursting in the air substituted for them. The correspondents on both sides bear testimony to the effect which was then produced. Little balls of white smoke floating in the air indicated where the terrible messengers of destruction had burst, and it was noticed that when the ominous white cloud appeared over a certain spot, the musketry ceased, but broke out again after a short interval. Living and uninjured men had then replaced the killed and wounded. In the end, Moukhtar Pasha's army (35,000 strong) was crushingly defeated; some 5000 men belonging to it were killed and wounded; 7000 laid down their arms; 1000 to 2000, dispersed and scattered, disappeared. The Russian shrapnel had inflicted the greater part of the losses, to the extent, in the opinion of one high authority, of fifty per cent. Referring to it, Moukhtar Pasha said, "That was the grand point, where they beat us. It was the old story of France and Prussia." The old story that men in peace-time forget the lessons of

THR ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY: GUN IN ACTION.

war, that "fire effect is everything and all the rest nothing," as Napoleon said at the beginning of the century.

During the war between Servia and Bulgaria in 1885 an incident occurred at the battle of Slievenitza which, small in itself, is important because it illustrates the superiority of modern projectiles over those which accomplished so much in 1870. Two Bulgarian guns were called upon to engage two batteries (eight guns) of Servian artillery. The latter were firing "common" shell, while the former made use of shrapnel. A Reservist, a lawyer by profession, commanded the two Bulgarian guns, and having only untrained men with him, was obliged himself to set the fuses. He brought his guns up with great skill to a spot from which the range to his opponents had already been gauged by some tirailleurs of his side. In three rounds he had verified the fuse and range for his guns, and six minutes later the eight opposed to him had had enough, and, limbering up with great difficulty and heavy loss, withdrew. On the other hand, although twenty-seven grazes or small craters were counted close to the Bulgarian guns, not a man was touched, and but one horse was killed.



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1. SEVEN-POUNDER FIELD GUN IN TWO PIECES FOR MOUNTAIN WORK.
Similar to those used by the Mule Batteries in the Tirah Campaign.

We have not had any experiences of indisputable value since this brilliant little fight. During the Chilian Civil War of 1891 modern guns and projectiles were in some cases in the hands of the combatants, but these were unskilled men, and did not know how to utilise their weapons. Therefore, though the Constitutionalists brought a battery of Krupp guns into the field, and though the effect of its fire is stated to have been marked, we need not dwell on its performances.

The war between Turkey and Greece has not either yielded interesting results except in a negative direction. At Domokos the Greek artillery was very favourably placed, and in a position on which it was difficult to range. The Turkish guns at the beginning kept at the absurdly long range (for fighting purposes) of 3500 yards, and never came in nearer than 2000 yards. The infantry attack was not, therefore, supported as it should have been by artillery. The rate of fire, also, was extremely low, being at the rate of one round per battery per minute only. Common shell was chiefly used, and its effect, although occasionally of considerable moral value, was not great. The use of shrapnel appears scarcely to

By kind permission of Sir William Armstrong Co.

2. THE SAME SEVEN-POUNDER FIELD GUN READY FOR FIRING.

FIELD GUN READY FOR ACTION.

have been properly understood, and the fuses acted badly. On the side of the Greeks the same tendency to use common shell during the artillery duel was observed, and when shrapnel was resorted to but little was done with it, because the fuses were badly set, and the management of time shrapnel was clearly but imperfectly understood. The truth is that in both armies the artillery was not

Photo by Gregory.

FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

adequately trained. The *matériel* was good and far in advance of any which has yet been used in a great European war; but the best guns and the best harness and the best horses are all useless on the battlefield if the men have not been accustomed to handling them at practice-camps, firing at targets with the projectiles that they will use in war, observing the results of their fire, and learning lessons which are brought home by counting the actual hits made on dummies. Such practical training means expense, but unless batteries can make hits in war they are an encumbrance rather than anything else, and true economy would either spend a little more in thoroughly training them or abolish them altogether. The Græco-Turkish War has not taught us much as regards modern artillery, but at least it has taught us that.

To turn from Thessaly to Tirah is somewhat refreshing. Here the country and nature of fighting were not by any means in favour of artillery, but on many an occasion the help of guns was found quite indispensable. It is not within the powers of mountain-guns to destroy *sangars*—even the 15-pounder cannot hope to do that—but the showers of shrapnel bullets which were made to fall upon these strongholds were enough to deter our opponents from showing their heads above them. When

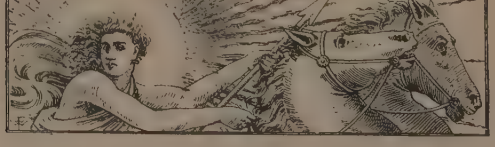
Photo by Gregory.

FIELD ARTILLERY IN ACTION.

during the attack of a position, you have compelled an enemy to cower down behind cover, in place of firing on the approaching infantry, even though you may have been unable to destroy any of that cover, and have killed or wounded but few of those who held it, you have performed a great deal, and materially contributed towards the success of the assault. On many an occasion, too, when the tribesmen could not be driven from their positions amid rocky heights even by a well-directed artillery fire, the results obtained indirectly

by the guns were by no means to be despised. Because, although the bullets of a shrapnel could not reach men hidden behind rocks or peaks, they nevertheless diminished immensely the effect of the hostile musketry by compelling many who would otherwise have been shooting to seek security and remain idle.

In Egypt, however, during the late campaign, the conditions were eminently favourable to the guns, and never, probably, did opponents afford better targets than the Dervishes did at Omdurman. Nor were our batteries slow to turn their opportunities to good account. It is never possible to discriminate exactly between the destructive effect of bullets from rifles and from shrapnel. Nor, where all worked so harmoniously and satisfactorily together, is it gracious to attempt to allot to every arm its precise share of the victory. Combined efforts are what war demands, and we desire to encourage the various arms to work for general, not for individual results. No attempt to analyse or weigh against one another the results of the infantry and artillery fire will therefore be attempted. What is certain is that the slaughter caused by fire of one kind or another was quite terrible, and, considering the short time in which it was effected, probably unprecedented. The evidence of those who were engaged speaks strongly as to the effect produced by modern shrapnel, and the expectations of the artillery officers were completely realised. The tremendous force of high explosive shells fired by howitzers on buildings and troops within them was likewise well exhibited, although interesting questions as to their effect on troops in the open could not, owing to the circumstances, be cleared up. That it was a gunners' day seems established by the great consumption of gun ammunition which took place. The 4th Egyptian battery alone fired 913 rounds. During the war of 1870 such an expenditure of shells was extremely rare. At Vionville certainly several batteries got rid of more than 1000 rounds apiece, and one expended 1164; but at Vionville the chief stress fell on the guns, and that long-drawn-out struggle lasted the whole of a summer's day. The lesson of Omdurman seems largely to be that to assail a foe in position until his fire-power has been beaten down will be an impossibility. The question of the future will be how to destroy that power, and that it will have to be done chiefly by artillery fire—if we are to judge by what we see going on abroad—seems the accepted opinion. Meantime, the progress in artillery *matériel* continues. Quick-firing guns and high explosives—possibly in time a combination of both—are with us or on the way. In other words, more shells and more powerful ones will sweep the battlefields of the future; and, if other things be fairly equal, that army which brings the most effective artillery fire to bear will win the day.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

By TWO OF HIS COUSINS.

ONCE upon a time, as the tales he loved so well mostly begin, there was a little delicate lad in Edinburgh, who has, in these later days, told the world much about himself. He has put into his books a great deal of all that went to the making of his life; so that it is easy to picture him in sickness and in health—especially in sickness—

> When I was sick and lay in bed,
> I had two pillows for my head;
>
> . . . .
>
> I was the giant, great and still,
> That sits upon the pillow hill,
> And sees before him dale and plain,
> The pleasant land of counterpane.

It was a land he studied often, then and since; but he looked at it, as he looked at all things, happily, and with that intense and bright perception that was his most priceless gift—also, perhaps, with that enjoyment which comes from the regaining of health, and which is in itself sweet enough to make amends for illness. It is a delight not known to those who are always well, and yet a very intimate delight, lending relish to all things; the sky is so blue when one has not seen it for long, the sunshine so intoxicatingly golden when the window-blind that carefully shut it out is at last pulled up, and all the smallest things of life grow so big and so jollily important that there is no passing them by.

So it was with him. Whether he were mapping out "Treasure Island" in his plate of porridge and milk, or chasing robbers round the "whin-bush knobs" of the counterpane, or watching at dusk for the coming of Leerie-light-the-lamps, and begging him to

> See a little child, and nod to him to-night!

or whether he were travelling "the long, black passage up to bed," where

> All round the candle the crooked shadows come,
> And go marching along up the stair;

or lying awake in the windy nights, listening to the blatter of mysterious tramping feet—

> By at the gallop he goes, and then,
> By at the gallop he comes again,

always there is the same note of personal enjoyment so strong that he has no difficulty in recalling it, so strong that he can represent it intensely. And yet, though he tells so much himself, and so many things have been written of him by others, there are still many memories of him and his boyhood in Edinburgh that have not yet been told.

Robert Louis Stevenson was an only son, but he was one of a large family of cousins and kinsfolk. Called after his grandfather, Dr. Lewis Balfour, he had five cousins who shared the name with him; so that they had to be distinguished from each other by sobriquets more or less reasonable. There were, for instance, "Delhi" and "Cramond," from the respective places of their birth; while his own nickname among the boys was "Smout." He was a very delicate child, as has been said, and not always fit for play with other children; but he had a delightful and untirable companion always at hand—himself. He never was lonely, even in the "land of counterpane." He told himself stories, of which instalments

were told sometimes to other people also: they were generally tales of adventure so complicated that it was a marvel how he ever found his way through them; and yet he never made a mistake—or, at least, never let himself be found out in one. He was once telling such a tale when his hearer noticed, as she thought, a discrepancy. Some shipwrecked sailors (it was a tale of savages and tropical seas and all the delightful glamour of unfamiliar things, untried things, which charmed him, child, as it entranced him, man) had plunged into a river, and, after having left everything on the further side, suddenly were repossessed of their guns.

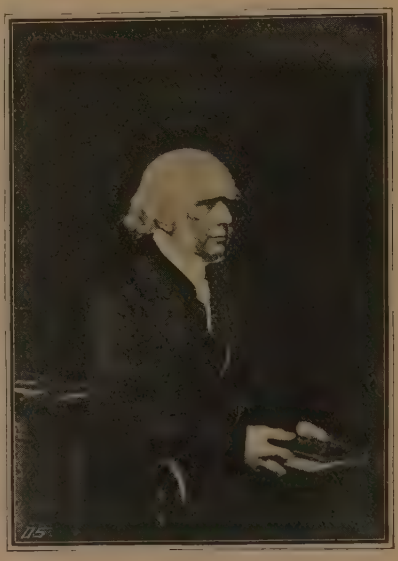
"But you forget, Louis," she put in, "they have left them behind."

"You wait," was his reply; "just you wait, and you 'll see."

He went on and on, till she thought he had altogether forgotten the thing; but at length, so cleverly worked in that it seemed to come in its natural place and inevitably, the explanation turned up. What it was is not of much consequence now; but his

R. L. STEVENSON'S MOTHER, 1854.

hearer could not help wondering then, and does not know yet, whether it was put in only because she had called his attention to it, or whether it had all been planned out and arranged in his mind from the beginning. She wondered over it so



DR. LEWIS BALFOUR, MINISTER OF COLINTON, GRANDFATHER OF R. L. STEVENSON.

"*An ancestor of mine, who was a herd of men. . . . We children admired him . . . for his beautiful face and silver hair . . .*"—MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.

much and so often that at last, in the days when he had made his home in Samoa, she recalled the story to him and begged him to try and remember, but he could not. And for that matter it was odd enough either way; for that a child of five could have so kept the thing in mind and worked in the explanation as to make it *seem*, at least, as if he had foreseen it from the beginning, shows an amount of intuitive literary skill that many practised writers might envy.

With his cousins "Smout" was always a favourite. "Even when it was at his own expense, he had a way of telling a story that made it seem the funniest thing in the world," one of them says of him. "I've heard him repeating old tales against me, and he made us laugh over them consumedly—I as much as anyone." Moreover, he and they, as was natural, shared many interests. Whether it was the fashion among boys then, a fashion that has since gone out, I do not know—

it may have only come from having many relations in far countries—but several of the cousins had "museums," as they called them—collections of things sent home from India or China, begged from one or the other, or picked up in Leith curiosity-shops. Leith was a great place of pilgrimage in those days to the boys: they knew all the windows where, amid a heterogeneous collection, something out of the way might be looked for, a necklace of berries or some South Sea shells, a bit of jade, or perhaps a carved junk or models of Chinese or Malay fishing-boats. These were the days when people brought and sent home far more things than they do now, and when a house told of its distant sons as soon as one set foot within its doors. Who does not remember the pungent scent that worked itself into our childish dreams about the marvels that came out of strange-smelling boxes, straight from the unknown, rich with a mystery and delight that is lacking when we buy them nowadays in shops that lie at our very doors? The boys' "museums" contained much that was really curious and interesting; and it was a triumph to possess something that no one else had, a necessity to possess at least no less than anyone else. Louis Stevenson not only had a "museum" himself, but he was a great purveyor to the others, by way of exchange; for in wintering abroad with his mother he had special opportunities, and was able to bring back from the Riviera bits of Roman pottery, tear-bottles, plaited palms from Bordighera, and so on. But his manner of exchange with his cousins was peculiar: he "sold" the things at the rate of so many "whacks" on the hand given with a strap or cane, to be taken without flinching. If the "buyer" so much as winced, it had all to be begun over again. One of the cousins, who was not very old then, remembers having hard work sometimes to stand it when the object was a very enviable one, and the price of it, in "whacks," was high. It must be remembered that it was then a common thing that the entry into boys' societies was made conditional on bearing pain without complaint. I do not know whether it still is so.

"LOU," FROM A PHOTO, TAKEN IN FEBRUARY 1853, WHEN HE WAS TWO YEARS AND THREE MONTHS OLD.

Frequently, too, the cousins went bird-nesting together. There is certainly nothing very remarkable in that, except that now the town covers much of the ground that then was garden, field, or park; where they happily trespassed is become a wilderness of villas. Then there were old houses set about with trees and thick shrubberies and lawns, and shut

in with high walls: when the elder cousins went a-nesting—generally where they had no business to go—the younger ones, "big" and "little" Jamie, were left perched on the top of these same walls to keep a look-out and give warning in case of danger, and then to get down therefrom and save themselves as best they might. Not always very easy when the boy was very small, and the wall very high; but that was an unconsidered detail to the elders. Louis Stevenson did not lose his love for such things; and there is a certain tree in the garden of Swanston Cottage where later, a long-legged lad of twenty-one or thereabouts, he climbed to rifle a magpie's nest; and coming down with a run, the eggs in his mouth, found them, by personal assay, to be addled.

R. L. STEVENSON, FROM A CRAYON DRAWING, 1854.

When he was still a little lad, one of his uncles, Dr. George Balfour, was living at Cramond, some five miles out of Edinburgh. Louis was often out with his cousin and namesake, "Cramond" Lewis; and it was the memory, no doubt, of days spent in the narrow wooded valley of the Almond, where the old bridge crosses the river and the village nestles down beside it, that led him later to choose this spot for the home of Balfour of Shaws, in "Kidnapped." It is beautiful enough, full of sun and shade and the sound of running water, to be long and lovingly remembered: and he was not one who forgot.

Among the places in Edinburgh where his memory clings closest, of course the house in Heriot Row comes first. How dear it was to him we can guess: *we* know how well his cousins loved it, and how hard it is to pass the door now, when it is empty of all save remembrance. For all are gone who used to live there—all, except only "Cummie," his old nurse—and the house is strange to us. Thomas Stevenson, kindest and quaintest of uncles, his wife, his son, so many of the old friends—even Coolin and Smuroch and Jura, the dogs!—surely are still just within the door; we cannot think them elsewhere; and we would not enter to be disappointed. Happily, I could almost say, the house now is strange to us. There Louis was at home, falling ill, tediously roused back to comparative health, playing all the time, as he played, boy and man, all his life; playing in sickness and making a play of sickness, and finding even there enjoyment. In the library he shared with his cousins a world of adventure, amid pirates and savages, in unknown seas and strange waters; a long folding arm-chair or lounge was usually chosen for the boat, being conveniently on castors, and was pushed about by the bar-bells, which he was ordered to use to develop his chest. He was apt to remember their existence more often for other, and less improving, purposes, such as the above. It was here, upstairs, that he undertook to make his younger cousins "see ghosts"; they were shut, each in his turn and alone, in a dark room, where the spectres were produced by means of a magic-lantern worked by threads passing out under the door. Louis, upon the landing outside, vastly

enjoyed the fun; the small boy within submitted to it—with a difference. One of them is even willing to admit that he may have been a *little* bit frightened... Still, Louis had the knack of making anything in which he shared delightful, though it might be, and generally was, "creepy." It is only fair to allow also that he frightened himself quite as much as he ever frightened anyone else. Later, indeed, when he was abroad and alone, having read some old books on magic, it came into his head that he, too, would like to "raise the devil"; and with great pains he copied the circles, the double pentagon, and the mystic symbols, drawing them about himself upon the floor, and making all his preparations carefully according to instruction. It was at night, and he was alone: "And I got into the very biggest fright you can just imagine," he afterwards told his cousin, one of the writers of this article, "lest the devil should take me at my word, and really appear. I wondered how on earth I was going to get rid of him. I tell you, even now when I think of it I get hot all over."

R. L. STEVENSON IN HIS COLLEGE DAYS.

It was in the Heriot Row house, too, that he had his theatre; and what that was to him he himself has told us. Who has not read that most delightful chapter in "Memories and Portraits" which is headed "Penny Plain, and Twopence Coloured"; and who,

Photo. by J. Patrick.

SWANSTON COTTAGE, FROM THE GARDEN.

having read it, will not go on pilgrimage to another spot where his memory is still green, and which he himself has pointed out?

"There stands, I fancy, to this day . . . a certain stationer's shop at a corner of the wide thoroughfare that joins the city of my childhood to the sea. . . ."

Yes, it stands there still, at the corner of Antigua Street: a shop whose door pouts between two slanting windows, with a lending library filling shelves in its recesses, where some thirty years ago were piles of ancient fashion-books and bygone Keepsakes and Garlands. Then it was "dark, and smelt of Bibles"; and in "the Leith Walk window all the year round there stood displayed a theatre in working order."

Photo. by J. Patrick.

"THE RISING SUN"; CARVED BY R. L. STEVENSON ON A TREE IN THE GARDEN OF SWANSTON COTTAGE.

It may be that nowadays boys do not play with toy theatres, but they did then; and Louis tells us even that this same shop-window was "a loadstone rock for all that bore the name of boy." One of his cousins remembers still the joys of stage-management — for he concedes that looking on was slow work in comparison — the manipulation of the "spoons" or wire slides which held the figures, the painting of scenery (they scorned the "twopence coloured" for economic as well as artistic reasons), and above all the delight of trick pieces, when, by means of threads, Cinderella's pumpkin opened into a carriage or Harlequin turned a roast of beef into a plum-pudding.

Nowadays, alas! there is no theatre in the window, no enticing and mysterious bundles of plays, not even the same name above the door; and yet Louis Stevenson meets you, as it were, upon the doorstep, and he is not forgotten.

"Ay, he came here a lot in Mr. Smith's time," the proprietor is ready to tell you; "that was before my day, but I've heard about it from him. He came here to buy plays for toy theatres mostly; there used to be some lying about, I mind, that he must have handled often."

Handled? Yes. . . . "And then to go within, to announce yourself as an intending purchaser, and, closely watched, be suffered to undo those bundles and

breathlessly devour those pages of gesticulating villains. . . ."

Surely the little shop, as one glances about it, changes and grows darker and grimier; the window is blocked by hanging files of small paper packets labelled with strange names—almost one can read them, they grow so clear—and the theatre in the middle is set up nobly, with a woodland scene so real that the trees are more tree-like than any one ever saw in life. And surely behind the counter is an old man, a little stern of face and stately, as in the baby, as he managed to do in most things. He arrived one day and made himself vastly agreeable, as he always knew how to do; and after a great flow of conversation, he remarked that he had bought a rattle for the baby. "But I've lost it on the way down," he added vaguely; "I'll go and get her another."

Later in the day he reappeared, and continued the conversation as if it had never been interrupted. It was only when he got up, at last, to go away, that the rattle was recalled to him.

Photo. by J. Patrick.

THE PENTLANDS, BEHIND SWANSTON.

"The green bosom of Allermuir."—MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.

befits the guardian of such delights; and on the hither side a boy who is breathless with the rapturous uncertainty of choice. And one can almost hear in one's ears a voice that cries, "*I do not believe, child, that you are an intending purchaser at all. . . .*"

Even outside, upon the pavement, there are memories of him that come back to the writer vividly. "Long and often," he says himself, "have I lingered there with empty pockets": it was a spot he could not pass and keep his wits from wandering. Once, when he was about twelve years old, a little cousin was born in a neighbouring street, a little further down the hill; and Louis took a mild interest

"Oh . . . yes," he said; "I did get another. But . . . I lost that on the way down, too!"

The baby, who is one of the present writers, never looks at the penny-plain-and-twopence-coloured window when she passes it to-day without thinking of the rattle she never got.

Indeed, all the most vivid memories of Louis Stevenson—or, at least, so it seems to some of his cousins and playmates—are whimsical odds and ends such as this: mere trifles that live in one's thoughts because they were "so like him," or else because they were told by him with that inimitable freshness and charm which is

COLINTON MANSE AS IT WAS IN R. L. STEVENSON'S CHILDHOOD: THE OLD FRONT.

"*A well-beloved house.*"—MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.

must—have done when, to begin with, he was preparing to follow the profession of his family, but we remember that he and his father took levels o' nights in the drawing-room at Heriot Row, and built beacons with a complicate pyramid of chairs. We do not know whether, in his trips on the *Pharos*, he ever gained any practical experience, but we shall always remember his own story of climbing a narrow ledge along a precipitous cliff-face. When at its narrowest, he met with a large and opinionated gull. He carefully reached out a foot—it was a spot where movement had to be calculated—to shove it off, but not to be forgotten. We cannot recall any details of work that he may—that he

Photo. by J. Patrick.

COLINTON MANSE IN THE PRESENT DAY.

"*The sound of water everywhere; . . . and in the midst of this, the manse.*"—MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.

the gull only opened a huge beak and looked unfriendly. Same manœuvre with the other foot: same result. The gull remained in possession, and Louis crawled back ignominiously into safety, to tell with delight the story against himself. So, too, we remember little of his college days; but one of his cousins—the present writer—had the luck to be introduced to the University by him, and will never forget that he was shown an elaborate method for getting "Cards" at classes without attending them, and was also taken to the rooms of the Speculative Society, where Louis impressed on him that he was in the sole spot within the University gates where smoking could not be prohibited. The Speculative Society has a portrait of him now, and no doubt has many more reasonable associations with him than this; but we remember these things because they were "so like Louis." Perhaps, too, because they are the personal things that we individually saw, or heard, or shared; and not the larger facts of his life that were presently to grow into quite a solemn importance. Louis was not "important" to his cousins; he was just the best of companions, a playmate beyond compare, an incarnate delight of youth. And it is as such they like best to think of him still, young—never grown old; one of themselves—not yet become famous. To others he may be celebrated; to them he is just "Louis"—and that is more.

And there is still another place where he would wish to be remembered, the place that he himself remembered best of all: the old home at Colinton, where his mother and all her brothers and sisters grew up, and left only to go forth into the furthermost ends of the earth. For "the face of the earth was peppered with the children of the manse, and letters with outlandish stamps became familiar to the local postmen" . . .; and presently the grandchildren came and went, and in time brought *their* children also to see—and to remember. A beautiful place, surely.

COLINTON MANSE, WITH A CORNER OF KEEPSAKE MILL.

"Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
Here is the weir with the wonder of foam."
CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSE.

Set in the midst of the curving bank and clasping circle of trees there is the house, "not so large as I had supposed" (we have, all of us, come back to feel that, after magnifying it in remembrance), but still "a well-beloved house, its image fondly dwelt on by many

travellers"—in so many parts of the world talked of and told of by those who had been children there to their own children, who will some day find their way back to it, as surely as needles to a magnet; written to so often, thought of so long, so full of the memories of those who have lived there, and of those who have died. *A well-beloved house*, surely. All about it one can almost trace the footsteps that have worn its paths. Here

COLINTON CHURCH AND MANSE.

"The trees on the steep opposite side . . . seem to climb to Heaven."

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.

is the "great yew, making a pleasing horror of shade"; yonder the deodar, which the eldest uncle sent home from India, a seed within an envelope, and which is now a tall and splendid tree. Up there are the gooseberry-bushes that used to be, we steadfastly believe, the best in all the world; and a little higher is the graveyard, where "*spunkies might be seen to dance, at least by children.*" And so many children have come and gone here; the sons and daughters of the manse themselves, and after them the next generation, a goodly troop of cousins, and among them the delicate lad who came out from Edinburgh to "get well again," Louis Stevenson.

What games have been played here! as he, the best of all players, remembers—

> Dear Uncle Jim, this garden ground . . .
> Has seen immortal actions done,
> And valiant battles lost and won. . . .
> Here is the sea, here is the sand,
> Here is simple shepherd's land.
> . . . . Apart and high
> Frozen Siberia lies, where I,
> With Robert Bruce and William Tell,
> Was bound by an enchanter's spell.

Down in the deep mill-pool one of the cousins went to sea in a tub, and only the special providence that watches over boys brought him back safe and sound to land; another rode the pony round by the "black road," through the kitchen and out at the front door, with the old cook clamorous behind him and the chiefer authorities safely out of the way. And from among the stones of the churchyard wall yonder, dead men's eyes looked out and wove themselves into nightmares.

Alas! there is small change in the place, but the children are children no longer. The Morella cherry-tree on the far side of the house bears as rich a crop today as ever; the roses in the garden are blossoming still, and the gooseberries only a little older and less excellent. The river—

> On from mill to mill,
> Flows past our childhood's garden still.

But the children—

> Never more
> Shall watch it from the water-door.

They have gone out into the world, and few among them have come back. They have gone to India, New Zealand, to islands in tropical seas; one of them is become famous—and he has not come

back. Some have gone further still; and these will come back no more—

How far is it to Babylon?
Ah, far enough, my dear,
Far, far enough from here. . . .
Can I get there by candle-light?
I do not know. . . .
But only, children, hear it right,
Ah, never to return again!

There is a strange pathos in these songs he sings to children; one cannot write of him and not quote them, for he has put his own life into them. He, who was to die at the other side of the world, remembered so well all that was in the past, with thoughts flying backwards to the "well-beloved house," and to the tread of Edinburgh streets and the smell of Scottish air; he remembered so kindly and with such yearning the playmates of his childhood, that he will meet no more—

The eternal dawn . . .
Shall break on hill and plain,
And put all stars and candles out
Ere we be young again.

He wrote this, and yet elsewhere he writes of home-coming; and who knows how close the thought of it lay to his heart?—

Home from the Indies and home from the Ocean,
Heroes and soldiers, we all shall come home;
Still we shall find the old mill-wheel in motion,
Turning and churning the river to foam.

But the Indies and the Ocean have held fast so many: the mill-wheel has stopped—and *he* has not come home.

COLINTON CHURCH, AND BRIDGE OVER THE WATER OF LEITH.

"I have named, among many rivers that make music in my memory, that dirty Water of Leith . . ."—MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S OLD HOME AT VAILIMA, SAMOA, LOOTED IN THE RECENT SAMOAN-GERMAN TROUBLES.

A CONGÉ D'ELIRE.

By HENRY MARTLEY.

SINCE young men and young women both attended lectures at the College, the fitness of things might have seemed to demand that they should frequently fall in love with each other; but, as a matter of fact, they left each other severely alone. Perhaps it was that the majority of the young men, having already educated themselves under trying circumstances, were too immersed in further self-improvement to notice their more frivolous fellow-students. Perhaps it was that the estimable but callow and slightly unpolished young men were not appreciated by us. We favoured the latter view; and one young woman who fancied that she possessed a power of epigram summed it up by saying that, "though we were both a mixed lot, the young men came from anywhere and the young women from everywhere." At any rate, it was an unwritten law that if a young woman of a romantic disposition could find no extraneous object for her affections, she could cherish a fervent but hopeless adoration for a professor. Almost every unmarried professor had his quota of admirers, and he accepted their adoration with contentment. Mr. Muswell, the big black-bearded psychology lecturer, generally spent an extra half-hour explaining colloquially to the female portion of his class why they could not call their souls their own; and it was an accepted custom that Professor Monroe, the political economy lecturer, should have a bevy of button-holes on his desk, from which he chose a fortunate flower with diplomatic fickleness.

Professor Earle, however, was an exception to the rule, and might as well have been married. Though he was only a little over forty, we all looked on him as an old man. For the last ten years not a single girl had ever thought of making him her heart's hero. There were traditions that at one time adventurous young women had consulted him colloquially about their reading, and had been referred briefly to standard works; and that once or twice offerings of flowers had been placed on his desk, which he had disregarded as so much furniture. Three times a week he appeared punctual and precise at eleven o'clock and delivered an hour's grave discourse on English literature. Then, as far as the most observant one could gather, he retired to his lodgings or the British Museum, and gave himself up to the composition of those occasional volumes which were so exhaustive as to be almost entirely unread. Everyone acknowledged the value of his lectures. The way in which he summed up an author in four quotations and three adjectives for further amplification was enough to carry you through your examination on your note-book alone. The only human emotion which he was ever known to display showed itself in occasional onslaughts on any attack of jocosity among the young men. His comments on such occasions had been collected as appendices to note-books, but as a basis of romance he was regarded as useless.

Perhaps it was because he appeared so inhuman and remote from mere human feelings that the Women's Common Room adopted an idiotic suggestion. Someone hazarded as a fantastical and humorous

idea the project of proposing to Professor Earle. It was at a period of the afternoon when the young women present had drunk their third cup of tea, and at such a time the Common Room was either polemically emancipated or delightfully facetious. That afternoon it was facetious. Someone followed up the notion by drafting an artistic little letter to Professor Earle, embodying the suggestion, and then someone else insisted that it should be sent, and that the sender should be chosen by lot. At the moment the plan only seemed a little outrageous, and the epistolary artist sketched out another draft of the Professor's probable reply in Anglo-Saxon. That increased the apparent humour of the thing, and eventually, amid a volley of giggles, the lots were drawn. When the fatal lot fell upon me, I felt a little aghast, and demurred for a moment, but, being assured that it would be disgracefully pusillanimous to shirk my responsibility, I copied out the letter valiantly and allowed it to be carried off to the post.

The worst of practical jokes is that they possess another side. I quitted the Common Room with a full confidence in the humour of what I had done, but, as I walked home, it oozed away. Of course, if the Professor merely sent me a letter in Anglo-Saxon recommending me to study the subject more fully before I presented myself for examination again, it would be funny enough, but such a result seemed scarcely probable. It was much more likely that he would report me to the College authorities, or, at least, administer a shower-bath of that elaborate sarcasm which made even the self-educated young man smart in his most boisterous moments.

Three times a week he appeared punctual and precise at eleven o'clock and delivered an hour's grave discourse on English literature.

That he could take the letter seriously never occurred to me as within the range of possibilities. Once the idea of his doing so struck me as an extravagant whimsicality, and I pictured to myself the Professor accepting my proposal in a letter containing a short biography of himself, three quotations from his works, and the appropriate adjectives describing his merits and faults. That made me smile for a moment, but on the whole I wished heartily that that letter could be rescued from the post.

In the lecture-room next morning the

Amid a volley of giggles, the lots were drawn.

expectant and eagle-eyed class detected at once that the Professor was perturbed. In the first place, he was nearly ten minutes late, an unparalleled phenomenon, and then he passed unnoticed an elaborate display of watches among the more humorous of the young men. After that he produced a profound sensation by beginning in the middle of the previous lecture and omitting the requisite adjectives for three authors. The recognised wit among the young men drew a picture of the Professor in a state of intoxication, and our caricaturist produced an imaginary scene of the Professor waiting for the bride. I began to feel more and more uncomfortable.

When the lecture was over, I became more uncomfortable still when the Professor asked me to wait for a few minutes. I knew I had turned scarlet as the young men in a paroxysm of wit filed out with simulated looks of horror, and those wretched girls, who had got me into this hateful scrape, rushed away to laugh outside.

I stood waiting for the carefully elaborated reproof, but when we were alone I looked at the Professor and I began to be puzzled. His mouth had not turned down at the corners: he was looking at me confusedly and awkwardly, with a wistful, troubled look in his eyes, which was not among my anticipations.

"Miss Trevor," he began with a little stammer, "I received your letter last night."

I felt too much ashamed of myself to make any coherent answer.

"I don't know exactly how to put what I'm going to say," he went on slowly; "I'm not much accustomed to talking to girls—and you mayn't quite understand what I mean. You may regard me as a coxcomb, Miss Trevor."

I could think of no adequate reply, and he began again after a pause.

"It's a great honour for any man, Miss Trevor—it's a thing any man might be proud of, and I am very proud of it. Perhaps some of the young ladies in my classes think I don't notice anything about them or—or any difference between them. You see, Miss Trevor, most young ladies think me a sad old fogey."

I made some little murmur of dissent, I think.

"Ah, but I am, that's just what I am—an old fogey. I oughtn't to be, because I'm not so very old—but I am. What was I saying? Ah, yes! They think I don't

notice the difference between them, but I—I sometimes do. I 've—I don't put these things very aptly, Miss Trevor—but I've noticed you for quite a long time now."

I suppose I made some exclamation, for he continued more hurriedly—

"No, no, don't misunderstand me. I shall not forget it, Miss Trevor, believe me I never will, but I am glad I see it as clearly as I do. I—I might have dreamed dreams."

I ought, I supposed, to have left the matter there, and taken advantage of his misunderstanding to escape, but, as a matter of fact, I burst out crying.

As a matter of fact, I burst out crying.

I—I understand how it is. I thought it all out carefully last night, and I saw how it is—how you imagined you cared something for me. You are young, very young, and because you are enthusiastic about learning, and I happen to be your teacher, you have rated me at an unreal value—mistaken the small man for the great books which you're learning to love.

'Don't, don't," he said, "I've been very clumsy, I suppose, I was almost bound to be clumsy, but I didn't mean to hurt you. You see, you don't know me—you couldn't care for me really. I'm only an abstraction to you. I sometimes think myself that I am only an abstraction," he added, with a wistful smile.

"You're not—you're much too good to me, and I——" I sobbed out.

"No, no," he went on, "I'm only a clumsy old book-worm. I had to tell you it was impossible—quite impossible, and—and—it wasn't entirely easy. Now you'd better run away—run away out into the sunshine — and forget that this ever happened."

"Mr. Earle," I burst out, "I don't know what you must think of me. I'm not worth——"

"Child, child," he said softly, "you've 'youth and bloom and this delightful world,' and all that—all that never came into a book-worm's life. You mustn't think I don't value what you've said. I—I should like to be your friend, child. May I?"

I nodded silently.

"I might call once or twice and see how you're getting on and explain any difficulties you might have in your reading, you know," he suggested timidly.

"I'm afraid you couldn't call, because I live alone in lodgings; but," I said, "I often walk home alone."

"Would that be quite right?" he inquired gravely.

"Why not?" I answered brazenly.

Before I had left the lecture-room I had actually made an appointment to meet the Professor the next afternoon at what I thought a safe distance from the College. The idea would have seemed an incredible one an hour before, but it appeared natural then. In fact, even after I had returned to the cold light of day again, I did not altogether disapprove of what I had done. It was impossible to tell him that my letter was only a joke, and I suppose I was flattered by what he had said, and well—I rather liked the thought of Professor Earle as a friend. The expectant group who were waiting for me guessed from my eyelids that the interview had been distressing, and, as I did not feel any desire to enter into details, sympathetically assured me that the Professor was an old brute. They proceeded to discuss drastic methods of revenge for his benefit, but I managed to check the project and escaped.

The Professor met me as we had agreed, and on several other afternoons in the course of the next few weeks. At first he insisted on wearing a new silk hat and an archaic frock-coat, and conversation was a little strained, being chiefly concerned with English literature; but as he became more accustomed to the situation, and when he had relapsed at my special request into his old felt hat—he blushed like a boy when I told him that it suited him best—we got to talking of ourselves. Generally I did most of the prattling, but sometimes he gave me fragments of what had been hidden away for years, locked up among his books. Some of the young women who attended the College, and believed that three manuals of psychology were enough to give a thorough understanding of the human mind, would have been somewhat astonished at our mistaken estimate of him. The prim, precise Professor was not the real man, but, like the outward manner of so many men, the outcome of mere shyness. Really he was a dreamy, dreamy man, with a mind of phantom-peopled greyness and twilight ponderings, haunted by visions of dead ambitions and youthful dreams, a shadowy land from which he looked out enviously but resignedly on the real men and women about him, and their flesh-and-blood doings. It was only bit by bit that I learnt to know him; and when I did, I used to turn hot with indignation at myself and at the thought of the fraud that I really was.

How long I should have gone on meeting the Professor I do not know. Fortunately or unfortunately, a *dea ex machinâ* appeared one day, or rather on two days, in the person of Bessie Malcolmson. Bessie was a dear, good girl, and the nearest approach to a friend that I possessed at the College—I never was good at girl friends—but she was endowed with a constitutional incapacity for holding her tongue or minding her own business, and was the last person in the world to whom I would have confided anything of a private kind. Just as the Professor and I were starting to walk home one afternoon, we passed her, and I could see that she had taken us in with

an observant eye. The next day she remarked pointedly that the Professor had apparently forgiven me, and I replied that I had happened to meet him, and that he had walked some way with me with fatal distinctness his fears that I was not coming at all. Her face wore an expression of portentous and interested surprise, and she was obviously agape with eager curiosity. Evidently, conjectures

The Professor met me as we had agreed, and on several other afternoons.

to show his forgiveness. Perhaps the explanation failed to satisfy her, and she purposely went somewhat out of her way in going home; perhaps it was merely coincidence, but a week or two afterwards I sighted her close to us as the Professor, who had been obviously waiting for me, hastened to meet me effusively, expressing of portentous size were flitting through her mind, and I knew that, if I wished to avoid the fullest publicity, I must give her some better kind of explanation. Tact is not among my virtues. I wish it were. Tactful people are such marvellous liars. I racked my brains for a likely subterfuge, but to tell her some of

the truth at least was the only possible expedient that I could devise, and I decided to trust to Bessie's better feelings to let the matter go no further. How much of the truth I should tell her I left to be decided by the course of conversation. I managed to intercept her near the gates next morning, and I saw a pleased expectation of approaching confidences settle on her countenance.

"Bessie," I began, "I want to speak to you for a few minutes."

"Yes," she said eagerly.

"It's about Professor Earle," I went on. "Perhaps you noticed that—that we met yesterday."

"Oh, yes," she said with an odious smirk.

"Well," I went on hurriedly, "I don't want any foolish notions to get about——"

"I should not have been likely to mention it to anyone," she interrupted somewhat indignantly.

"I should like you to know, though," I continued. "It's all the result of that hateful letter that I was foolish enough to write. Of course we only intended it as a joke, but Professor Earle thought I really meant it."

"And accepted you?" she gasped.

"Oh, no," I said, "I was declined with thanks."

"What a conceited old beast," she remarked; "but I don't understand. Why didn't you tell him it was a joke?"

"He might have been so annoyed," I explained hurriedly, "and I got rather nervous and I didn't like to. It happened all so suddenly, you see."

"But why does he meet you then?" she inquired blankly.

"Well, he wanted to let me down lightly, I suppose," I pursued, "and he said he would not mind seeing me sometimes, and I couldn't well help it, could I?"

"Well," she exclaimed, "of all the cheek—I am sorry we got you into such a very nasty scrape, I am indeed. Just fancy that impertinent old fool giving you an extra hour as a solace for your blighted affections! Is he very offensive?"

"No," I said, "I don't really much mind."

"It's hard lines," she replied, "it is indeed. Can nothing be done to stop it?"

"Oh, no, I'm afraid not," I said.

"And how much longer is this preposterous plan going to be kept up?" she inquired.

"I really can't say," I answered; "but you won't mention anything about this to anyone else, will you?"

"I am not in the habit of gossiping," she observed loftily; and then, fortunately, ten o'clock struck, and we had to go off to a lecture.

The truth had taken a somewhat strange form, but it was better than the real truth. I could not tell that girl why the Professor liked to meet me.

The next day was the morning on which Professor Earle's English literature lecture occurred, and I was on my way to the lecture-room when I encountered Bessie with rather a hangdog look about her.

"I hope you won't be annoyed at what's happened," she faltered; "really I think it's rather a good thing, but perhaps you'll be angry with me."

"What is it?" I asked, with a sinking heart.

"Well, you see," she explained, "I told one of the other girls what you told me yesterday—I didn't really intend to, and it was in the strictest confidence—and she was dishonourable enough to tell a lot of the other girls. You see how it happened, don't you?"

"I do," I said grimly; "now I suppose I shall be the laughing-stock of the Common Room for weeks."

"And," she added, "it's really rather awful, but they've written a letter to Professor Earle explaining that your letter was really a joke. Oh, I say, I am sorry. I didn't know you'd mind so much."

"Who did this?" I asked.

"Several of them signed it," she answered; "they said that the dignity of the Women's Common Room demanded it, and that it would be a funny situation. It was rather a funny letter, too. Would you like to hear it?"

"I should not," I said angrily, and walked away.

I did not attend the lecture that morning. I wandered about outside, thinking over what that miserable girl had told me. I could with the utmost satisfaction have boiled the whole of the Common Room—boiled them slowly—but it was not of them that I really thought. There was before my eyes the vision of the Professor, smiling more sadly than ever as he read that letter, wearily putting away the outside world again, and stumbling back into his bookland. I was a thing of the past with him—someone who had deceived him in some strange way—someone to whom he had been foolish enough to talk about himself in his ignorance. And yet the most cruel thought of all was that he would not be angry with me. If he had been like other men it would not have been so galling, but sometimes, in an instinctive way without any definite words, it is possible, as it were, to feel the atmosphere of someone else's mood, and I guessed that the Professor was only thinking of me as a naughty child, and half sadly, half whimsically, blaming himself for his mistake. I was roused by a sympathetic policeman to the fact that the tears were streaming down my face, and then, as I walked on, a wave of self-confession swept over me, and I knew what had really happened and what I was going to do.

The Professor was looking idly into the fire.

At the end of the hour I watched the students troop out of the lecture-room, and then I timidly hurried in. The Professor was looking idly into the fire, but when he saw me he turned and smiled with the slow sad smile that I had expected.

"Well, child," he said, "I suppose this is true?"

"Yes," I stammered; "I'm so sorry—I really didn't intend all this at the beginning—really I didn't."

"It's I who ought to be sorry," he answered, "I—I was a very conceited old fool. Really now, I don't know how I came to make such a mistake. Some of the things these young ladies have been good enough to say about me in their letter are quite true."

"Don't, don't," I pleaded.

"You see, you must make allowances for me," he went on, "I read so many books, and I've got a little bit out of proportion, I suppose. But I never did think you could care about me, you know. I always said it was only an abstraction, didn't I?"

"Please don't," I murmured.

"And I 'm not so very sorry, after all," he said, with an uncertain smile. "I think you really let me be your friend for a little while, didn't you? I should like to know that."

"Yes, yes," I said softly.

"And I want to thank you," he went on, "for having been so gentle as you were with me when I made so absurd a mistake: it must have seemed so absurd and so unwarranted. To imagine that merely by listening to my lectures—I must be very much out of proportion, I think, to dream of such an impossibility——"

"It might have been true," I faltered again. "Supposing it had been true——"

"Ah, but it wasn't," he said.

"But supposing," I went on desperately, "supposing I'd known you for quite a long time, and knew that you weren't an old fogey, and had learnt to care about you then—and well—supposing I 'd written that letter then—would it have been quite absurd?"

"Child, child," he said gravely, "it isn't like you to ask that question."

"But it is," I urged, "it's just like me."

"A girl such as I think you are," he said, "ought to respect even a Professor's dreams, and there's something sacred even about a fogey's might-have-been. Good-bye, child."

"You're not old," I said, "and—and won't you answer my question?"

"Haven't I answered it?" he asked wistfully.

"It's—it's all happened," I murmured.

"All happened?" he inquired blankly.

"Yes, nearly all," I said indignantly. "Well?"

"Have I said anything that has annoyed you, child?" he asked, without a gleam of intelligence.

"Said anything?" I burst out; "you won't say anything. Must I write it all over again?"

"What?" he asked.

"That letter," I said; "and tell you that I've known you for quite a long time, and that I know you're not an old fogey, and that—isn't that enough?"

"This isn't a joke, is it?" he said doubtfully.

"How dare you?" I exclaimed. "I won't say any more. I've said too much already."

"How dare I?" he said. "That's it, how dare I? But if it's true—can it be true? I can't believe it's true—but if—if——"

Well, never mind the rest.

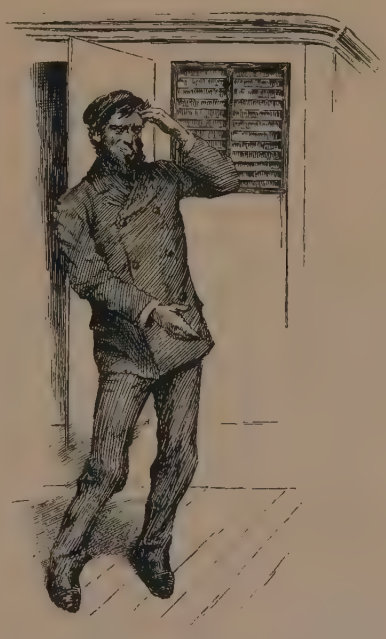
ROSE AND CHRYSANTHEMUM.

IV.—SINGAPURA.

By CARLTON DAWE.

Mr. Dawe is well known for his stories of Japanese life. He wrote "Kakemonos," "The Bride of Japan," and "Yellow and White."

CAPTAIN MICHAEL BARRYTON, the master of the s.s. *Samarang*, was a lank, easy-going Irishman with a ruddy face, a shock of red hair, and a decided *penchant* for his great compatriot, John Jameson. When he engaged me at the shipping-office he was drunk; he was anything but sober the day he received me on board his noble packet, and on the afternoon we put to sea he was drunkest of all. But a too liberal indulgence of strong spirits mattered little or nothing to him, for drunk or sober his navigation was equally faulty. That also was a mere detail, though it surprised many to see how successfully his incompetence waged war with fate. For he was one of that small army to whom is entrusted valuable property and valueless lives. Robinson meets Brown in the street and says: "Ah, I see the *Samarang* is back again." "Dear me," cries Brown, to whom the good luck of Barryton is a source of wonder and distress; "when *is* that old tub going to the bottom?" They know she will go down some day and take her worthy master with her. But the delay is, to say the least of it, somewhat exasperating.



He was anything but sober the day he received me on board his noble packet.

I frankly admit that Captain Barryton did not impress me; I am also at liberty to express the belief that he never tried to do so. I knew that some exceedingly queer fish infest the China Seas, and in that respect my new skipper was not so distinctly unique as he might be: but hitherto it had not been my good fortune to sail with them, and if I did not duly admire the man, I can only apologise for my lack of enthusiasm by the novelty of my surroundings. There was undoubtedly a breeziness about him which, to the uninitiated, was *so* like a sailor; though I fear he caught it from his particular brand, and not from the ocean breezes. Still, that was of little moment: the effect was there. His friends said he was a "good sort," and in admitting so much had no idea they were taking away his character.

When I joined the *Samarang* as chief mate, she was about to proceed to

Nagasaki for coal; for she was what is known in sea parlance as a "tramp," and went wherever she was likely to pick up a cargo. After my arrival on board I naturally seized the earliest opportunity of making myself acquainted with a few facts concerning the ship, and the particular idiosyncrasies of my shipmates. And in this I was singularly fortunate, as from the chief engineer, a worthy but garrulous North-countryman, I learnt much that I required—and something more.

According to the man of cranks and wheels, Captain Barryton was an exceedingly good sort of fellow, and was extremely affable for one in such an exalted position. Indeed, upon occasion, he had been known to drink even with the engineers. This marks the extreme limit of the boundaries of condescension, and I duly appreciated such heroic magnanimity. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that the captain was not overburdened with sense or sentiment; but still he was a man who might have risen in the world had he not taken to whisky—and a wife.

Not unnaturally, this vague suggestion led me to suppose that things were not exactly ship-shape with Mrs. Barryton; and when I very delicately hinted as much, the engineer favoured me with a look ambiguously wise. For it meant many things, proving a source of infinite speculation. Yet the implied colloquialism, "What do *you* think?" was painfully evident.

I felt my way with a nicety beyond all praise; but, having gone so far, the fellow grew alert, even suspicious, and I laboured under the disadvantage of being practically an unknown quantity. But I oiled his bearings in the most artful manner, and presently they began to run smoothly.

"Don't you know who she is?" he asked.

"How should I? I never heard of Captain Barryton until I joined the *Samarang*."

"But you've heard of *her?*" The engineer put the question with a due appreciation of its value.

"Never."

He looked me blankly in the face. Never heard of her? Was it possible? I could see that he was sorry for me in my benighted state, but out of regard for my feelings he did not openly express his pity.

"Then you don't know *what* she is?" he asked incredulously.

"What she is?" Upon my soul I neither knew nor cared. What should or could she be?

He looked up and down the deck before answering. Then, sinking his voice to a whisper, he said, "We call her Singapura."

"Why?"

A look of infinite pity swept his ill-shaped face.

"Why," he echoed, "because she's a Malay, of course."

I saw the connection in a moment. Singapura, or Sinhapura, which is, perhaps, more correct, is the native word for Singapore.

"So madam is a native, eh?"

"Yes; don't you think it's rather rum?"

"I don't fancy it myself. But has he really married her?"

"He has. We had our doubts at first: but it's gospel."

"Well, good luck to him. He's a bold man."

"Oh, she's handsome enough for him, or for anybody," he answered sturdily; "but the devil's in her: in her eyes, in every movement of her heavenly figure. I'll tell you what it is," he added impressively, "she can just twist the old man round her dainty little finger."

I thought the engineer envied the captain that exquisite species of torture; but I said rather bluntly, "Rather a come-down, isn't it?"

"Ah, well, poor man," said he consolingly, "he finds a power of comfort in the bottle. And she's a spanker."

His enthusiasm caused me to look closer, and I saw that which the engineer had no intention of showing.

"She is with him, of course?"

"She always travels with us, but she never stays on board while we are in port. At the present time she is putting up at

the Hong-Kong Hotel. Trust the Missis for doing the thing in style."

"A Malay woman," said I.

"But a spanker, and as handsome as paint, and don't you forget it," he replied with what I considered to be an unnecessary display of warmth. I looked again and was sorry for him, for I guessed that he had failed to realise his hopes. Yet in an instant, how he was up in arms! No doubt he aspired highly, but luck might change. After all, she might possess that singular feminine characteristic which revels in the hideous. If so, there was hope for the engineer.

Though caring little one way or the other, I nevertheless often found myself thinking of Singapura; and as our day of sailing drew near, and the fellows began to talk about her, I experienced a mild sort of excitement in anticipating her advent. And yet her coming was nothing to me, and, as I handed her up the gangway, I experienced none of that inward throbbing which seemed almost to lay the engineer prostrate. She appeared to be a fine figure of a woman, and her complexion was such that at the distance of a dozen paces she might easily have passed for a European. Her dress was singularly neat and effective, and her terai hat became her as it becomes few women. Had I not been warned, I should never have guessed her nationality.

My disappointment was curiously acute. I freely admit that I had expected something very different. What? Who shall say? At the same time, I thought the engineer was a fool, and that the fool had fooled me. She smiled and said "Thank you" very prettily as I led her on to the deck, and I saw her teeth gleam and her eyes shine. Lustrous eyes, dark as night with the fire of stars in them.

Soon after we cleared the Ly-ee-moon Pass and were steaming northward at the rate of nine knots an hour. The captain, who had bidden a convivial good-bye to his numerous friends on shore, then set the course and went below. Drunk or sober mattered nothing to him. He could have felt his way along the coast blindfolded.

I did not have the honour of seeing or speaking to his wife any more that day; but the next morning she was up early and about, and after hanging round the quarter-deck for a time she came forward and mounted the bridge. I raised my cap and said "Good morning" in my very best manner, for you must remember that a handsome woman is a handsome woman, be she Malay or white, and when she attains the dignity of a captain's wife, she is not to be dumped in the category of lesser mortals. She honoured me with an exceedingly pretty inclination of the head and a quick look from her wonderful eyes, and having received as much attention as I merited, I turned and continued to keep a remarkably sharp look-out. Nevertheless, I thought she carried her head well, and that she had a gloriously free step. The engineer was not far wrong when he said she was as handsome as paint. It was a homely figure, but it expressed his admiration in full, and conveyed to his mind an image entirely beautiful. And though without much difficulty I might find a more elegant phrase, I doubt if it would better express the impression left upon one by her ladyship. She was as handsome as paint.

And yet, singular as it may seem, I still marvelled at the skipper marrying her. For, beauty as she was, she was only a native beauty, and men in the East don't usually honour such. It may be wrong. I hold a brief for neither side; but I have my own opinion. Contact with the whites may enable her to ape their manners; but a thousand layers of veneer cannot change the blood. There is a gulf between the white and the coloured which no philosophy can bridge.

Eager as was my look-out, I kept it with my eyes only. The brain which should have guided those eyes and told them what they saw, communicated no information; for it was busy with the woman whose presence I felt, and whom I knew was watching me. But I persevered with a persistence worthy of the utmost admiration, and even when I walked to her end of the bridge I did so in a manner of much unconcern. Truth to tell, I was not a

little annoyed. I felt that I was a fool, and was angry in consequence. Against my will this woman was asserting her influence, and I knew not how much vanity was responsible for the state of my nerves, and I felt contemptible accordingly. What the deuce had Hecuba to do with me, or I with Hecuba?

Presently, thinking, no doubt, that I would not presume to address a lady of her exalted rank, she came over to me and began to talk. A junk about a quarter of a mile ahead, which seemed determined to make us run it down, afforded the opening. She laughed excitedly as we skimmed by.

"A warning," I said.

She shook her head.

"The Chinese never take warning."

I wondered how many people do, and quietly expressed the thought. She laughed again, showing her beautiful little teeth. I had a potent warning before me at the moment, only I didn't know it. Then, the ice once broken, we chatted away with a right good will. Though she spoke with a curious, hollow accent, her English was excellent, and interesting.

As she was, comparatively speaking, a child of Nature, she did not suffer from the reproach of being excessively ladylike—a term which not infrequently carries with it a suggestion the reverse of complimentary; but as these Eastern peoples are rarely vulgar, she gained somewhat by the loss of such a distinction. However, she was good enough to bombard me with a host of pertinent questions, evincing a curiosity concerning my antecedents which I naturally regarded as extremely flattering.

In the clear light of the early day she did not seem quite as handsome as I had thought her. Her complexion had been stained by nature to an interesting brown which did not altogether appeal to me, though the skin itself was so clear that I seemed to see the red blood leaping underneath. The black brows sharply accentuated the whiter skin of her forehead, while her eyelids seemed weary of bearing the long silken lashes. The eyes themselves were full, but so intensely black that I appeared to look straight into illuminated night. The nose was good, the mouth full-lipped and perhaps a trifle large. Certes! When I come to catalogue her charms, I find the engineer was not so much beside the mark.

After that she paid me many a visit during my watch, sometimes at an hour which, prudent man as I was, caused me considerable anxiety. But she made light of my fears, and I was always too weak to treat a lady harshly. Barryton was asleep: no one saw but the man at the wheel, and he apparently saw nothing. And it was really marvellous how swiftly the time passed while she was on the bridge; and life was not so gay aboard of us that I dared turn my back on a little relaxation.

Well, the old *Samarang* plodded steadily on until at last we dropped anchor in the Bay of Nagasaki. Then the captain pulled himself together and prepared to conduct his business like a man of affairs; and as he was shrewd enough when sober, he probably found little difficulty in imposing upon strangers. But for the first time in the recollection of the chief engineer, Singapura lived on the ship in port. And this was doubly strange, as the loading of coal makes a ship perfectly uninhabitable. True, she went ashore every day at about eleven o'clock, but she always returned at sunset, and never left again that night.

But if the other officers were surprised at this, I cannot with a free conscience say that to me it was a very great mystery. And yet, having no wish to write myself down a coxcomb, I dare not say what was passing in my mind. One may easily produce a wrong impression, and I am not heroic enough to defy wrong impressions. But I was not utterly devoid of all power of observation, though some people seem to think that a hero should be.

I saw much of her during those quiet nights. After the heat and bustle of the day, tired out in body and mind, it was pleasant to sit in the cool of the evening with a cheroot, a glass, and a pretty woman. Barryton rarely came off until after midnight, so that no little unpleasantness ever broke the harmony of our genial environment. Occasionally the chief engineer joined us, but not for long.

She used to freeze up whenever he drew near; and, try as he would, he could scarcely prevail upon her to return him a civil answer. And this was sad, because a word from her, a look, would have made him her abject slave.

I see it now. It was playing with fire; but I was not sufficiently vain to imagine that there could be a conflagration unless I heaped on the fuel and stirred the embers. And that I was determined not to do, and though I found her an extremely agreeable companion I never forgot to treat her with due courtesy. True, I was not blind, though she must have thought me so, seeing me ignore the number of excellent openings that were offered for a better understanding.

Nevertheless, they were pleasant nights, and as I think of them now I reproduce the whole scene, feel the peculiar atmosphere with its cool smell of the sea. Again I see the ships whose yellow riding-lights look like great golden stars swinging low in the sky: the moon bursting away back over the hills: the stars glimmering deep down into the sea. And then round about, and all over the still water, suddenly comes the sound of the ships' bells as the men on watch strike the hour. The whole air is full of bells which the night and the water soften and mellow to an infinite sweetness. And the strange light sets deep shadows round the woman's eyes, out of which strange flashings come and go, and her voice with its low cooing sighs like sweet music that is but half understood.

I raised my cap and said "Good morning!"

Well, we finished loading at last, and without any unnecessary delay set our nose southward. But had I hoped that the presence of Captain Barryton would act as a check upon his wife, I was speedily to be undeceived: though I had grown extremely prudent, I found, as so many have found before me, the difficulty of retracing my steps.

Then came that which, knowing the nature of the woman, I feared, yet half expected.

It was on the morning of the third day out, about that hour which trembles between daylight and darkness. I had not long come up from below, and no thought of the captain's wife was in my mind. For I was thinking of a little girl with sweet eyes and a dainty head, who was waiting patiently for that letter which was to say, "Dearest, I have just been appointed to a command. There is no reason why we should not marry now. Will you come to me, oh, my love?" I was thinking of this, I say, leaning on the rail of the bridge and picturing the flushed gladness of that sweet face, when I felt a hand laid lightly on my shoulder. Turning round I encountered the burning eyes of the Malay woman. Though I had a presentiment of impending evil I think I betrayed no sign of it.

"Good morning," said I. "You are up very early."

"I have not been to bed," she answered.

"You are ill?"

"Yes."

"I am so sorry. Can I do anything?"

"Yes." But this time her voice was so hoarse and muffled that I could scarcely distinguish the word.

"Tell me."

She came close to me and laid her hands on my shoulders, and I knew that every pulse of her was throbbing with madness. Her beautiful mouth quivered like a whipped child's; there was a starved longing in her look which was absolutely painful to witness.

"Look into my eyes, Stanbridge. Close, close," she added excitedly, drawing my face down to hers. "What do you see there?" And all the time her hot breath was burning my face, and her eyes shone so luridly that I dared not look into them.

"You are excited—feverish," I began hesitatingly, withdrawing from her hands, the palms of which burnt like fire. But I felt a fool, and half afraid in the bargain.

"Feverish, yes, Stanbridge—feverish!" and she laughed madly as she spoke.

I backed farther from the man at the wheel, who stole an occasional glance in our direction. She followed, and in the starboard corner of the bridge brought me to bay.

"Look in my eyes, Stanbridge," she repeated once again. "Tell me, do you know that fever? It burns my heart; it burns my eyes till they ache; it burns my brain till I feel that I am going mad. Stanbridge, Stanbridge!" She flung her arms about me: she pressed her burning face into my breast.

I candidly admit that never was I in such an awkward predicament. Being unaccustomed to a situation so embarrassing, I was at a complete loss as to the better course to pursue. To encourage her would have been fatal: not to encourage her would probably have an equally disastrous effect. I had not here a woman of my own race to deal with, but a wild, passionate creature in whom there was no power of restraint. A nature such as hers would overleap every obstacle: no thin or thick coating of veneer could check the flow of savage blood. If I valued my peace of mind I dared not spurn her; if I submitted to her influence it meant being ruled like a slave. Nor could I temporise, for fear she should mistake my meaning. Altogether I was in a position requiring extreme circumspection, and I inwardly cursed myself for a blundering fool.

And yet I feared that to temporise was the only course open to me. This was no ordinary woman with the rigid, conventional notions of right and wrong, but a child of nature, who threw herself madly, blindly, upon the bosom of her mother. Far from subduing her wild nature, civilisation had but taught it the extremity of passion.

So with soft words and gentle pleadings I sought to pacify her, and though she listened with commendable restraint to my feeble argument, her lips curled disdainfully whenever I mentioned the words "husband" and "duty." I confess that I could not say much in honour of the husband, while duty was a nebulous sort of thing which absolutely had no existence for her. Duty was synonymous with inclination, and that swept her forward with a perfect whirlwind of passion and regret. There was but the one awful cry—a cry which came from the profoundest depths of a soul pregnant with remorse, and dread, and hope. "I love you, Stanbridge! Love me, love me!" Unfortunately, I was unable to accede to her request, but I hadn't the courage to say so.

"Look in my eyes, Stanbridge," she repeated once again.

I blamed myself consumedly for this tragic development of the situation. I ought to have foreseen what would happen. Perhaps I did, in a way. Perhaps, too, my prudence had been at fault; but, Heaven! can a man be expected to study all these things while looking into a pair of bright eyes? What kind of man would he be, I wonder? Well, it might be playing with fire, but the pastime has its fascination.

The danger lay in the strange nature of the woman. There was no telling what she would do next. So, to pacify her, I explained that my religion forbade me to love her, as she already belonged to another.

"And if I had not *him*?" she said, pointing away aft.

Well, it would have been all the same to me, but I dared not admit as much. I'm afraid I did not fully appreciate such an intensely emotional young woman. I misread her entirely if wisdom would ever govern her impulse. No drop of cold blood leavened the whirling torrent which urged her onward. She only knew the two extremes of love and hate, and between them her wild soul was buffeted.

So, weakly temporising once more, I gave her to understand that Captain Barryton was an insuperable bar to a closer intimacy between us, and I congratulated myself on having devised such an excellent reason. I did not love the old man, but I was forced to admit that he had an excuse for his existence.

She laid her cheek against my breast. Then she pulled my face down to hers and treated me as though I already belonged to her. The deuce take it! I never thought I was such a muff!

I saw her no more that day, which in a way was a relief, and yet almost a terror. For my mind grew full of some exceedingly horrid misgivings, fostered by an uncertainty which was absolutely intolerable.

But the next morning, between the daylight and the dawn, she came to me on the bridge, and, dropping at my feet, seized my hands and covered them with passionate kisses.

"I am yours, Stanbridge," she whispered, "all yours. Nothing can separate us now."

"You cannot be mine—and *his*."

"His!" she laughed almost fiercely "His! He is gone. I am alone. I live for you, my lord, only for you."

"Alone? I do not understand."

"Come with me, Stanbridge, and you shall see."

She rose, still retaining my hand, smiling at me in a way that made her face look wonderfully soft and sweet. But though she was so solemn, and calm, and quiet, I felt every nerve of me tingle with apprehension.

She descended the ladder before me, but, upon reaching the deck, waited with outstretched hand. There was no denying her sweet, imperious look; so I let her take my hand, and in the same calm, stately way she led me aft, turning now and again to smile on me and to murmur, "For you, Stanbridge — everything for you."

When we reached the deckhouse, which the captain had transformed into a cabin, she stopped and put her finger to her lips. Then, slipping from my side, she walked towards the window and looked in. At that moment the sun rushed up out of the eastern sea.

When she again turned her face to me it had grown deathly pale, and the early sun flushed her burning eyes with a mad light; but her lips smiled almost sweetly as she beckoned me to her.

"Come, Stanbridge," she whispered hoarsely. "Look—see what I have done for you—my lord."

And I looked, and with a gasp sprang back.

The sunbeams, passing through the window, threw a broad shaft of light across the dark cabin on to the bunk at the farther side, and there I saw the quaintly carved handle of a Malay creese sticking out above the breast of a man.

She saw the horror, the loathing in my face, and she fell before me and clasped my knees, and murmured in a weak, whining voice, "It was all for you, Stanbridge—it was all for you."

For the moment I forgot what she was. I saw only the murderess at my feet, and I threw her off with some bitter words. But instead of rising in anger, as I thought she would, she grovelled in a heap upon the deck, sobbing and murmuring, "What have I done, Stanbridge—oh, my love?"

Scarcely knowing what I did or said, I left her there and ran forward to waken the second mate and acquaint him with the tragedy. The chief engineer being next door, I also awoke him, and when we three returned to the deck Singapura was nowhere to be seen. We went in to look at the old man, who lay there bathed in the glory of the early sunshine. The knife had been driven straight into his heart, and by the frightened look of his face death must have come to him with awful suddenness.

As for the woman, no trace of her was discovered. As she could kill without compunction, so without compunction could she die. My bitter words had awakened her to a realisation of her crime; and the sea had quenched for ever the fierce flame of her passion.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA,

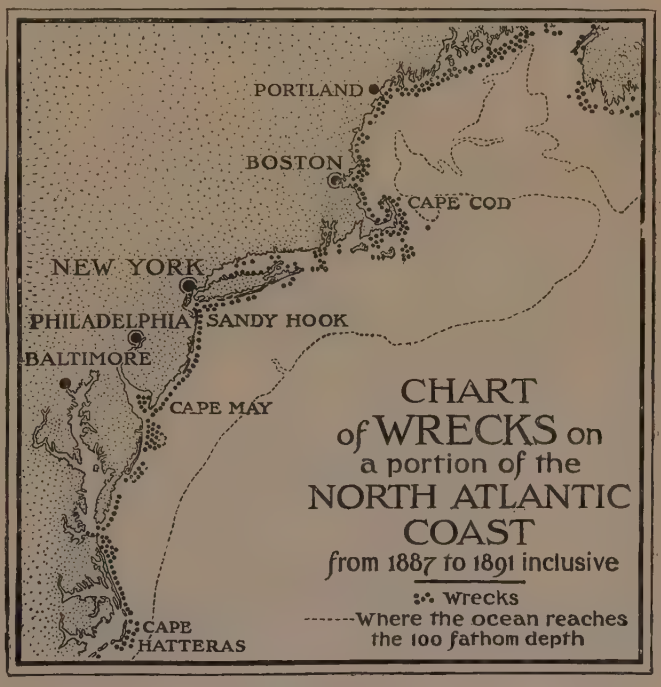
IN THE "ARGONAUT."

By RAY STANNARD BAKER.

SIMON LAKE planned an excursion on the bottom of the sea for Oct. 12. His strange amphibian craft, the *Argonaut*, about which we had been hearing so many marvels, lay off the pier at Atlantic Highlands. Before we were near enough to make out her hulk, we saw a great black letter A, framed of heavy gas-pipe, rising forty feet above the water. A flag rippled from its summit. As we drew nearer, we discovered that there really wasn't any hulk to make out—only a small oblong deck shouldering deep in the water and supporting a slightly higher platform, from which rose what seemed to be a squatty funnel. A moment later we saw that the funnel was provided with a cap somewhat resembling a tall silk hat, the crown of which was represented by a brass binnacle. This cap was tilted back, and as we ran alongside, a man stuck his head up over the rim and sang out, "Ahoy there!"

A considerable sea was running, but I observed that the *Argonaut* was planted as firmly in the water as a stone pillar, the big waves splitting over her without imparting any perceptible motion.

"She weighs fifty-seven tons," said Mr. Lake, "and there are only two or three tons above water. I never have seen the time when she rolled."



We scrambled up on the little platform, and peered down through the open conning-tower, which we had taken for a funnel, into the depths of the ship below. Wilson had started his gasoline engine, and I was wondering what became of the exhaust, which I heard rattling in the

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pipes, when I saw a white plume of steam rising from the very summit of the gas-pipe frame above us.

"This leg of the A," explained Mr. Lake, "carries off the burnt gases, and this one brings in the fresh air while we are submerged. You see the pipes are tall enough, so that we can use them until we are more than fifty feet under water. Below that, we have to depend on the compressed air in our tanks, or on a hose reaching from the upper end of the pipe to a buoy on the surface." Mr. Lake had taken his place at the wheel, and we were going ahead slowly, steering straight across the bay toward Sandy Hook and deeper water. The *Argonaut* makes about five knots an hour on the surface, but

SUBMERGING THE "ARGONAUT."
The man is looking up at the compass in the binnacle.

when she gets deep down on the sea-bottom, where she belongs, she can spin along more rapidly.

"Are you ready to go down?" asked Mr. Lake. The waves were already washing entirely over the lower platform, and occasionally breaking around our feet, but we both nodded solemnly.

"Open the centre compartments," Mr. Lake shouted down the conning-tower. "I'm flooding the ballast compartments," he explained. "Usually we submerge by letting down two half-ton iron weights, and then, after admitting enough water to overcome our buoyancy, we can readily pull the boat to the bottom by winding in on the weight-cables. Unfortunately, we had lost one of the weights, and so we have to depend entirely on the compartments."

The *Argonaut* was slowly sinking under the water. We became momentarily more impressed with the extreme smallness of the craft to which we were trusting our lives. The little platform around the conning-tower on which we stood—in reality the top of the gasoline tank—was scarcely a half dozen feet across, and the *Argonaut* herself was only thirty-six feet long. Her sides had already faded out of sight, but not before we had seen how solidly they were built—all of steel, rivetted and reinforced, so that the wonder grew how such a tremendous weight, when submerged, could ever again be raised.

"We had to give her immense strength," said Mr. Lake, "to resist the water pressure at great depths. She is built of the same thickness of steel as the Government used for the 2000-ton cruisers *Detroit* and *Montgomery*. She'll stand a hundred feet, although we never took her deeper than fifty. We like to keep our margins safe."

I think we made some inquiries about the safety of submarine boats in general. Other water compartments had been flooded, and we had settled so far down

that the waves dashed repeatedly over the platform on which we stood — and the conning-tower was still wide open, inviting a sudden, engulfing rush of water.

"You mustn't confuse the *Argonaut* with ordinary submarine boats," said Mr. Lake. "She is quite different and much safer."

He explained that the *Argonaut* was not only a submarine boat, but much besides. She not only swims either on the surface or beneath it, but she adds to this accomplishment the extraordinary power of diving deep and rolling along the bottom of the sea on wheels. No machine ever before did that. Indeed, the *Argonaut* is more properly a "sea motocycle" than a "boat." In its invention Mr. Lake elaborated an idea which the United States Patent Office has decided to be absolutely original.

From a Photograph.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC.

The "Argonaut" here lies submerged in twenty-eight feet of water, off Virginia Beach, Virginia, where the ocean bed is pure white sand.

"I think we had better go below," said Mr. Lake, with a trace of haste in his voice.

I went first, slipping hand over hand down the ladder. Mr. Stevens followed, and a great wave came slapping in after him, sousing down over his shoulders. Mr. Lake quickly shut down the conning-tower cap and screwed it fast over its rubber rims.

We found ourselves in a long, narrow compartment, dimly illuminated by yellowish green light from the little round glass windows. The stern was filled with Wilson's gasoline engine and the electric motor, and in front of us, toward the bow, we could see through the heavy steel doorways of the diver's compartment into the look-out room, where there was a single round eye of light.

"She's almost under," said Mr. Lake.

I climbed up the ladder of the conning-tower and looked out through one of the glass ports. My eyes were just even with the surface of the water. In the trough of the waves I could catch a glimpse of the distant sunny shores of New Jersey, and here and there, off toward Staten Island, the bright sails of oyster-smacks. Then, the next wave came driving and foaming entirely over the top of the vessel, and I could see the curiously beautiful sheen of the bright summit of the water above us. It was a most impressive sight. Not many people ever have had the opportunity of looking calmly upon the surface of the sea from below. Mr. Lake told me that in very clear water it was difficult to tell just where the air left off and the water began; but in the muddy bay where we were going down the surface looked like a peculiarly clear, greenish pane of glass moving straight up and down, not forward, as the waves appear to move when looked at from above.

Now we were entirely under water. The rippling noises that the waves had made in beating against the upper structure of the boat had ceased. As I looked through the thick glass port, the water was only three inches from my eyes, and I could see thousands of dainty, semi-translucent jelly-fish floating about as lightly as thistle-down. They gathered in the eddy behind the conning-tower in great numbers, bumping up sociably against one another and darting up and down with each gentle movement of the water. And I realised that we were in the domain of the fishes.

I returned to the bottom of the boat to find that it was brilliantly lighted by

electricity, and to have my ears pain me sharply.

"You see the air is beginning to come down," said Jim, the first mate, "and we are getting a little pressure."

I held up my hand, and felt the strong gust which was being drawn down through the tall air-pipe above us. It was comforting to know that the air arrangements were in working order.

Mr. Lake now hung a small mirror at an angle of 45 deg. just at the bottom of the conning-tower, and stepped back to the steering-wheel. Upon looking into the mirror he could see the reflection of the compass, which is placed at the very highest tip of the brass binnacle that crowns the conning-tower. "We can't use a compass down here," said he, "because there is too much machinery and steel." He has found by repeated experiments that the compass points as accurately under water as on the surface.

Jim brought the Government chart, and Mr. Lake announced that we were heading directly for Sandy Hook and the open ocean. But we had not yet reached the bottom, and John was busily opening valves and letting in more water. I went forward to the little steel cubby-hole in the extreme prow of the boat, and looked out through the watch-port. The water had grown denser and yellower, and I could not see much beyond the dim outlines of the ship's spar reaching out forward. Jim said that he had often seen fishes come swimming up wonderingly to gaze into the port. They would remain quite motionless until he stirred his head, and then they vanished instantly. Mr. Lake has a remarkable photograph which he took of a visiting fish, and Wilson tells of nurturing a queer flat crab for days in the crevice of one of the view-holes. As I turned from the watch-port, my eye fell on an everyday-looking telephone, with the receiver hung up next the steel walls.

THE "ARGONAUT" SUBMERGED—A SCENE IN THE LIVING-ROOM.

On the left, Mr. Lake is seated; the steersman is in the centre. The feet of the lookout in the conning-tower can be seen on the ladder to the right.

"Oh, yes," said Jim, "we have all the modern conveniences. That's for telephoning to the main part of the boat when the diver's compartment is closed and we can't get through."

He also showed me a complex system of call bells, by means of which the man at the look-out could direct the engineer. "When we are down in unknown waters," he said, "we have a big electric search-light which points out the way."

From a Photograph.

CUTTING A CABLE BROUGHT UP THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE DIVER'S COMPARTMENT.

At that moment I felt a faint jolt, and Mr. Lake said that we were on the bottom of the sea. "The bottom here is very muddy," he said, "and we are only resting a few hundred pounds' weight on our wheels. By taking in or pumping out water, we can press downward like a locomotive or like a feather. Where we have good hard sand to run on, we use our wheels for driving the boat; but in mud like this, where there's nothing to get hold of, we make our propeller do the work."

Here we were running as comfortably along the bottom of Sandy Hook Bay as we would ride in a Broadway car, and with quite as much safety. Wilson, who was of a musical turn, was whistling "Down Went McGinty," and Mr. Lake, with his hands on the pilot-wheel, put in an occasional word about his marvellous invention. On the wall opposite, there was a row of dials which told automatically every fact about our condition that the most nervous of men could wish to know. One of them shows the pressure of air in the main compartment of the boat, another registers vacuum, and when both are at zero, Mr Lake knows that the pressure of the air is normal, the same as it is on the surface, and he tries to maintain it in this condition. There are also a cyclometer, not unlike those used on bicycles, to show how far the boat travels on its wheels; a depth gauge, which keeps us accurately informed as to the depth of the boat in the water, and a declension indicator. By the long finger of the declension dial we could tell whether we were going up hill or down. Once while we were out there was a sudden, sharp shock, the pointer leaped back, and then quivered steady again. Mr. Lake said that we had probably struck a bit of wreckage or an embankment, but the *Argonaut* was running so lightly that she had leaped up jauntily and slid over the obstruction.

Strange things has Mr. Lake discovered about the bottom of the sea. He has found that nearly all sea roads are level, a fact of great importance to sea-carriages like the *Argonaut*.

"People get the impression from the sea-bottom contours," he says, "that the ocean is filled with vast mountain ranges and deep valleys. As a matter of fact, these contours, in representing thousands of miles of width on a printed page, greatly exaggerate the depth, which at its greatest is only a few thousand feet, thus giving a very false idea. Some shores slope more than others, but I venture to say that there are few spots on the bottom of the Atlantic that would not be called level if they were bare of water."

We had been keeping our eyes on the depth dial, the most fascinating and interesting of any of the number. It showed that we were going down, down, down, literally down to the sea in a ship. When we had been submerged for more than an hour, and there was thirty feet of yellowish-green ocean over our heads, Mr. Lake suddenly ordered the machinery stopped. The clacking noises of the dynamo ceased, and the electric lights blinked out, leaving us at once in almost absolute darkness and silence. Before this, we had found it hard to realise that we were on the bottom of the ocean; now it came upon us suddenly, and not without a touch of awe. This absence of sound and light, this unchanging motionlessness and coolness, this absolute negation—this was the bottom of the sea. It lasted only a moment, but in that moment we realised acutely the meaning and joy of sunshine and moving winds, trees, and the world of men.

DIVER LEAVING THE "ARGONAUT" UNDER WATER.

The compartment from which the divers descend is heavily charged with compressed air to prevent the water from entering when the door is opened into the sea, the pressure being increased one atmosphere, or fifteen pounds, to the square inch for every thirty-five feet of descent below the surface.

A minute light twinkled out like a star, and then another and another, until the boat was bright again, and we knew that among the other wonders of this most astonishing of inventions there was storage electricity which would keep the boat illuminated for hours, without so much as a single turn of the dynamo. With the stopping of the engine, the air supply from above had ceased; but Mr. Lake laid his hand on the steel wall above us, where he said there was enough air compressed to last us all for two days, should anything happen. The possibility of "something happening" had been lurking in our minds ever since we started. "What if your engine should break down, so that you couldn't pump the water out of the water compartments?" I asked.

"Here we have hand-pumps," said Mr. Lake promptly; "and if those failed, a single touch of this lever would release

our iron keel, which weighs 4000 lb., and up we would go like a rocket."

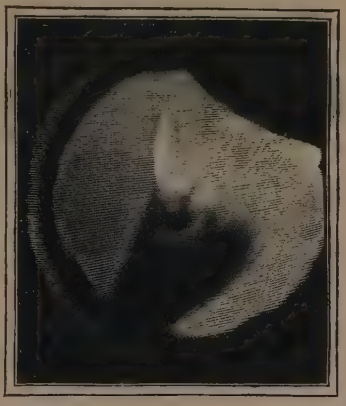
I questioned further, only to find that every imaginable contingency, and some that were not at all imaginable to the uninitiated, had been absolutely provided against by the genius of the inventor. And everything, from the gasoline engine to the hand-pump, was as compact and ingenious as the mechanism of a watch. Moreover, the boat was not crowded; we had plenty of room to move around and to sleep, if we wished, to say nothing of eating. As for eating, John had brought out the kerosine stove and was making coffee, while Jim cut the pumpkin pie.

"This isn't Delmonico's," said Jim; "but we 're serving a lunch that Delmonico's couldn't serve—a submarine lunch."

By this time the novelty was wearing off, and we sat there, at the bottom of the sea, drinking our coffee with as much unconcern as though we were in an uptown restaurant. For the first time since we started Mr. Lake sat down, and we had an opportunity of talking with him at leisure. He is a stout-shouldered, powerfully built man in the prime of life—a man of cool common-sense, a practical man, who is also an inventor. And he talks frankly and convincingly, and yet modestly, of his accomplishment.

"When I was ten years old," he said, "I read Jules Verne's 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea,' and I have been working on submarine boats ever since." At seventeen he invented a mechanical movement, at twenty he was selling a steering-gear which he had just patented. In 1894 he began to build his first submarine boat, the *Argonaut, Jun.*, and for more than four years he has been slowly perfecting, patenting, and financing his invention.

Having finished our lunch, Mr. Lake prepared to show us something about the practical operations of the *Argonaut*. It had been a good deal of mystery to us how workmen penned up in a submarine boat could expect to recover gold from wrecks in the water outside, or to place torpedoes, or to pick up cables.



FISH LOOKING IN AT THE WINDOW OF THE "ARGONAUT."

Both pictures are from photographs taken by Mr. Lake out of the forward look-out window of the "Argonaut," while she was running up the Patapsco River to Baltimore.

"We simply open the door, and the diver steps out on the bottom of the sea," Mr. Lake said, quite as if he was conveying the most ordinary information.

At first it seemed incredible, but Mr. Lake showed us the heavy, rivetted door in the bottom of the diver's compartment. Then he invited us inside with Wilson, who, besides being an engineer, is also an expert diver. The massive steel doors of the little room were closed and barred, and then Mr. Lake turned a cock, and the air rushed in under high pressure. At once our ears began to throb, and it seemed as if the drums would burst inward.

"Keep swallowing," said Wilson the diver.

As soon as we applied this remedy, the pain was relieved, but the general sensation of increased air pressure, while

exhilarating, was still most uncomfortable. The finger on the pressure dial kept creeping up and up, until it showed that the air pressure inside of the compartment was nearly equal to the water pressure without. Then Wilson opened a cock in the door. Instantly the water gushed in, and for a single instant we expected to be drowned there like rats in a trap.

"This is really very simple," Mr. Lake was saying calmly. "When the pressure within is the same as that without, no water can enter."

With that, Wilson dropped the iron door, and there was the water and the muddy bottom of the sea within touch of a man's hand. It was all easy enough to understand, and yet it seemed impossible, even as we saw it with our own eyes.

Mr. Lake stooped down and picked up a wooden rod having a sharp hook at the end. This he pulled along the bottom. "You see how easily we can pick up a cable and cut it," he said. "Why, we could crawl along from here and cut all the submarine cables and mine-wires connecting with New York in half a day, and no one ever would be the wiser. More than that, if the *Argonaut* had been at Santiago, we could have cleared the harbour of Spanish mines within forty-eight hours. Then we could have crept under the Spanish fleet, where our divers would have stepped out and deliberately set mines or even fastened torpedoes to the bottoms of the ships. When the work was done we could have backed away, until we were well out of reach of the effects of an explosion. And then, a connection of the wires, and Sampson would have been saved the trouble of smashing Cervera!"

Indeed, it seemed the simplest thing in the world. But the *Argonaut's* most serious work is in wrecking. Mr. Lake explained how difficult it is for divers to go down to

RESTING UNDER THE SEA.

From a flash-light photograph of the "Argonaut's" crew "turned in" in the living-room. The door in front opens into the air-lock, diver's room, and forward look-out compartment (see the longitudinal section). On the right is the telephone by which communication is had with the forward compartments when the diver's room is in use.

wrecks from the surface, owing to the great weight of air-tubing and life-line which they are compelled to drag and the unsteadiness of the attendants' boat. In great depths the diver cannot stay submerged more than an hour at most, and three-quarters of the time is frequently spent in getting up and down.

"You see we are at the bottom all the time," said Mr. Lake. "We just push our nose up into the wreck, the diver steps out with a short air-tube, and works right in the path of our search-light. He can come back in a minute for tools, or to rest, and go out again without delay, no matter how high the waves are running on the surface."

As we came up, Mr. Lake told us of his plan to build at once a 100-foot boat for practical work, the *Argonaut* being regarded more as an experiment.

We were now rising again to the surface, after being submerged for more than three hours. I climbed into the conning-tower and watched for the first glimpse of the sunlight. There was a sudden fluff of foam, the ragged edge of a wave, and then I saw, not more than a hundred feet away, a smack bound toward New York under full sail. Her rigging was full of men, gazing curiously in our direction, no doubt wondering what strange monster of the sea was coming forth for a breath of air.

THE "CAVIARE MAP," SHOWING THE MARINE DISASTERS OF THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS ON THE COAST OF DENMARK (JUTLAND).

This picture is a reproduction of a chart issued by the German Hydrographic Office, and styled from its peculiar appearance "Caviare Map." The black dots represent wrecks, accompanied by a sacrifice of life; the small circles those disasters at which no lives were lost. In the last fifteen years there have been, in the area represented, 8251 wrecks, especially on the western coast of Denmark, which is known as "the ships' cemetery."

THEIR PRISON-HOUSE.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

HE was pale-faced, round-shouldered, and anæmic, a creature obviously deficient in vitality, with the hall-mark of servitude stamped very clearly upon his commonplace features, and the patience of Job shining in his hollow-set brown eyes. In every respect he was entirely out of touch with his environment; one could only wonder what had brought him so far from his accustomed haunts. His shabby yet respectable black clothes, his well-frayed linen, and the ink-stains still lingering upon his finger-nails—these things bespoke his occupation as plainly as though he had stood there among the bracken with a ledger under his arm and a pen behind his ear.

For by some strange chance he had wandered far from the city, and found his way into a very world of sunshine; over his head it came streaming through the delicate interlacings of those gently waving green elm-leaves—a rich golden flood, warm, yet very soft and sweet, there in the deep shade. He had thrown himself, after a moment's silent absorption, upon a grassy bank; his limbs stretched out over the mossy earth, his recumbent form the very personification of absolute yet awkward ease. His eyes began slowly to blink and then to close: the murmurous drone of bees at work and the pleasant heat had made him sleepy. It was really the country into which he had roamed; there were birds and insects everywhere, as well as wild flowers and sunshine: the perfume-laden air was all alive with them. Just now a bumble-bee had balanced himself upon that stiff blade of grass yonder—hear him now, buzzing away in the bracken behind; what a lazy, sense-lulling noise! A brown tortoiseshell butterfly came floating in from the flower-lined hedgerow alongside the cornfield, and a beetle whose curved shell-like back was as black as night crept out from behind that piece of grey boulder where the honeysuckle hung down in long odoriferous wreaths. To one born in the country these are all common things enough, but to him, a city clerk, a counting-house machine whose life had been spent upon an office-stool, and whose walks were ever upon the stone pavements of a Babylonic wilderness—to him they were all new and full of wonder. It was many a year since he had seen an uncaged singing-bird so close as the bright-eyed linnet who had perched himself only a few yards away upon that slender hawthorn twig, calling with shrill, sweet notes to his mate, whose far-off chirping sounded like a weaker echo of his own more musical note. And what air—how bright and pure, how smokeless! Was the sky ever really so blue as that over Tooley Street, he wondered? Surely not! And those little fleecy, white clouds—surely they never floated like that over Bermondsey! Listen! There in his ears, like the soft music of the sea, came the gentle rushing of a summer breeze, rustling amongst the bending corn, whose tops were full even to bursting. His eyes closed of their own accord, he could not keep them open any longer; a sort of Nirvana of dreamless repose crept over his brain, a day-sleep from which he was suddenly awakened by the sharp snapping of a twig close at hand. He sat up, vaguely alarmed! Yonder, in the lowest fork of that elm-tree, sat the wanton disturber of

his drowsiness. It was—yes, he decided that it must be, a squirrel! He had never seen one before, but it could be nothing else. What bright little black eyes, and what a tail! Off he scampered up into the deeper recesses of the thick-leaved hazel-bush beyond. The man regretted his disappearance and sighed.

He was awake now and beginning to feel lonely. He drew out his watch, a time-worn Waterbury, with a little black cord attached, and he sighed. Surely she would not be long now! He was impatient to think that she should be losing, for his sake, one moment of this wonderful morning. Cooking! He was quite content to live without it for these few halcyon days; they would so soon be over, and then — God only knew when they would come again! For the door of his prison-house had been opened quite by chance; it was surely nothing but a whim of Mr. Rupert's to lend his uncle's clerk this little Surrey cottage and to insist upon a week's holiday for him! Good-natured! Of course it was good-natured; but, all the same, it was a whim. The man fell to wondering—wondering whence had come to him this unexpected kindness. For years Mr. Rupert, junior partner in the "firm," had barely answered his respectful "Good morning." What had made him carelessly and without explanation offer this strange kindness? The man's brain had grown misty through many years of mechanical work. There was something there—a thought without substance, or was it a fear? He

He sat up, vaguely alarmed! Yonder, in the lowest fork of that elm-tree, sat the wanton disturber of his drowsiness.

pressed his hand to his forehead and sighed.

He stood up to look for her, drawing in, as he clambered a few yards higher up the hillside, a long breath of that most delicate of perfumes—the scent of sun-warmed heather, carried on the bosom of a south wind. Yonder through the trees he could see purple streaks of it upon the downs, and here and there clumps of yellow gorse, stretching right to the borders of that dark belt of pine woods; it was all very beautiful.

Would she come soon, he wondered? He wanted her to see the squirrel, and to listen with him to that low music from the cornfield. He knew how she loved all these strange country sounds and sights, and he grudged every moment that she was not there with him enjoying them. What could she be doing, he wondered, to keep her so long; he sighed as he remembered what a conscientious pleasure she seemed to take in keeping that strange little thatched cottage, with its red tiles and queer diamond-framed windows, as clean and trim as she somehow managed to keep their six-roomed "villa" in Bermondsey! Only here there was something to reward her for her pains—their own little home, alas! at its best was miserably, depressingly ugly. A wave of bitterness rose up from the bottom of the man's heart: this touch of nature had done him the unkindness of loosening for a moment the bonds of his shackledom. The scales dropped from his eyes; he stood face to face with his misery, and thought of their home, his and hers. It was in a hot, dirty back street, close to the river, and opposite a piece of waste ground, where squalid children made a weary pretence at play, and where the filth and rubbish of generations seemed to have accumulated. Twenty-nine shillings a week will not go very far in London—and then there were debts to pay off. Never mind how they had come by them; they were honourable debts. If it had been only himself—well, he could have borne all this and more; for nature had given to him some touch of that marvellous unselfishness which sends many a man tottering through the world with a patience almost Christlike, and the burdens of other men heaped upon his bowed shoulders. But there was Edith! She had been used to different things. God had never meant her for a drudge! She read poetry—how he wished that he could understand it!—and she loved pretty things. Ah, if only he could get them for her! Sometimes he had seen her stand at the window of their little front room, and shiver from head to foot as she looked out across the filthy street to the desolation beyond. He wondered—what a black, chill thought!—had he sinned in marrying her? Had she understood how miserable a creature a city clerk is, and always must be, how hopeless his limitations, how slowly, shilling by shilling, his wages creep up, as his hair grows greyer, and his figure more bent? If God had only given him muscle instead of those wretched smatterings of brain power! He saw himself suddenly as he was, saw whither he was drifting—the decadence of his faint shadow of manhood, the closing in of the iron walls! There was a sob in his throat; it was a moment of rare revolt. God! what chance had he! The same little cycle of work day by day, the same walk to the office, the same walk back! The daily pitiful struggle for respectability with his rusty black clothes, patched and mended, and his hat ironed almost bare of all nap. Every day had been hammered into almost the exact similitude of the day that preceded and the day that followed it. Life and hope must narrow continually; it is habit which crushes. Did she understand these things, he wondered? God only knew! He wished pitifully that she would come; the music in the cornfields was growing fainter, and the squirrel had vanished from sight.

At last! He could see her white gown on the other side of the hedge. There was someone with her, a gentleman. It was Mr. Rupert! What was he doing away from his house full of guests, and—he was actually carrying their lunch, neatly done up in a brown paper parcel! The man rubbed his eyes—yes! it was quite

true — he was not dreaming! How earnestly they were talking, too! Now he had taken her book—it was a volume of poetry, and he was marking something in it with a pencil. The man took an uneasy step forward—should he go and meet them? No. He would stay where he was, he would be ill at ease with Mr. Rupert. They came nearer; she seemed to be quoting from the book in her hand, and he was silent. They reached the gate; again the man moved, then hesitated; he would not go, he would wait! They were talking as equals; it would be hateful to have to call Mr. Rupert "Sir" before her. They lingered there for a moment; he was leaning against the gate looking at her. How beautiful she was! He began to speak—how plainly the words travelled through that still air!

"I wonder, Mrs. Spearmain, if I might venture to make a very daring personal remark; it is half a question, too. Perhaps I should call it an enigma."

"I think that you had better not!"

The man scarcely recognised the woman's voice: it sounded to him strained, suppressed, unnatural! Her eyes seemed to be avoiding her companion's; she was looking steadfastly across the cornfields. What did she see upon the hills yonder? Perhaps she, too, was listening to that faint, sweet music.

"Nevertheless I must," he persisted quietly; "and I rely upon you for a faithful answer. Why did you marry David Spearmain?"

The summer heat had gone; the man who listened was suddenly cold! His brain was in a whirl; he wanted to cry out, but there was a weight upon his lips. He was forced to listen!

The woman faced her questioner; her head was thrown proudly back, but her lips were quivering, and she was very pale.

"That is a question which you should not have asked," she said coldly. "It is——"

"No business of mine, you would say," he interrupted impatiently. "Quite true! Yet answer me."

"I will not!" she murmured passionately.

He smiled down at her with a slow, curious smile.

"Then I am answered," he said. "I am content!"

She turned upon him, and to the man who listened her finger-nails appeared to be buried in the wood of the gate!

"I was penniless, alone, wretched! He nursed my father, he was good to me, he is always good to me! I—I love him!"

It seemed strange to him, a pale, scared figure standing like a ghost in the shadow of the elm-tree, that the sun was shining still so brightly. There was a cold weight upon his heart, a mist before his eyes: her voice had faltered in the middle of that last sentence!

"Forgive me," her companion said softly, "but it is not possible; you and he are of different worlds. He is a complete human automaton—a mere machine; he has neither ambition nor imagination—he has not the capacity for either. You have them both! You have education and sensibility; you were never meant for such a life with such a man! It is sapping your days away; in the end it would drive you mad—but the end will not come."

The rich, warm colour had flooded her cheeks; she drew a step farther away from him.

"What do you mean?" she faltered.

"I mean that you will leave him," he answered slowly. "It is inevitable; you cannot help it; you owe it to yourself. Nature never meant you to be a drudge!"

"There are worse things," she murmured.

Then he stooped down and whispered something in her ear, bending eagerly towards her, and with a sudden fire in his eyes.

She left him at once without a word; he remained there, vexed and irresolute. Her movement had been so quick and determined that he had been powerless to detain her. The man saw her coming towards him, and though her face was as pale as the white poppy which he had plucked a few moments before, there was a spot of colour burning in her cheeks and a strained look under her eyes. He stole farther away, back into the little

tangled wood, and threw himself upon the ground with a faint moan. Where he was now, the sound of the wind rustling amid the corn-tops came muffled and vague, and the sunlight was not. The linnet's song had ceased, and there was a deeper chill in the air than befitted a summer day. When she found him it seemed as though he had been asleep.

She was silent; so was he. Was it his fancy, or was she really kinder, more tender than usual? He tried to talk to her, but there was a seal upon his lips; he wanted to tell her of the squirrel, to take her down to the hedgerow and bid her listen to that sweet, sad music among the breeze-swept corn, to show her the linnet's nest, and to give her the honeysuckle he had plucked from the flower-wreathed hedge. But he could do none of these things, for he was stricken with a sudden dumbness, and there was a strange aching in his heart. There were things dawning upon him which he had never understood! Was that indeed his death sentence which he had heard pronounced? Presently she said something to him; she was looking away through the trees, and her tone was dull and unemotional.

"David," she said, "would you mind very much if I asked you to do something which will seem odd to you?"

"What is it?" he asked.

"I want to go back! I do not want to stay here any longer."

"We will go to-night," he answered quietly. "There is a train at six o'clock."

She looked at him in quick wonderment; she had expected incredulity, questions—he asked her none, he was content to go! All these beautiful sounds and sights, then, had failed to penetrate for one moment the hard husk of his materialism! Perhaps even he was pining for his worm-eaten desk and his musty ledger. Was it her fault that a shade of contempt passed across her face—that her own sense of despair grew deeper? But the man saw it, and his heart was near breaking.

* * * *

Bermondsey was very hot, and there was a fetid smell from the piled-up nastiness of that wretched plot of waste ground. He went back to his desk, back to the endless grapplings with endless columns of figures, back to his part in the building up of other men's fortunes. Day by day he left home at half-past eight to the moment, turned the same corners and crossed the same streets, looking even into the faces of the same crowd of hurrying fellow-creatures. His coat was a little more rusty, and the nap of his hat had quite gone now. Sometimes he fancied that there were more grey hairs too—only yesterday one of his fellow-slaves had alluded to a stoop which had lately bent his shoulders. He was still a reliable machine; he made no mistakes, and his work was as neat as ever. Only sometimes in the dinner-hour (he was permitted the privilege of eating his sandwich upon the counting-house stool) or in the dead of night, when the woman by his side slept, he allowed himself the strange luxury of thought. He looked out into the vague shadows of their bare little bed-chamber, and he fancied that he could hear the low rustling of a summer wind in the elm-tree tops, and feel the sun warming his bones and brightening up the whole sad world. He heard the chirping of linnets, the clear song of a distant lark, and the deep, low humming of a whole world of insects, making strange minor music in the sunlit air. The squirrel came out from his leafy chamber and talked to him like an old friend; a black-headed chaffinch sat on a hawthorn twig and sang him a little song. Then a city clock, loud-tongued and brazen, chimed the hour, and his fanciful world faded away before that grim note of reality. He fell back upon the pillow, with lips tightly pressed together, lest that smothered groan might wake the girl who slept so calmly by his side.

But for him there was no sleep; in those long watches of the night he sometimes forgot that he was only a machine, his heart swelled, his eyes were dim, and he knew the full measure of his slavery. Why did she marry such a creature? Did she see his destiny, he wondered, written so pitilessly upon his plain, emotionless

face, branded upon his speech, the hall-mark of his ignorance?

But when the daylight came he was himself again. With white face and leaden eyes he prepared for his daily slavery in the same slow, mechanical fashion. He made the usual remarks — he kept a little stock of them — and she answered him in the same spirit. But it was seldom that their eyes met, for the shadow was always there. She, too, he thought, seemed to be growing thinner; she read less poetry, she was always looking out with dull eyes upon a hopeless future; yet she was struggling bravely to do her duty. Every day there was a faint, wan smile, the usual inquiry as to the day's work, the weather, some other trifling word obviously prepared beforehand; and he answered her with rigid calm as he hung up his coat after carefully removing the dust from it, and exchanging it for a still shabbier garment. Sometimes they took a weary little walk, mostly on Sundays, along an endless succession of ugly streets, bounded by squalid houses, or dreary shuttered shops. There was no escape from their immediate environment, for he had no money for 'buses, and she was not strong enough to walk far. The pavements burned their feet, and their eyes were sore at the wilderness of bricks and mortar, the throngs of hideously dressed, ill-mannered neighbours, the utter absence of all things

She left him at once without a word; he remained there, vexed and irresolute.

beautiful. The whole panorama was a nightmare to them. They were deep down in the hell of the poverty-stricken, and together—the man thought sometimes in those long watches of the night—together they could never escape from it. He had no increase of salary to hope for; if he had dared to ask for it there were hundreds clamouring for his bread. He would be lucky, as old age came on, if he could keep his place. For him there was no climbing out—no escape. But for her! How long would she suffer it? God only knew! Sometimes he thought that he must cry out and ask her, but the shadow was there, and he dared not. They were walking together within its dark folds, and his tongue was palsied.

Now and then, very seldom, for he was a great sportsman, Rupert Denning came to the office. He passed the white, stooping figure who never looked up at his entrance with a greeting half-contemptuous, half-pitying! Once, however, he called him into his private office. It was a day when the man was feeling worse even than usual. All night long he had lain awake, and this morning there was a livid shade in his face, and his eyes were leaden. His collar was more badly frayed than ever, and his shirt—he was bound to make it last three days—was very soiled. With his block in his hand, he took down rapidly, and without error, a letter from the young man's dictation. In the midst of it there came a pause. After a while he raised his eyes; Mr. Rupert was doing him the honour to observe him closely, his lips were slightly curled, his eyes spoke of that pity which is much akin to contempt. The clerk knew well of what his master was thinking: he was wondering what magic he, the poor machine, had used to win a lady for his wife. Ah! well, it was simple magic after all. He had nursed her dying father; night after night they two had sat with him alone, watching and tending him through an illness from the fear of which all the neighbours had fled away in horror. His savings for five years had gone to bury that poor old man—a stranger, a fellow-lodger by chance. And there were other matters, but they were not important. Rupert Denning knew of none of these things, and he might well wonder. The eyes of the two men met across the table. He was a man of the modern world, devoted to the acquisition of new sensations, absolutely without self-consciousness. The light in a poor clerk's eyes had no meaning for him; yet he was dimly made to feel the presence of something almost resembling dignity in that motionless, shadowy figure, waiting so patiently at his elbow. He coughed, and finished the dictation of his letter.

That night the man walked home a little more slowly than usual. There was a burning pain in his head, and strange lights before his eyes. He said nothing to the woman, and they went to their room at the customary hour. But while she slept a strange thing came to him. He raised himself in the bed. Ah, what a change! It was true, then! He listened. Yes, the sea-music was awake in the cornfield, and the whole world outside the wood where he was lying was flooded with the golden sunlight! He laughed softly to himself with joy. See, there was a shaft of it, right at his feet, across the brown ant-heap and that little clump of purple foxglove! How the bees were working round the honeysuckle: the air was quivering with the buzz of their wings! He was watching a beetle now; he was a dull, unlovely insect enough, but he was creeping towards that line of sunlight. Now he had reached it. What a mighty change! How his wings gleamed! They were like burnished copper; he had suddenly become a beautiful thing! And here came his friend the squirrel! He had found some nuts in a hazel-bush yonder; but why, the man wondered, holding his burning head and staring steadily in front of him, was he sitting at the foot of the bed? and why did he look so solemn? What was that through the trees? The gleam of a white dress—two figures! He listened to their voices! What was he asking her?

"Why did you marry him?"

The man moaned; there was a pain at his heart. He was on fire! What was he

From a Photo. by Downey.

Yours truly
Edna. May.

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doing? He would wake Edith; he could not help it, the laughter would come! He waved his arms. Noble little linnet, sing away, sing away! If only he could catch that squirrel, Edith would like it so! She was out of bed now. She was trying to make him lie down; it was too bad, but he could not help laughing; how his sides ached! Her face was as white as death: she was frightened. What was she saying at the gate? A machine — a mere machine—that is what he was! Never mind, the fires were in his brain. He was free, free!

* * * *

Once more their voices! The man was too weak to move. He lay still and looked out into the room; Rupert Denning was standing in the doorway with a great basket of flowers and a box under his arm. She had risen and was looking at him with a question in her face. The man heard his soft, pleasant voice.

"I do hope that you will not consider me an intruder, Mrs. Spearmain," he said. "We are all so glad to hear that the doctor gives you some hope after all. May I come in for a moment?"

She did not answer him at once, but he came in and closed the door after him.

"You are quite worn out," he continued, looking at her tenderly. "It is really too bad of you! I insist that you let me send you a nurse; it will be a pleasure to me to be allowed to serve you in any way."

The woman rose up and spoke.

"I thank you, Mr. Denning, but no one else shall nurse my husband."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It must be as you will, of course! At least you will accept some flowers from me, and these grapes."

"I am very much obliged," she answered, "but I already have all the flowers the doctor will permit in the room, and plenty of fruit."

The sick man slowly turned his eyes, the table by his side was smothered with beautiful roses; one great red blossom had become detached and was lying upon his pillow. There was a bowl, too, full of such grapes as he had never seen before. He was bewildered; where did they come from if not from *him?* He, too, had seen them with surprise.

"You are very hard upon me," he said slowly; "why do you keep up such a farce? I only desire your happiness! To give you pleasure, to atone for some of your past misery is my greatest ambition."

The man closed his eyes; the smothered groan which escaped from his lips was too faint a sound for them to hear.

"The only possible manner," the woman said, "in which you can further my happiness is to never let me see your face again. But before you go, listen! If he had died, you and your partner would have been his murderers. There are things in this world which I do not understand. People seem to accept them calmly, so I suppose they are what is called inevitable. But in God's world they will be righted somehow! You see what you have made of him! He is a human being, a better man than you, and he has as much right to live. You reap wealth from his labours and the labour of his fellows, and you keep him—like that—half-starved. While you are making a fortune you raise his salary grudgingly, shilling by shilling. You broke him upon the wheel! Oh, it is abominable!"

He listened to her quite unmoved.

"He had as much as he was worth; there are thousands who would have taken his place."

"Some day," she answered scornfully, "those thousands may be your judges! What is wrong I do not know. I have not thought of these things before, and I am an ignorant woman! But if there is a God of justice, there will be a balance struck some day between you and them."

"Edith!"

She stopped him passionately.

"Oh, don't dare to call me by that name! Once for five minutes I let you talk to me foolishly. God knows I meant no harm! If he had died, I should have felt a murderess, for he overheard, and he said nothing. It is that and the misery of our life here which drove him mad. I have wronged him every moment. When I thought that he was content, and despised him for it, he was suffering cruelly. You

gave him — what was it?—twenty-nine shillings a week? He let me think it was more; he starved himself day by day for my sake. Oh! he has been a hero, and I thank God that he will never darken your doors again."

He laughed unpleasantly as he prepared to go.

"No one else will want him!"

The woman lifted up her head proudly.

"I shall want him! I could cry with joy when I think that at last I can repay a little a devotion which rich men such as you could never understand. I have been left money—not a fortune, but enough to keep us, wherever we choose to live."

He looked at her thoughtfully. She was thin and haggard, but she was wonderfully beautiful.

"You are romantic," he said, "but you cannot make him anything save what he is; you can never be happy with him!"

Then the man who lay upon the bed saw that she was trembling from head to foot with passion. Her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes flashed fire.

"Oh, you poor fool!" she cried, "haven't you the wit to see that I love him—that I have loved him all the time! Now go!"

And with that he went; and the woman, coming softly to the bedside, found the man's eyes open, and knew that he had been spared to her. She fell on her knees, and his thin wasted arms drew her face down to his; and in that moment the doors of their prison-house stood open!

In that moment the doors of their prison-house stood open.

THE EARNING OF WAGES

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

TO commence the story in orthodox fashion, since orthodoxy was at least the outward foible of the age: once upon a time a worthy man dwelt on a certain spur of the Apennines some ten miles north of Pistoja.

Knowing himself and his neighbours well, and how that at times a modesty of concealment is a cardinal error, he had stripped the pine-trees and underbrush from his stretch of native rock, and thus, like a worthy, honest man, laid his house bare to view for a good furlong in every direction. By this same frankness of display he removed the temptation to violence which shelter for attack might suggest to possible enemies, thus maintaining the moral law and living his life in comparative peace.

These were troublous times in the Grand Duchy (as when, indeed, were the times not troublous?), for Cosimo de' Medici, not content with his Sienese wars, must needs fall under the shadow of Paul the Fourth; and Giovanni Pietro Caraffa did not wear the tiara for nothing, nor wield the power of the Church to be baited even by a Medici. Troublous times, when a man had to look to himself if he desired a whole skin; and so it behoved Messer Ridolfo Passani not alone to cool the solicitude of foes without, but also to provide a fitting and generous reception for such as in their zeal crossed that bare space which lay between Castel Enzo and the pine-wood. Hence the presence of, among others, Signor Lorenzo Crappoli, a gentleman by instinct, a soldier by practice, a bravo for hire, a cut-throat at so many florins a year, and a genial and entirely unscrupulous scoundrel. Let us not be too severe on Messer Ridolfo for resorting to such questionable defence. What was common policy for the lords of Tuscany was surely right for a poor gentleman harassed by many who either misliked his foibles, or would fain have added Castel Enzo to their possessions.

Intercourse and a common danger beget familiarity. Familiarity and respect for what in those days were alone worthy of respect—hardihood, skill, and cunning—beget friendship. Friendship and faith, under the pressure of that common danger which at the first begot familiarity, soon consolidate into love; and so it came that bravo and master, plotter and assassin, rascal semi-plebeian and rascal wholly aristocratic, were bound together by ties stronger than any blood-brotherhood.

Nor let us be too stern in our judgment of Signor Lorenzo, since in all ages the crimes of men are rather the product of the times they live in than of wilful evil in the individual. Then, as now, men were as their fellows and the law moulded them; and if Signor Lorenzo devoured society, it was only your Milton's allegory of offspring and parent anticipated.

Then, as now, a man must live, nor can it be expected of him that he shall have a nicer sense of honour than has his age. If Law stepped from her pedestal to roll in mire, what marvel that Lorenzo and his like set up their own code in her place, or, turning to the gutter, rolled in the dirt with her?

As for the man himself, he had known war almost from his cradle. As a lad he had walked the battered streets of sullen Florence these many weary months, when not even the genius of a Michael Angelo

could keep confederate tyranny outside the walls. The school of internecine strife, which was then the school of all Italy, ripened soldiers early, and when, campaigns, such an enormous reward as four thousand golden florins and an annual pension of a hundred more in perpetuity! Roguery paid better than honesty, and had

He had but stood outside the window and kept watch.

seven years later, the assassination of Alessandro Medici threw the Duchy into a ferment, Lorenzo found his youth no barrier to active service.

Thenceforward for half a score of years he was a soldier of fortune, frankly selling his sword to the highest bidder, and caring no jot whether the cause were just or villainous, but all in the game of open warfare. Then came the Grand Duke's tardy vengeance on the murderer of his cousin, assassination revenged by assassination, and dignified by pardon and reward; and Lorenzo, realising the greatness of the new profession, promptly flung aside the official service of arms for the higher pay and equal honour of the bravo.

Why not? Since by neither labour, skill, nor courage could a poor soldier of fortune hope to reap, even in a score of the hall-mark of ducal sanction to boot! Truly 'twas "A most honourable thing to thrive by dirty ways," and thus accordingly Signor Lorenzo throve, falling not a hair's-breadth in any man's estimation.

Naught came amiss, provided good pay was linked to a reasonable prospect of escape from summary hanging. Risks by bullet and sword were his common merchandise, and these he cheerfully bartered at a sliding scale according to the degree of danger; even at times going beyond his bond and facing possibilities of the illegal noose and a wayside oak-limb. The legal hanging by process of justice he feared not at all, trusting to his mother wit and the protection of his patron of the day to keep on the sunny side of the law.

So passed six or eight years, until the

urgent needs of worthy Messer Ridolfo Passani afforded full occupation and a permanent employment. These needs had, at the first, been those of aggression; but success having crowned their efforts, they were now chiefly of watchfulness and defence, so that Messer Passani might hold what Signor Crappoli had won.

When these two honest gentlemen had first made acquaintance, no less than four lives had stood betwixt Messer Ridolfo Passani and a much-coveted inheritance; an unconscionable number! Now, thanks to united efforts, and a skilful guidance of events in which they themselves had played the dual part of murder and Providence, the succession was attained, and the one object left to the fortunate heir was to see that no similar duality of Providences overtook himself.

To that end he had secluded himself in Castel Enzo with Signor Lorenzo and others of his tribe as companions. A lonely life enough, and a poor reward, it would seem, for so much toil, though the past, indeed, may have afforded ample food for daily meditation. Meditation, let us suppose, of that morning spent by the curve of the forest road as it bends before dropping down the hill to Casamandi. Br-r-rh! What a morning it was! Cold for April, for all that the anemones were fading in the woods. Who would have dreamed that the old man had so much life in him? In the end he would have escaped, but for those two huge pines so aptly thrown across the path. They were Lorenzo's thought—a rare fellow Lorenzo, and with his wits well about him, and his the hand, too, that—— Well, well, the Podestâ of Casamandi said bandits had been abroad, and, doubtless, he knew best, for reasons which might be reckoned in two columns of figures.

Three lives alone then remained. Three lives! and yet without friends and stout hearts three were as good as three hundred. Friends to Ridolfo Passani, that is, and stout hearts which Ridolfo Passani hired. That other, the next life which fell in; hum!

It was Lorenzo's hand which had stifled the frail life with the dainty pillow torn from under the head of the sleeping boy.

yes, that was a black business truly, and in it Lorenzo was much to blame. It may be that such things look worse by lamplight and in cold blood than under the sunshine with a long blade in your hand. Ay, that may be, but Lorenzo was also in fault: he should have been swifter, surer; then she had not clung to him; and when she did, he should have thrust, not struck. A soldier should know a stroke at such short distance was no sure blow. As for himself, he had but stood outside the window and kept watch; and, therefore, of course, none of that trail of blood which splashed the floor in such hideous, grotesque fashion, lay upon him. So there were then only two lives barring his path.

The third. Ah, that was easy: an infant of six months. Here, again, it was Lorenzo's hand which had stifled the frail life with the dainty pillow torn from under the head of the sleeping boy. Lorenzo's hand—always Lorenzo; pest upon it! Lorenzo had done overmuch; truly a time might come when such a debt could only be paid as debts, whether of honour, gratitude, or hard cash, were often paid in those days—by a dagger-thrust in the throat. Meanwhile, Lorenzo had his uses, and he certainly had had his uses in that last event, which opened the succession to the inheritance. There, again, it was Lorenzo's hand, and, mused Messer Ridolfo Passani in the secret of his thoughts, well was it for him that Lorenzo Crappoli had at all times a strong arm and a sure eye.

That youth, who at the last stood betwixt him and his inheritance, was shrewder and more cunning of fence than they had thought. Who would have dreamed of those seven gentlemen cutthroats posted in that angle of the courtyard? No one, truly—not even Lorenzo! And so, small wonder if his claim to the succession and his life had come to an end at the one moment!

Such a thing seemed like enough when those seven closed in behind while he had but Lorenzo and two others to face their onslaught and that of young Luca Leoni to boot! Four to one seems fair odds when the four are on the right side; eight to four at the best is but a cowardly trap when the eight are against you. The two, what were their names?—Babbi? Birri?—by Saint Francis, but a bad memory was a sore trial. What matters a name? They were brave lads enough, and killed their man apiece before they pitched face foremost on the floor. Even then, and Messer Passani remembered it with a spasm of gratitude, they had rolled from under his feet in the last agony, and so left Lorenzo and him to fight it out unhindered. Ay, good men both—a pity their names were forgotten! After all, it was Lorenzo who did the work. Not alone by skill in cut and thrust—though there he was matchless—but also by many a watchful parry of a stroke which, but for his quick eye and ready intervention, would have left the inheritance of small account.

Then came the end—these seven piled in a rude heap in that shambles of a room, and young Luca, still untouched, left to fight it out.

Curious how Lorenzo's trick of soldiery and untimely notions of honour flash out. Two to one were fair odds, seeing the one was Luca; but it was he, Lorenzo, who then wiped his sword and stood aside, saying—

"The duello, Signors; the duello. I leave the field to you; kinsman to kinsman makes pretty play." And so left him to face Luca alone. Ay, that must not be forgotten when the debtor side of the account against Lorenzo is cast up, as it is clear some of these days it must.

Yet at the last he remembered his duty, and did it. For when that slip on the bloody floor opened the way for young Luca to thrust, it was Lorenzo's sword that slid between and had him through the heart in a twinkling. Yet he did it with a bad grace, and when he had laid the lad by the shadow of the wall he cursed himself for fifteen minutes by the dial thereafter. Ay, truly the debt was a heavy one, a good thing that quittance was no hard thing to gain, but not yet—no, not yet. To win inheritance was one thing, to hold another. Luca Leoni was no outcast to be left unavenged, and there were rumours that his mother's brothers had made the blood-feud their own. If that were so

Then came the end. There stood poked up a rude harp of that shape of [illegible] and very [illegible] not unlike, if it be fit to put

Lorenzo nor the rest of his fellows would grow fat in idleness. Pleasant meditations, truly, and with wide possibilities of range!

So there you have the two worthy gentlemen, Messer Ridolfo Passani and Signor Lorenzo Crappoli, in their stronghold of Castel Enzo, on the cleared spur of the hillside, at the very hour when below in the pines the avengers of Luca Leoni held their final council.

"Thus and thus it shall be; we three and you eight with a dash to the shelter of the porch by the great door. First the few to draw fire, then the more when the barrels are empty. A bullet is nothing new, and is the fair chance of the fray, though at the worst the risk is but small since they dream not of our coming, and with them cold steel lies truer to their hand than powder and ball. You five skirt round yonder by the fringe of the wood, swiftly and yet without noise; and lie in wait, lest the wolf seek to break cover backwards. Ready? Ay! now, as a last word mind ye this one and all: come life, come death, see to it that Ridolfo Passani escape not! He is the soul of all things, the rest are but hands and feet; so see to it that he tastes death, though every other scoundrel man of them, all, even Crappoli, the woman-slayer himself, slips through your fingers."

Thus it came that Messer Passani's hardly earned peace was broken one fine September day by a knocking at his oaken door that shook six swords out of their scabbards, and rattled as many poniards loose in their sheaths.

After all, the surprise was only partial. Such worthy gentlemen do not leave details until details are too late. By such forgetfulness in others, the heir had climbed into his possessions; and even though he had been lax in discipline, Signor Lorenzo had too great a respect for the continuity of his windpipe to be caught napping. So at the first crashing blow dealt with pole-axe on the stout staves, there was a flinging aside of wine-cup and dice-box, and the noble patron with his five honest cut-throats stood prepared for battle.

Promptly, as by right of genius and experience, Lorenzo Crappoli took command and set his forces in array.

"You three there in the passage to the inner court; 'tis narrow, and in such a place three are a match for a score where there is no arquebuss to fear, nor even pistolet, as I think, since echoes carry far from a house of gold, and the Podestâ of Casamandi is on our side. You, Martino, back there by the doorway with yonder stout cabinet flung sideways—so—as barricade. Eighteen or twenty inches of a passage-way that these good fellows there may slip through if hard pressed, thus—ay! there you have it—sound defence, and yet an open line of retreat. Cosimo himself never planned better. Come, now; we might stand siege for a month had we only a relief to let us sleep o' nights. You, Messire, and I in there beyond. Not that we fear the dogs, but it is well not to put the quarry in the forefront. Hum! it will be warm work, and that presently; the devil 's in them for fury. See, there is daylight through that panel already, for all its depth of oak. By St. Margaret, there's a dozen of them! We must have gone up in the market, Messire, to have so many bidding for our lives; and were it not shame to leave these good fellows in the lurch, I 'd say the woods will smell sweeter than a smoked house. Woods! Bah! I talk like a fool; there are no woods for us. A dozen in front means half as many behind if they 've a tithe the wit I credit them with. 'Honest fight 's the best,' said the rat when the cat held him pent in a corner, and his hole stopped!

"See — another panel gone! Truly, they have less wit than I thought. One little pistol-shot had blown the lock to pieces, and made less noise than half their battering; besides, to save time is ever worth a risk. Ha, it trembles, it trembles; and yet your locksmith was a worthy man and used good steel.

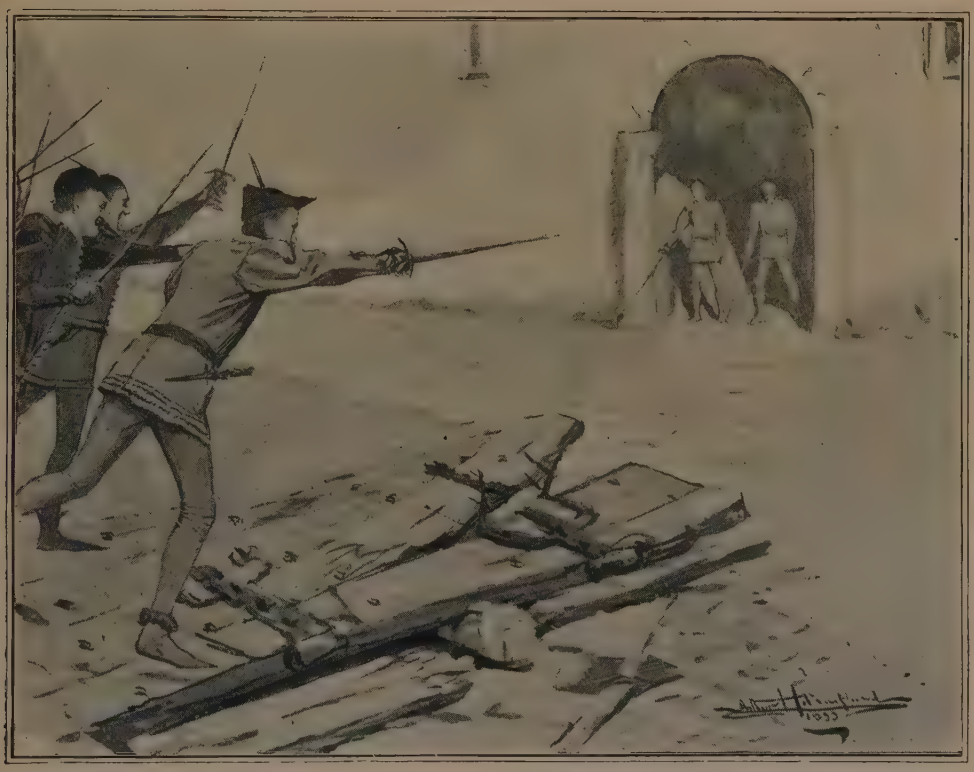
"What 's that you say? Why chatter so much? Drunken men are ever garrulous, Messire; and flying splinters, cold steel, and the thought of what 's to come heat my blood more than would six

of your oldest flagons. Drunk! Faith, the saints send we be all drunk with the same fury! Let me talk, Messire, let me talk! Wit flashes with the clap o' the tongue; a silent mouth is ever a slow brain, and if I know aught of warfare we have need of all our wit, and maybe more.

"There was a blow for you! If the arm that struck it has sword-skill to match its strength, then may the saints—but there! cries enough, cries enough, we'll not howl out till they hurt us, and it may be that in sword-grips with the foremost rush of the invaders.

Here came in Lorenzo Crappoli's strategy, for the very number of the attacking party hindered their success, while the three points of the defenders' steel barred the way as effectively as thrice their number.

Through the din of scuffling feet and clashing swords the voice of the bravo never ceased its encouragement and admonition, while every stroke that told



The oaken door had at length given way, and had tumbled backwards flat upon the floor.

skill of fence is not all on the one side. Poof! There was a crash! Luigi, Luigi, calm, man, calm! Oh, would to the Lord I was there in the forefront! — a clean thrust, Rinaldo, clean and straight in the throat; let him cough an he will, the odds are less by one."

The oaken door had at length given way, and had tumbled backwards flat upon the floor; and in a flash of thought the three men of the first line of defence were for victory was hailed with a shout which stirred anew the wearying vigour of the defence. A gash across Luigi's left shoulder was poor compensation for two of their party rolled on the floor, and for a moment the attack cooled as the avengers retired once more to the doorway. But only for a moment. Then the three in command, striding to the front, charged with a rush, and by very weight overbore opposition. Amid the labour of deep

breath, cries stifled in their birth, and long-drawn sobs of irrepressible pain, the furious stress of onslaught carried the defence, brushing it aside by sheer force of sustained pressure. Not without loss, since Rinaldo and Michele claimed equal toll for their own lives before their end came, and Luigi had struck down the third of the leaders ere the voice of the bravo overtopped the din, bidding him retreat. Luigi was prompt to obey. With one furious circular sword-sweep he held his three foremost opponents a single moment at bay, even driving them half a pace back; then turning, he dashed for the narrow passage left open for escape. With as swift a dash the six were at his heels, and before the fugitive could pass the barrier three swords at least had struck home, pinning him to the wall.

The odds were still heavy, six to three; though of the six not one was scatheless, and their leaders lay behind them in the passage-way, while the three were whole-skinned and unbreathed. Alas for the second line of defence; a lunge, a parry, a thrust in carte, well saved, and a swift return in tierce drove three inches of steel clear out through Martino's back and flung him in a heap, gasping the bloody froth from mouth and nostrils. As many seconds as there were inches of their steel, and the barrier was flung aside, the heart of the citadel carried, and at last Lorenzo had his wish and was full in the forefront of the fight.

No breath now for words. Six to two and six again outside claimed every gasp in the body, but his thoughts were busy as, shoulder to shoulder with Ridolfo, he stood at bay in the corner of the court. But there was leisure for pause in the attack, and the six hung by the doorway a brief space, panting hard, as men must who have strained muscle and nerve in such deadly work; and as he scanned their faces and saw them strange, Lorenzo's brain was on fire with a new thought.

Messer Ridolfo Passani thrust his sword well down into its sheath and strode from his good house of Castel Enzo free.

Never yet had he been outwitted in plot or act, nor would he now. Ridolfo was their game, and by Saint Margaret, Ridolfo they should not have; and as his plan took shape the six bestirred themselves.

"Come," said one, drawing a mighty breath as he spoke; "come, make ready and finish lest we stiffen. The wolf and

"Fools! Where is Fassam?"

his jackal must lap their share of this day's blood."

"Hark you!" cried out Lorenzo. "Ye are six and we are two, but ye are outworn and wounded, and we have our lives whole in us and are not yet breathed. I grant ye have the odds, but the odds are none so great, and if I know myself, at least some three or four of you will go to fill the tale of the day's work. No boast, Signors, but sheer truth, and ye know it. How many florins to close the business? Hard money and whole skins are better pay than six feet of land, though ye hold it to doom's-crack."

Then the one who had bidden his fellows make ready and finish shook himself, shoulders and arms, as a man does who tries sinew and muscle ere he puts them to the strain, and answered: "See you, Messire Ridolfo, we are no thieves, but honest fighting men. Let this business be over honourably, and we will slit whose throat you will, and so earn your florins. For to-day we serve Luca Leoni's uncles, and serve them none the less that they lie dead in yonder passage-way. Come, and let us make an end of this."

At the answer, Signor Lorenzo swore softly under his breath so that none but Ridolfo Passani might hear, then muttered that "That truly was a man, and he himself in like case would have said no less." Whereat his master vowed in his heart that if Our Lady of Succour but got him out of that scrape, Lorenzo Crappoli should have but a short shrift for his presuming ways, and even as the vow took form Lorenzo was at speech again.

"Well, look you," he said, "give me one grace, and a grace to your own making. 'Tis me you seek—me; therefore let this other go. By this you gain, say, two lives out of the four you would presently lose, seeing that Lorenzo Crappoli is the surest blade within fifty miles of Castel Enzo. If you trap the wolf what matter that the jackal goes free; and is he not, in a manner, of your own kind? Nay, on the faith of a gentleman, there is no snare, as ye think. What snare can there be? Go, one of you, to the window and clear a passage for him through the ambush doubtless hid there in the wood. He has served me well, even as ye your masters this day, and I would not have his blood on my head."

For a brief space the six whispered in the doorway then spoke out: "Messer Ridolfo, your soul is not, as we think, far from your God; do you swear there is no snare in this thing?"

And Lorenzo answered back: "Nay, no snare, but to save the man's life. Mine, as I know well, is forfeit, unless I kill you six and after that the six there beyond."

"To be honest with you," said the other, "there are but five beyond. We take your offer, seeing it is you we seek, and had you fallen first in the fight the rest had gone scatheless for aught of our concern."

Thus it came about that presently Messer Ridolfo Passani thrust his sword well down into its sheath and strode from his good house of Castel Enzo free; while Lorenzo Crappoli stood his ground with a smile on his face, fronting the six from the surest corner of the courtyard.

Not hard to foretell the end, since no one man, save in a romance, can face six good swordsmen and come off victor. Yet for eight full minutes he held them in check by a marvel of sword-play, the like of which none there had seen before, and made good his prophecy that two at least of them should pass before him into the Black Valley. It may be that a third had been added, for Lorenzo was in high humour; but in an overdaring thrust his foot slipped and a stout blade was through his lungs ere he could recover.

Then, as the four stood round him panting, there fell a silence; and through the silence came the scrape and rustle of a body dragging itself heavily over the passage floor, and through the doorway a ghastly face, smeared to the eyes in blood, looked in. It was Leoni's uncle, stricken to the death.

"Lift him up," he said, "that I may see him as I die.... Fools! where is Passani?"

Lorenzo Crappoli opened his eyes for the last time. "Ho, ho, ho!" he gasped. "Tricked, Messire — tricked, by Saint Margaret!"

STAGE CHILDREN.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

LEADING LITTLE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES OF THE DAY.

AS everyone familiar with theatrical biography well knows, many a distinguished stage career has begun almost in infancy. At the age of ten Miss Ellen Terry played the parts of Mamillius in "A Winter's Tale" and Prince Arthur in "King John," Mrs. Kendal counted even fewer years when first appearing on the boards of the old Marylebone Theatre, whilst Lady Bancroft was widely known to provincial playgoers under the name of Marie Wilton ere she had entered her teens. Many such examples could be given—of well-known actresses, that is. The eminent actor whose histrionic record begins with his boyhood is, it must be admitted, the exception rather than the rule.

Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

MASTER ROBERT BOTTOMLEY.

Who are the coming Terrys, Kendals, and Bancrofts on the stage to-day? A little inquiry satisfies one that there is no lack of little girls who most probably rival the childish performances of the celebrated actresses bearing these names. As regards the youthful Roscius, things seem pretty much as they were. While the name of the little actress is legion, the boy-actor is quite a *rara avis*. The *Stage* recently had some discussion on the question why boys' parts on the stage were almost invariably taken by little girls. One reason given was the invincible prejudice of managers in favour of an old tradition; another was the slower intelligence and smaller sensibility of the boy as compared with the girl. To these reasons may probably be added the greater stress apt to be laid by parents and guardians on the educational necessities of the one as compared with the other.

In at least one case all three reasons have been triumphantly refuted. I refer to Master Robert Bottomley, whose performance in "One Summer's Day" eighteen months ago made his name as well as a large part of the success of Mr. H. V. Esmond's river-side comedy. His creation of the Urchin proved him to be a born actor, although it was based upon two or three years' previous experience of the stage. Robert was to have made his début at the age of eight in Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Tempter," under the management of Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's.

But at the last moment the part of the Devil's child, which he was to have impersonated, was cut out of the play, to the no small disappointment of the little boy, who had so thoroughly enjoyed the rehearsals. Much impressed by the cleverness he had shown, Mr. Alexander consoled Master Robert by promising to give him the first offer of all child-parts at the St. James's, and, in accordance with this promise, he is included in the cast of the forthcoming production, "In the Days of Old."

With his great talent for comedy Master Bottomley combines a singing voice of rare quality in one so young. It was to this that he owed his first engagement, which was for the Covent Garden opera season in 1894. The late Sir Augustus Harris heard of him as a chorister at the Brompton Oratory, and had him "coached" by Mr. Stedman for the Boy Captain in "Carmen" and other operatic rôles. As the Boy Captain, Master Robert was privileged at this early age to sing before the Queen at Windsor, and by the end of the season he was a favourite both before and behind the curtain. He then joined Ben Greet's touring company to play Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and a delightful Puck by all accounts he was. Mr. Louis Calvert next got him to play

Photo. by Kathaly.

MASTER GARNET VAYNE AS KATIE.

Fleance in "Macbeth" at several provincial centres, a character in which Master Robert won commendation from the London critics last autumn when Mr. Robertson revived the tragedy at the Lyceum.

As many who saw "One Summer's Day" at the Comedy Theatre must have suspected, the part of the Urchin was specially designed for Master Bottomley by Mr. Esmond. It may be supposed, too, that Sutton Vane had him in his mind when he introduced the queer little *gamin* Goliah into his play "The Crystal Globe" at the Princess's last winter; certainly Master Bottomley's drollery in the part was one of the most attractive features in that rather gruesome drama. Altogether, at the age of twelve he has "created" five new characters, and it is not his fault if the Urchin is the only one which has any promise of life. He was the boy hero in Alfred Calmour's "Frolicsome Fanny," Mrs. Saker's "A Sinless Sinner," and Miss E. White's "The Ambitious Mrs. Moresby," all three plays being produced

Photo. by Warwick Brookes.

MISS DORRIE HARRIS AS SUZANNE IN "A MAN'S SHADOW."

at matinées during the last two years. It goes almost without saying that Master Robert has thus early developed a very quick study. He has had the advantage of assistance in preparing his parts from his brother Roland, once a "boy soprano" and now a promising actor on the "legitimate" stage. Miss Edith Bottomley, who has had more than one part in the same play with him, has also given the little boy every care and encouragement. The trio are the first generation of what may prove to be a distinguished family in the aristocracy of the stage.

In one instance, at least, the little boys have had their revenge upon the little girls who take so many of the boy parts. This was achieved in the person of Master Garnet Vayne, who at the end of 1897 "created" the rôle of Katie, in "How London Lives," at the Princess's. A fair little fellow, with long, curly locks, and described on the programme, as "Little Garnet Vayne," few people in front realised that a boy was playing the part. He happened to be chosen for this part of a sick child because he was much paler than his sister Isla, and has since appeared as the baby apparition in the Lyceum "Macbeth" and the Cheshire Cat in "Alice in Wonderland," a range of characters during a few months which indicate some versatility in a nine-year-old youngster. Garnet is the youngest of quite a family of little players: there are Isla, who has played the child in "East Lynne" on three provincial tours; Fay, whose stage experience has extended as far as South Africa; and Errol, whose most successful performance has been Dick the waif, in "Human Nature."

In this article I should have had much to say about Master Stuart Dawson, whose appearance in "The Holly-Tree Inn" many playgoers will remember, but for the fact that the little fellow has retired from the stage to the more prosaic environment of the Bluecoat School, and that it is not intended that he should return to the profession in which he promised to succeed so brilliantly, such

Photo. by Langfier.

THE SISTERS HARRIS IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

being the wish of his father, who was himself an actor. On the other hand, the little lady—Miss Valli Valli—who was Master Stuart's sweetheart in this charming Dickens play, continues her victorious career. At this time of writing she is giving a true school-girlish touch to Mr.

Photo. by Lallie Garet-Charles.

THE VALLI SISTERS.

John Hare's revival of "School" at the Garrick.

Valli is the stage surname of two clever little sisters, Valli being also the Christian name of the one, and Lulu of the other. Lulu is three years older than Valli, who is only nine, but both children "came out" at the same time, about five years ago. They first sang and danced at afternoon "at homes," under the auspices of their aunt, Mrs. Mary Watson, the musical composer and teacher, by whom their extraordinary talents were discovered and developed. Valli at that time was so small that she used to sing and dance on a grand piano. She was the first to appear upon the stage, her début being made at the Strand Theatre in a matinée performance of Austin Fryers' "Gentle Ivy," wherein she was a pathetic little boy. Then both little girls went with the "Morocco Bound" company on a tour of Germany and Holland, singing and dancing in a way which quite won the hearts of the phlegmatic Teutons. This seems a strange experience for such tiny mites, but Lulu and Valli still talk with delight of their Continental excursion.

In 1895-96 they were both seen and heard in the Drury Lane pantomime of "Cinderella." The following spring Valli won laurels in opera at the same theatre as Muriel in "The Lady of Longford," all the musical critics echoing the dramatic critics in her praise. Since then she has "created" child-characters in "The Duchess of Coolgardie," "A Woman's Reason," and "The Physician," besides entertaining many audiences by song and dance in miscellaneous ways.

Lulu Valli first appeared on the stage proper in the Opéra Comique's children's pantomime of 1894-95, "The House that Jack Built," wherein among many clever little ones she was distinguished by the

pleasing artlessness of her ways. Then she was called upon to "create" the part of Birdikins in the American farce, "The Prodigal Father," at the Strand Theatre, and to sustain the important rôle of Suzanne in Buchanan's "A Man's Shadow" on tour. Lulu's dramatic quality seems to be of a deeper and more serious kind, and to have been of somewhat slower growth than Valli's, but she has been no less successful in all that she has undertaken. I do not think, however, that there is ever the slightest question of rivalry or jealousy between the two little sisters—and the stage, we know, is apt to cultivate invidious feelings. At any rate, there was no trace of this in the long chat I had with the two Vallis. Valli is very proud of having played before the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham—in a special performance of "The Holly-Tree Inn." But it was Lulu who first called my attention to a souvenir of this event in the shape of a Christmas-card from the Princess. The two children keep common

Photo. by Ellis.

MISS GEORGINA MIDDLETON AS THE GIPSY PRINCESS.

scrap-books, in which they paste their Press notices and secure the autographs of the great actors and actresses with whom they play. Among the latter they greatly prize those of Irving and Ellen Terry, which were obtained when they

Photo. by Brinkley, Glasgow.

MISS NESTA DE BECKER AS MIGNON IN "BOOTLES' BABY."

appeared at the Lyceum as the Vicar's children in "Olivia."

Dorrie and Marie Harris are two tiny sisters, whose stage career, like the Vallis, has so far been closely linked together. Dorrie is at present better known probably than Marie on account of her very successful impersonation of Suzanne in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's recent revival of "A Man's Shadow." Of the two, however, Dorrie was chosen by Mr. Tree for the pathetic little figure of the child who is called upon to give evidence against her father at his trial for murder, simply because she was smaller than her sister. As the two children in the prologue to "In the Days of the Duke," at the Adelphi, they had just before shown an equal measure of talent, and they have since acted together on a provincial tour in the original parts of Max and Helen Chesney in "The Bell-ringer." Similarly, Marie was boy and Dorrie girl in their joint appearance as "The Babes in the Wood," at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, pantomime in 1897-98, and again last Christmas at the Grand Theatre, Islington. To this record Dorrie has added on her own account the part of Maurice Morel in van Biene's "A Musician's Romance."

Dorrie Harris is aged ten; Marie is three years older and disproportionately taller, which fact has enabled her to play the boy very successfully to Dorrie's girl. It is only about two years and a half since they made their first public appearance with a song and dance in a London pantomime. With the exception of some lessons in dancing from a well-known stage "coach," they have received all their training from their mother, an accomplished lady who has herself acted a good deal as an amateur, more particularly in India, where the stage as a recreation is so much favoured in military society. By Mrs. Harris, too, Dorrie and Marie are being educated especially with a view to a theatrical career, great attention, for instance, being given to their French and German.

Photo. by West, Southsea.

MISS PHYLLIS BEADON AS DONALD IN "THE WHITE HEATHER."

No less prominent among stage children than those I have already mentioned is Miss Georgina Middleton, although this little lady has of late deserted the theatre proper for music-hall "sketches," in which she stars with her own company. The sketches, I must at once add, have been specially written for her, and are much superior to the ordinary ruck of such things, one of them at least — "The Colonel's Daughter," by the dramatic critic Mr. Bernard Weller—giving little Georgina excellent scope for her naturally emotional temperament and exceptionally clear and powerful singing voice.

Miss Middleton, who is only twelve, played her first part—that of Prince Arthur in "King John"—four years ago at the Princess's Theatre. Even earlier than that, however, she had sung and recited at the Grosvenor and Prince of Wales Clubs, etc., as the sequel to her brilliant success in school entertainments. Apart from the "sketches," she has created two original characters — Harold in "The Derby Winner," and Ruby Avondale in the prologue to "The Days of Cromwell." An actress to her finger tips, little Georgina is still the true child who will play a game of ball or dive after the raisins at "Snap-dragon" time with such a zest and enjoyment as would have delighted Charles Dickens. At a quiet evening party, too, she will sing to you some such ballad as "Killarney" with remarkably mellow sweetness, yet as simply as though she had never sung anywhere but in a small drawing-room.

Miss Evelyn Hughes, on the other hand, who returned to the stage last Christmas as the Fairy Queen in the Drury Lane pantomime, after an absence of three years at school, has reached the borderland of childhood. She is fifteen, and in figure and manner is rather older. Whatever her future career, she will be remembered by many people for her clever imitations of Chevalier and other dramatic

and music celebrities, even though her impersonations, at the age of six, of Mignon in "Bootles' Baby" and Willie Carlyle in "East Lynne" may escape record in theatrical annals. Evelyn Hughes was another pupil of Mrs. Watson, to whom in a moment of inspiration came the idea of teaching her to mimic Chevalier. It says much for the lady's method of tuition that when the little girl first gave her imitations in the Drury Lane pantomime she had neither heard nor seen the bard of costerdom. Mrs. Watson has contributed not a little to her child-pupils' vocal success by writing songs specially for them, for which her husband, the well-known journalist, Mr. Joseph Watson, writes the words.

Probably no play gives so much scope for precocious talent as "Alice in Wonderland." When first produced, twelve years ago, it made the name of Miss Phœbe Carlo. Little Phœbe of those days is now a married lady, and no longer on the stage, but for the sake of auld lang syne she attended the first performance of the dream-play at the Opéra Comique last Christmas, and from her box bestowed a beautiful bouquet on the new Alice, Miss Rose Hersee. It was Rose's first appearance on the professional stage, although she had played with much *éclat* as one of that well-known amateur company, the Windsor Strollers. Twelve years of age, and looking a little older, Miss Rose Hersee has a voice which promises to recall that of her aunt, the famous prima donna of the same name, and a stage manner which is full of grace and charm.

Photo. by London Stereoscopic Co.

MISS ROSE HERSEE AS ALICE.

It is the little girl's ambition to play Marguerite in "Faust," and she has certainly made a good beginning towards its realisation before many years are over.

In this performance could be seen three or four other children of marked talent. Of Master Garnet Vayne I have already spoken. Another little boy, aged ten, Master Harold de Becker, made his début as the Dormouse, and gave lively promise of becoming a bright and clever comedian. Compared with him, his sister Nesta, who is only two years older, and was seen first

as the Lily, and then as one of the two Oysters, is quite an experienced player. During a long provincial tour she took the part of Mignon in "Bootles' Baby"—certainly one of the best parts written for children in recent years—under the tuition of Mr. Hugh Moss, the manager of the company, who has every reason to be proud of his little pupil. These two children, as their name suggests, are of French descent, their grandfather having been bandmaster to the King of the Belgians, and one of their uncles a well-known tenor singer in his day.

Miss Phyllis Beadon, a very pretty child of nine years, who was the Rose and Second Oyster in this performance, had found her stage feet as Donald in "The White Heather," at Drury Lane, in "School," and in "Rip van Winkle." The daughter of a solicitor, little Phyllis has, I believe, had no training beyond what was given to her by the stage managers of these productions. With rare charm and grace of manner, and a clear, sweet voice, she is a child, indeed, who has only to be herself in order to delight her audience. At the same time, Miss Beadon has quite a passion for literary knowledge. She always spends the time of her "stage waits" in reading; and on a visit behind the scenes during the run of "Alice in Wonderland" I found her at the wings dividing her attention between the proceedings on the stage and the contents of one of Mr. W. T. Stead's "Books for the Bairns."

The spectators of such a production as "Alice in Wonderland" must sometimes wonder how, the principals apart, so many clever children can be gathered together for the service of the stage. The task, as Mr. Arthur Eliot, the stage manager at the Opéra Comique, admitted to me, is not always free from difficulty. It was some time before they could find their Alice, but there was still greater trouble in organising and training the children generally, several of whom were too young to read, and had to be taught the words of their singing by word of mouth. Stage-managerial difficulties are considerably lessened, however, by such people as Mr. Stedman, with his well-known juvenile choir; Madame Katti Lanner, who trains the little coryphées; and Mr. J. E. Nolan, from whose training-school in Leicester Square Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Louie Freear, Mr. Courtice Pounds, and other famous "grown-ups" came forth, while still in pinafores, to begin their highly successful careers.

Photo. by Ellis.

MISS ELSA MOXTER AS THE MIDSHIPMITE IN "DICK WHITTINGTON."

Miss Elsa Moxter is a charming little creature. She is an American, and made her début in this country at the Palace Theatre. She won the hearts of playgoers when she appeared as the fairy with the slippers for Cinderella in Mr. Oscar Barrett's pantomime at the Garrick Theatre in 1897-98, while she made a natty little midshipmite in "Dick Whittington" at the Adelphi last Christmas.

Photo. by Brewis, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MISS TOBY CLAUDE,

Who has been so successfully taking Miss Phyllis Rankin's part o[illegible] in "The Belle of New York" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is a young Dublin lady, and is the daughter of Angelina Claude, a favourite actress at the Strand Theatre in the old burlesque days.

FINE FEATHERS.

SCRAPS FROM LADY BABBIE'S NOTE BOOK.

THE poets have occupied themselves a good deal with this sweet of the year, when the hedges are beginning to scent and snow with creamy blossoms of the month's namesake flower—hawthorn they call it in Ireland—when nightingales, piercing the dusk with sweetness, are in all their first vocal joyousness of the honeymoon—(I have heard, by the way, that they shortly settle down into quite humdrum husbands, and give up serenading their wives as an unnecessary waste of trouble. So very human of them, too!)—when cricket is played afield and cowslips strew their amber spots upon the meadows, when May Drawing-Rooms are employed to launch remaining débutantes, and the season fashions once for all have crystalised themselves into shape as they are and will be until July sees the curtain flung down over one field of effort to rise shortly elsewhere on another. Then the eternal comedy of meeting and parting begins again; the tragedy of loving and hating, the burlesque of marrying and giving in marriage, shall be played over with the same cast and stage-managers, perhaps, but an entirely new set of scenery and effects. It is with the beginnings of such things we have to deal at the present moment, however. Autumn will no doubt find her field of effort very well spread over moor, spa, and seaside. Here the very pregnant present lies bound up in town, and for the next twelve weeks we shall be of the town, towny. Our dress, our speech, our interests, our environment shall be redolent of, and bound up in, Bond Street, Mayfair, eldest sons, and other things that knock at the door of women's interest. Beginning with the first (we leave the last alone in these pages, only dealing with matters that lend somewhat to their subjugation), we have not yet quite arrived at the lightest and most diaphanous stage of what was once called wearing apparel. "Ne'er cast a clout," advised our worthy and plain-spoken forebears, "till May be out," and willy-nilly the climate generally settles it for us, repaying a bold plunge into airy-fairy chiffons one day by meanly sending us shivering into tweeds or their equivalent the next. All the same, our smart out-door arrangements are making a bold bid for everyday popularity, and in the evening we are just as gorgeous and expensive as may seem good to us and our dressmakers, while our husbands stand shivering on the brink of an abyss of bills, and doubtless wish that woad and sheepskin once more represented the British matron's idea of vestment. Lace submerges all other forms of down-to-date decoration at the moment; it may, indeed, be almost said to the exclusion of most others, for it trims everything, finishes everything, begins everything, and covers most things. An undeniably lovely, but an extremely costly part of our altogether, too—all the more if it be good, as is the aim and end of all lace at the present juncture. Malines, or Mechlin, as it is sometimes called, is having a great vogue by the lucky persons who now either own or can acquire it. Nothing comes up to its delicate flimsiness for cravat or ruffles, as the damozels and dandies of the Louis Quinze Court very well knew. Flanders point, which is more solidly oversewn, is also in great request for the flounces and panels with which we embellish the silken stuffs of our dresses;

FOR THE RACES.

while for the entire lace dress, which makes its frequent and fascinating entrance at dinner-parties, nothing is more delightful than the Limerick lace, which hails from that City of the Broken Treaty, and being of two kinds, "tambour" and "run" pattern, is at once less costly and more beautiful than many of the older and more intricate foreign laces.

In the wearing of jewellery, which has now become such a highly developed vanity that no woman feels herself adequately equipped for the evening without at least a couple of neck-chains, twice that number of bangles, a tiara, diamond brooches variously, and other incidentals thrown in, the last fashionable addition to a smart woman's ornamental entirety takes the form of quaint little charms which are attached in indefinite numbers to bangle or neck-chain or châtelaine at will. Mr. J. G. Graves, of Division Street, Sheffield, has brought out some especially novel daintinesses in this as well as all other kinds of jewellery. His address is certainly one to be noted in the event of requiring cutlery or silver moreover, for with the best quality his firm unites an extreme moderation in price. Being at the very head-centre of manufacture naturally accounts for both conditions—so advantageous to the purchaser—and it is quite worth while for anyone about to buy anything from a gold watch to a case of scissors to send Sheffieldwards, and learn the prices at which such household or personal gods can be procured there. Especially inexpensive are the enamelled and diamond-set watches, for which Mr. J. Graves had made such a reputation in the midland counties. I may instance two which, in view of what are known as "Bond Street prices," seem incredibly moderate: one, an enamelled half-hunter with a diamond star and crescent set in the case, is only marked £14 10s., and another with large diamond star nearly covering the case is to be had for £16 10s. Chains, lockets, brooches, bangles, rings, studs, and so forth, follow the example set by these modestly priced timekeepers, and in the matter of silver and electro-plate for toilet, household, or domestic purposes, cutlery, clocks, dressing-cases, travelling-bags, a similar order of excellence and low prices are preserved, making it a very serious advantage indeed to do one's shopping by post or otherwise from the Midland Direct Supply, by which name Mr. Graves' large warehouse is so favourably known.

In the matter of day-gowns our tunics have, so far, been in unison with the skirts they cover, but Paris has just discovered that this mode may hold too long, and now finds beauty in a skirt of one colour and its upper part in another, as, for example, mauve over lavender-blue, old rose over dull yellow (a very successful combination), pistachio-green over mauve, and so on. The trimmings of these tunics elaborate themselves excessively, intricate patterns done in narrow gathered ribbon or lace appliqué being the most usual. Parasols trimmed with ribbon embroidery and matching the frock are also a favourite freak, many of the handles being of carved coquilla-nut, which, like Penley's classics of that ilk, come also "from Brazil."

Short women should eschew the parti-coloured gown. It divides them, if not into conic, certainly into comic sections. All modes of the moment somehow seem regulated on the basis that woman is divinely tall, and not, as Schopenhauer asserts, with detestable and often, alas! too correct candour, "a short-legged and incomplete animal." Think of that, ye stately, rotund British dowagers! Or, rather, do not think, and still more, do not read Schopenhauer, for though impossible that he could put you out of conceit with your individual selves, he certainly will with every other member of the sex.

What may be called the Wedgwood style of decoration is being applied very successfully to many smart dresses just now. Not that we bear about classic vases and pseudo-Greek figures in miniature on our frocks, but ovals of one material applied to another with serrated embroidery of silk or sequin at the edges greatly give this effect, and ornament an otherwise plain and insignificant skirt out of all recognition. At the last Drawing-Room, for instance, one of the

A GARDEN PARTY DRESS.

best and most noticeable dresses was of rich white satin, on which were appliquéd ovals of blue crêpe, framed, as it were, in gold, and covered with microscopic *motifs* in tiny gold paillettes. These ovals, united by wreaths of flowers embroidered in natural colours, raised the gown to a point of artistic merit which we would not have dreamed of five seasons since. It would, indeed, almost seem, in looking over the various costly preparations for the forthcoming season, as if we were returning to a Tudor magnificence or an artistic daintiness in dress worthy of Louis Quinze and his ornamental period. Apropos, chiné silks are again making their bow to fickle femininity, and I hope they will have a vogue, for nothing can be lovelier. A dress just sent out from Paris to Lady Tennyson in Australia is made of white silk covered with chiné roses and narrow black stripes dividing. The tunic opens over a white lace skirt, and has a sash of the same filmy loveliness. Triple edgings of ribbon repeating the tones in silk edge the flounces. A very favourite style, although in this instance it seems like painting the lily to trim real Malines with bébé ribbon. Long lace sleeves, fitting the arm exactly, were set in the bodice. These are now the only form of lace sleeve admissible, rufflings having quite died the death. To go with this costume was a Pompadour silk petticoat flounced with chiffon on which appeared pink, white, and black ribbon scroll-work. Close-fitting at the top, this was four yards wide at the feet; like all the new petticoats, it fastened at the side. Quite one of the most successful effects I have so far seen on another evening dress was an embroidery of pearls and diamonds arranged in straight lines on a light green satin, which was going out to India. It had exactly the effect of a glittering shower of water, and will, I make no doubt, be a most pleasing object to the eye in that purgatorial climate.

This mention of the watery element recalls to my imagination some very ugly but enthralling pictures shown me by a friend, some short time since, with a turn for scientific research. By his showing, this apparently harmless fluid kills off its thousands with much more neatness and despatch even than the much denounced whisky of the temperance orator. Typhoid bacilli, looking like deformed little spiders, did this enthusiastic searcher after truth show me swimming about gaily in a wine-glass of spring-water. Cholera hobgoblins to match that were something on the style of rheumatic satyrs, and a dozen other nasty and energetic monsters careering about in different samples of rain-water, all of which, my instructor informed me in awful accents, brought on every disease of which flesh is otherwise not heir to, from cholera even to *crétinisme*. There is, however, a comforting moral to this gruesome story. It comes in the liquid form of Salutaris Water, which, it appears, is an epitome of all the hygienic virtues, and secures to its consumer long life, the beauty of health, and all those other gifts and graces besides wrongly attributed by poets to the fabled elixir vitæ.

Before quitting the subject of praiseworthy fluids, I am greatly moved to descant on the domestic virtues—not of Baron Liebig (I have no manner of doubt they passed belief)—but of the perennial extract which honourably bears his name. Sharing in the universal distribution of influenza which was so liberally dealt out to this afflicted race earlier in the year, this victim was put upon Liebig when crawling back to life and the *joie de vivre* once more, and most certainly accomplished the journey with greater expedition than had been done without the friendly jar. It is a mistake, by the way, to suppose that in making beef-tea from Liebig, the decoction should be more than merely amber colour. Many persons infuse too much extract unnecessarily, and then say "it tastes too strong." When it is remembered that it takes ten pounds of beef to fill a quarter of a pound jar with the company's extract, the deduction is obvious. A dainty little book full of dainty recipes has been lately published by the Liebig Company, and two recipes, one concerning red mullet and the other mushroom omelette,

which appear in it should alone render it welcome to the young housekeeper. Anyone, by the way, who signs his name on a wrapper taken from a jar of the company's extract and posts it to 9, Fenchurch Avenue can obtain this book free. Its contents will certainly repay the trouble of writing for it.

In matters more particularly feminine, the art of the trifle is one that has been very much enlarged upon and emphasised this year. Gloves, shoes, cravats, and other oddments of our altogether have been elaborated to correspond with the embroideries and embellishments of all sorts that we heap upon our garments. Real lace is inlet to the silken "hosen" with which we cover our insteps. Pearls and cabochon gems are extravagantly employed to button our gloves. Cravats are matters of real lace, mousseline, and guineas, and the fluffy feather boa of present use exceeds in contour, as it does in comeliness, all its predecessors. The chiffon *tour de cou* has many phases, and most of them seductive; while some of the summer evening capes, made of chiffon flounces, assisted by trails of flowers, make it seem a pity that they should ever, even for an instant, suffer eclipse in the cloak-room, while some of the light yokes sent over ready made from Paris, to be inserted with the material of our choice, represent the important art of the trifle at its last and best, ribbon, sequin, and other embroideries being lavishly employed with lace and chiffon to give these yokes the highest possible touch of decorativeness on any gown they are used with. Parasols lined with drawn chiffon and embroidered with bébé ribbon are a vogue; so, too, will be, later on, those made of white silk and satin, embroidered with flowers and black lines, after the Louis Quinze manner; while there are others, again, of crêpe de chine painted in medallions and flower-wreaths. Crêpe de chine is, by the way, a first favourite for smart spring dresses, and I never can hope to see anything more satisfactory to the eye than a dove-grey crêpe trimmed with fringes of its own colour, and relieved by wreaths of pink-tipped daisies and Neapolitan violets so exquisitely embroidered on tunic and bodice that they might have been just picked and sprinkled over. A mauve tulle toque was worn with this creation, trimmed with mauve roses and pink mimosa, which sounds paradoxical but looked perfect. French flower-makers have set themselves to give the colour of one blossom to the form of another this season, and the effect is in most instances curiously fascinating. Daffodil and tulip yellows are being advanced by many of the best dressmakers. In cloth and crêpe de chine the Riviera has already seen these soft tones of amber in not infrequent evidence. But not for those whose roll-call of frocks is easily called over can these be recommended. Nevertheless, I am bound to admit that quite the smartest gown that Worth has sent over so far is now being worn by a power in the land of Mayfairian fashion. The material cashmere, the colour a cowslip yellow, the plastron of bodice and narrow tablier are of rich Venetian guipure, over ivory satin. Slanting tabs of embroidered black velvet give an excellent note of contrast; they appear on both sides of bodice and apron. A shaped black velvet band buckled with gold marks the waist-line. The sleeves are quite tight and plain, the neckband high, and made of cream satin, covered with lace. It is a venturesome but a picturesque creation, and suits its brunette wearer *à ravir*. Meanwhile, mauve is still worn with grey lavender, with touches of white and pale green, with a little black and old rose. But yellow, though not given so wide an audience, is for the moment smarter than the rest.

Presently a servant brought in his supper on a tray that gleamed with damask and silver dishes.

See "Lady Barbarity," Page 198.

LADY BARBARITY.

A ROMANTIC COMEDY.

By J. C. SNAITH.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, the well-known Author of "Fierceheart the Soldier," has chosen the stirring times of the Jacobite Rebellion for the mise-en-scene of this story.

CHAPTER XI.

I UNDERGO AN ORDEAL: I PLAY WITH A FIRE.

I SUPPOSE something must have altered in my face, in my effort to conceal the strange emotion that I suffered. For a soft look crept in his eye, and he said, in that rich voice that had impressed me in the stable on the first night of our acquaintancy—

"My Lady Barbara, I have not hurt you? If once I pained my benefactress, I could ne'er forgive myself."

"N-n-no," I stammered, for, to be quite plain, his tenderness played a greater havoc with me than his strength.

"I believe I have," he says, and a tear was in his voice, and such a deal of heaven in his look that I could not meet it, and had to gaze upon the ground.

"N-n-no," I stammered, and hated him for being a beggar and a fugitive, and Mrs. Polly Emblem for being in the room. And not less did I hate myself for being weak enough to forget my training and my sphere of life.

"Captain," I sighed, in the voice of spring among the trees, "destroy that blue document of treason and dishonour, and all shall be forgiven you."

"My faith, I will destroy it!" he cried, with a fire smouldering in him, "and oh, my dearest lady, how good you are! How magnanimous!"

Our whimsical rehearsal of a play had carried us both into a stern earnestness it seemed; but I being the better schooled in deception and the social arts, was the quicker of recovery.

"Magnanimous!" I flashed out at him, and curled my lip in scorn, "you impudent young fool! Do you suppose that anything a beggar with bare elbows, whose mansion is the pillory, and whose carriage is the cart, can contrive to do or say will touch in any way my Lady Barbara, the toast of the Prince of Wales? You presumptuous rogue, to hear you talk one would think you at least a lord-in-waiting, or a minister of the Crown."

"Then you are not hurt?" he did persist.

"Hurt," I laughed; "if I am bitten with a fly I am not hurt, though perchance I am annoyed."

"You are annoyed, Madam?" he persisted still.

"You can call it annoyance, you little fly," I said.

"Then let me crave your pardon for it," he implored, and the humility was so delightful he did it with that sure I could not say which was the most appealing—his meekness, his softness, or his insolence. By good luck the supper-bell here intervened between us and our feelings: a few final touches from the maid and we were tripping down the staircase to the Ordeal in the dining-room. The chamber was bright-lit; the dowager was already

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there, and the Earl, my papa, was momentarily expected. Let me confess to being feverish and in a twitter of the nerves. One mishap, and all was over. But Miss Prue was the perfection of address; withstood the glare of the candelabra without a twitch; talked to the dowager with the confidential light and charming silliness of a girl; carried herself with the queenly ease of one born to overcome; played her fan often and superbly; laughed archly with her shoulders in the female way; either "doated" on a thing, else thought it "horrid," and slightly patronised my aunt and me as one of equal breed, but as superior in her youth, and infinitely more so in her charms.

The vivacious creature was retailing to the dowager in her engaging fashion the foibles and private history, now for the first time published, of that "old cat the Marchioness of Meux," when my foolish heart sprang in my throat, for the door was softly opened, and the Earl, my papa, smirkingly minced in.

I plunged headlong into the Ordeal. Sweeping up on the instant to his lordship, I saluted him with a great appearance of delight and eagerness, and sang out then—

"So happy that you've come, my lord; I am dying to present you to my dear Prue Canticle, the very Prue I love so, the dearest Prue in Christendom!"

His old lordship could not get a word in ere I had led him to the lovely minx who was entertaining my aunt the dowager in such a shocking manner. Mon père put on his glasses with the most killing simper, quizzed the handsome dog with high-bred insolence, and said—

"My *dear* being, how *do* you do?"

The old gentleman bowed till you might have heard his gout creak.

Miss Prue flashed her eyes straight through him, and replied in a tone whose affectation was by no means inferior to his own—

"My lord of Long Acre! My emotion overcomes me."

Mine overcame me also. For she dared to whip out a dainty handkerchief of cambric with the device "B. G." woven into a monogram upon one corner. This she flirted and coquetted a quarter of a minute, but contrived to play her saucy eyes behind it in such a style as implied that she was not one half so youthful as she looked. His lordship was delighted, but the dowager grew as wintry as her locks, and endeavoured to arrange our places at the table in such a way that Miss Prue and he should be severely kept apart. My papa, however, was much too early a sort of bird to be out-manœuvred thus. Being a trifle deaf, 'twas not unnatural that he should utterly ignore the dispositions of my aunt. The inference was, of course, that he had not heard them. Therefore, Miss Prue and he were somehow seated side by side, and conducted an amiable conversation, not in the mere language of the lips alone, but in the more ardent one of glances. The waistcoat of his lordship grew sigh-deranged, and mighty soon. Every time she fretted up her eyebrows he paid her a compliment upon 'em; sometimes she repaid him with a repartee, sometimes provoked him to another by a pouting dimple in her mouth. The glass went often to his lips, and the lady was astute enough to encourage his industry without assisting in it.

"Barbara," my aunt whispered with a severity that made me shiver, "I am afraid your Miss Canticle is a minx."

"My dear aunt!" says I.

"Barbara, I said a minx," the dowager resumed. "The way she hath set her cap at his lordship is disgraceful."

"Set her cap?" I repeated in deep perplexity, "my dear aunt, I do not know the phrase, and at least it must be provincial."

"Coquets, then," says my aunt, more sternly than before.

"Coquets?" says I; "really, aunt, I am at a loss."

"Barbara, she is flirtish," pursued my aunt, who, as I have said already, was a dreadful engine when once she was set in motion.

"That means, my dearest aunt," says I, with a simplicity wonderful to hear, "one

who attempts to trifle with the affections of another, does it not?"

At the word affections I blushed divinely. Yes, I know I did, for I was seated opposite a mirror (which I generally am) and noted the coming of the modest roses with an infinity of pride.

"Precisely, Barbara," says my aunt.

"Then I am sure, dear aunt," says I, with some enjoyment, "that you are under a misapprehension in this matter. How possibly could I admit a person of that character so near my bosom?"

"But surely," says my aunt, a very stickler for the mode, "a low-necked gown at supper-time should be *de rigueur*. The one your Miss Canticle is wearing is decidely *de trop*."

"'Tis not altogether *décolleté*," says I, with a reflective air, "but then, you see, dear aunt, her physician says her chest's so delicate that at informal gatherings or in the country it behoves her to protect it."

"Dear me," says my aunt, "I should not have thought it now. She doth not appear a particularly delicate or fragile kind of flower."

"Appearances are deceptive," says I, with a solemnity that padded out my wisdom.

"They are," says my aunt. There was a significance hidden somewhere in her voice that made me quail. "For I do observe that there is a special robustness about her appetite that would not suggest much delicacy in anything."

I shot a look across at the wretched Prue, and saw quite enough to justify my aunt. The manner in which that young person was partaking of a woodcock at the same instant as she was leading on my lord was most astounding. Before or since I have not seen a girl eat like it.

"Oh, I am a cruel, horrid thing," says I to my aunt. "To think of that poor child having come a journey, and being several hours in this house, and I not to have offered her a morsel till just now."

"Barbara," says my aunt to me, and sweetly, "in your absence from my tea-table I entreated her to partake of muffins and bohea. She had the goodness to reply that she had no partiality for sops, as she was neither a baby nor a bird."

"La, that's my Prue," cries I, laughing out aloud; "she is the dearest, originalest creature. Oh, the quaint girl! Sure, I can see her saying that with a merry twinkling sort of look!"

"Similar to the one she is now displaying to his lordship," says my aunt.

"Well, scarcely," I replied; "her expression would be rather drier and more contained than that. And oh, dear, aunt! I had better tell you that this madcap, Prue, takes a particular delight in surprising and disconcerting those who are insufficiently acquainted with her character."

"She very well succeeds," my aunt said. "Yet, my dear, I must confess that you astound me. Her letters are perfect piety; they paint her as the soul of modesty, and quite marvellously correct. I should have judged her to be a highly genteel person."

"On the strength of her epistles, I should also," I replied, "but then I know my wicked, roguish Prue. That reverential tone she uses in them is another of her freaks, you see, dear aunt."

Alas! this straw was altogether too much for the poor indignant camel.

"Barbara," says my aunt, "I desire you to forego in the future all intercourse with this—this person."

Meantime Miss Prue and my papa, the Earl, were become perilously intimate. There was a stream of brimming wine-pledging wit that flowed between them, very entrancing and alluring, to a favourite toast, who sat outside the pale of it talking to her aunt.

What a pair they made, this old beau masquerading as a young one, and this nameless, tattered beggar masquerading as his mistress! And life or death was the stake for which the poor lad played. I could not bear to think of his position. It turned my bosom cold. But how consummate was his game! With what genius and spirit did he conduct it! And I think I never saw such courage, for it must have

called for a higher fortitude than any of the battlefield. Looking on this pair in the wonder of my heart, I was far too fired in the brave lad's cause, not to mention the urgency of my own, once to forget the Captain, fretting solitary in his bonds. Therefore I remembered that my hour for action was at hand.

After the meal, I waited till this trio were seated at the cards; then, having lent Prue a sufficiency of money to enable her to play, I told my aunt that I proposed to go and cheer the Captain in his solitude.

The unhappy wretch was greatly as I had left him. He was perhaps a little gaunter from his fretfulness. But his knee was not easier, nor his heart more peaceable.

"Captain," I announced myself as sweetly as could be, "I know you to be mortal dull in this extremity. Therefore, if I can, I am come to cheer you in it. And I have a deal of compassion for you."

The Captain could not quite conceal his look of pleasure, and reading it, I took the tone and speech I had used to be exceeding pat to the occasion.

"How good of you, my Lady Barbara," says he, with a gratefulness I knew to be sincere, "to think of me in my affliction; nay, how good of you to think of me at all."

At first I was confounded that a man so shrewd and piercing in his mind as Captain Grantley should be so disarmed with my simple airs, and be so unsuspicious of a motive for them. But then a lover is very jealous of himself, and if the object of his adoration tells him to his face that she sometimes thinks about him, and proves the same by her presence at his side, he is so anxious to believe her that he the more readily persuades himself of her veracity. Besides, Beauty makes the wise man credulous. Sure, it is hard to disbelieve her, else her amorous fibs and her sighing insincerities ne'er would have slain so many of the great figures of the histories. Even the Antonys must meet their Cleopatras.

"Ah, dear lady," says the Captain, with a sparkle in his manly features that became them very well, "the prospect that your presence brings makes me almost happy in my accident. A bitter wintry night, a rosy fire, a bottle of wine, and a lively conversation with one whose beauty is the rival of her mind—surely this is the heart's desire?"

He prayed me to seat myself beside the blaze. I did this, for I thought the place was favourable, as by the position of the lamp it threw my figure in the shade. Do not think I feared to compete with the braveries of light; but I hold that the tints of it should be harmonised with the tones and feelings of the players. In the theatre they are careful not to burn blue fire at a love-scene. And to-night, as I was not to attempt a victorious entry of the Captain's heart with a pageant of smiles and a flashing magnificence of eye, the glow must be tempered to the mood of tenderness and sympathy and mild solicitude. I was deeply anxious for his leg. I could never blame myself too much. Should I ever be forgiven it?

I was forgiven now, he told me; and when I asked him in what manner, his answer was—

"All my animosity is slain by your sweet, kind sighs, my dearest lady."

Here was a sufficient gallantry, I thought, and noted too that a special warmth was come into his tone. There was a bottle and a glass against his elbow, and he drained a bumper to my eyes, while I sat listening to the whistling of the wind.

'Twas a wild night of the late November. You could hear the branches rock before the gale: the cold groanings of the blast among the crazy walls and chimneys, its shriekings in the open park, the sounds that fluttered strangely from the ivy, and, most of all, the sudden comings of the rain and hail as it crashed upon the window-panes. I stirred the fire up and made the flames leap, and contrived, as I bent across the hearth to do this, to restore a detached curl to its right condition on my brow.

"A stormy night and wintry"—I shivered as I spoke—"and that poor lad, that fugitive, hiding in it for his life."

While I uttered this, I could so clearly see the shaking trees and the wind-swept wolds cuddling together in the cold that I think the wildness of the elements was echoed in my voice.

"Madam," says the Captain, turning on me a solemn, weary face that was full of instant sadness, "you and I do ill to be together. Madam, I have my duty to perform, and as that duty is cruelly opposed to your desires and must prejudice your peace, Madam, I ask you how I can possibly perform it if you sit there so friendly in the kindness of your heart? Madam, you forget that when the best is said of me I am but a man, and, maybe, not a very strong one, and that so long as you sit there by the fire to cheer me in my pain, I am in the presence of a divinity whose look it is the law."

"You wish me to withdraw, Sir?" says I, regretfully and meekly; and though I was never better complimented, I pretended to be hurt. Therefore, I rose suddenly upon his words.

"The King's commission would be safer," he replied.

"I know it would," says I; "and by that token am I going to stay. A rebel, Captain, snaps her fingers at the King."

Thereupon I as suddenly sat down. But none the less I admitted the prudence and foresight of the Captain; also thought his situation was a pretty one. He knew the weakness of his heart and the imminence of his duty, and that in my humble person he had found a most determined enemy to both. He was in my toils, indeed, nor must I loose a single bond ere the pressure had been applied, and his will had been bent to my devices.

Therefore, with gentle smiles I played him. Tender was my interest in his mental state and physical; deplored as deeply his splintered limb as his heart's disturbance; and wore an ingenious air of sympathy, both for him and for myself, that I should have unwittingly conferred such pain upon an unoffending gentleman.

"My dear Captain, had I only known," says I, "I would neither have bestowed a pistol on a prisoner nor a glance upon yourself."

"I cannot say which has wrought the greater havoc," says the Captain, lifting up his painful face.

"Sir, you can, I think," says I, gazing at him with my brightest eyes.

He admitted the witchery of them, for he laughed and dropped his own.

"True," he sighed. "God help me!"

"This is no particular season for your prayers," I answered softly, and sighed much the same as he. "Am I so much a devil, then, or to be avoided like one? Had you been a brother I could not deplore your accident more tenderly."

"No, no; not that," says he.

"Perhaps, Sir, you will explain?" says I, in full enjoyment of his uneasiness.

"I am afraid of liking you too well," he rejoined, with the soldier's bluntness. The prisoner's escape, I ought to tell you, had killed the fop.

"That all?" I exclaimed in sweet surprise. "Dear, dear! liking me too well—how singular!"

"Alas, too well!" he echoed, with a great appearance of high feeling; "for would you have me false to the King and to myself?"

"Oh, politics!" I laughed, but noted that damp beads were come upon the Captain's forehead. "And my dearest man," I added, "you behold in me the most harmless being—I that cannot suffer a rebel to be hanged—the most artless, harmless creature, I assure you."

Poor wretch! I saw him wriggle in his bonds. 'Twas a very futile effort, as now I had drawn the cords so tight about him that he was laid submissive as a sheep. To-night, I think, a marble statue could not have resisted the appealing brightness of my eyes. They never were more cordial, more alluring, more perilous to the soul of man. Therefore, in one short hour the Captain was undone. His resolution was being gradually beaten, as I could plainly tell, and I felt grim satisfaction stiffen me, as I settled myself cosily within the warmth, and prepared a reception for my prey.

I have said that it was a loud night of winter, and the wind crying from the east: now screaming in the chimneys, now rattling the panels and the casements, now calling with its ghostly voices away there in the wood. It was a night for adventure, and Captain Grantley fortified himself with wine, because he was about to embark on one, and that the most perilous.

The Captain's fair companion was wonderfully kind. He noted it, and took it as a confirmation of his late opinions. Now and then she was something more than kind, and on the strength of that he toasted her, while she hinted that she was not displeased. Presently she drew her chair ten inches nearer to him, and soon tongues and hearts were most harmoniously flowing. Outside, the wind was ever rising, and sometimes it cast gusts of smoke down the wide chimney, and as it poured into the room the lady would shiver with sweet exaggeration and denounce the horrid north.

"Had she quite regretted her journey to the north?"

"Yes, but for one circumstance."

"And what was that, if she would deign to forgive his importunity?"

"She had met a soldier at her country-house."

It was not delicate, it was characteristic, it was the sort of thing only my Lady Barbara could say; but Captain Grantley would have burnt his leg rather than it should have been unsaid. This was but the first of many speeches that astonished and delighted him. To-night, the lady was never more certain of herself, nor was the Captain ever less so. Inch by inch the unwilling victim was lured to his doom.

Presently a servant brought in his supper on a tray that gleamed with damask and silver dishes. Under her ladyship's permission he ate and drank, but every minute his gaze was straying to his dangerous companion, whose little shoes were toasting on the hearth. Many moments of that depressing day his mind had been for her. Some bright, brave gesture jumped up from his bosom to his eyes; a word, a smile, a tone, her charming indignation, her lovely anger against himself and politics, her frank impertinence, her amazing candour, and, above all, her apartness from the common herd of women—elegant, but featureless. To be explicit, that was how she held poor man. A woman quite unlike her sisters, yet as feminine as anything that ever fibbed and trailed a petticoat. The lords of creation mostly deign to take us women to themselves the moment they can be persuaded that they have caught an entirely new variety. The principle is similar to the one we work upon when we wear a new brocade, or the newest hat with feathers on. If one meets Mrs. Araminta flaunting in the same, one pulls it off and promptly, and bestows it on one's maid. And had my Lady Barbara reminded Captain Grantley, though never so remotely, of the worthy lady of his friend, Major Blunder of the Blues, or of any other female whatsoever, he would have seen her at the devil rather than he would have wooed her, and callow Cornet Johnson could have had her for the asking. But a certain originality of artifice grafted on a spontaneity of nature, and Bab Gossiter contrived to be just herself, and not to be mistaken for any other creature, and was coveted accordingly by the vanity of every bachelor in the town of London.

Thus with Captain Grantley. In his time the dear man had had a large experience of women. Some, maybe, he had seen more statuesque, more goddess-like, more rigidly and correctly beautiful, yet never one quite so much herself, so entirely herself, so open yet so elusive, so quick, so captivating. As the evening went, as the board was cleared, and the Captain's words grew warmer, their talk competed in its energy with the animated winds that struck the windows.

"Now, Sir, tell me of these barbarous politics," she commanded, like one who only knows obedience.

"Nay, dear lady, tell me of your own," says he.

Strange how she was fired by his words! He saw her colour glow and burn, and the lamps in her eyes were lit.

"My father is my politics," says she.

The Captain could not have recoiled more palpably had a live coal cracked out of the blaze and dropped upon his hand.

"Ha!" he breathed, "your father!"

"Sir, they will imprison him; and when they do they will imprison this very heart of mine. Perhaps, Sir, you never knew a father, perhaps you never loved a father, perhaps you never saw a father's honourable silver hairs. Sir, they will imprison him; and when they do, life will be all empty to me." The lady fell into a sudden weeping. The sobs shook her as a reed. And though she fought with all her handkerchief against the slow but certain tears, they crept down to her powder, and so gravely furrowed it that afterwards she shrank the farther in the shade.

But through a convenient interval of cambric this distressed daughter intently marked the Captain's face. The good man had been long apprenticed to the sword and to the world, but sure the lady's agonies did move him.

"Tell me," he said, "what I can do? What is my power? I am but a servant of the King. Madam, do you think it is my pleasure to put you in such pain? Madam, I am but a menial, a tool. I am not the law by which you suffer, and if I were, do you suppose I would not let it spare you?" There was a fine indignant sternness in the man that made the lady tremble. Yet she exulted too, for Captain Grantley was steadily ripening to the deed exacted of him. In confidence, however, I had better tell you that this incorrigible Bab Gossiter, like the naughty child she was, was playing with a fire, and in the sequel which she is pledged to set forth presently, you shall be told how badly that fire burnt the lovely, heedless fool.

CHAPTER XII.

I DEFY DEAR LADY GRIMSTONE.

It was a late hour when the lady apparently exposed her soul. She had not one to expose, it is true, but the Captain was deluded into thinking that she had, and persuasion is more powerful than fact. Her father was her blood, her breath; his honour was her own. The Captain gave her the humble admiration of a soldier. Daughters of this mould, who could worship a parent in this manner, must always command the tender reverence of one whose dream was to be the diligent servant of his country. He was also touched. Men of the sword are very human, he informed her. It was a relief, she replied, to have that on such eminent authority, because, to avenge the joyous escapade of an innocent girl, a soldier had proposed to treat her venerable sire with a brutality that was incredible. She did not refine her language to his delicate ear. How could she, being moved so deeply? Did not her lips twitch with feeling, her eyes flash with passion! Alas, the Captain! He might have seen "the drums and tramplings of three conquests," but, being human, could he resist her generous anguish, her lovely indignation? Nay—he swore it—he was pained for her as deeply as ever she was for her father. But the word "avenge" he resented sternly.

"Madam, I say again, I am not the law. I am merely the puppet who obeys it."

"Must he obey it then?" Madam tapped a satin shoe quite loud upon the hearth-tiles.

"I hold a commission; I am but a puppet," groaned the Captain, with cheeks of the colour of the damask at his side.

"A puppet!" She rose a queen, and cast the phrase upon him. "A puppet! Then, Sir," demanded she, "do you suppose I can afford to lavish my precious hours upon a puppet?"

An excellent tactician, she swept from the room, offended and imperious, without condescending to receive his tremulous reply. In her wisdom she knew this to be the proper moment to withdraw. The Captain had been carried by easy stages to a sufficient harmony of heart. This final discord must jangle in his finest

nerves for many hours, set his teeth on edge, and keep him fretful. The lady calculated that he would not shut his eyes that night. He had been given a sight of happiness, that he might know how much he stood to lose.

My train was laid then. Let a spark fall from my eyes to-morrow, and I did not doubt it, it would blow his duty to the devil. One learns to read the symptoms that precede explosion. Leaving the Captain, I tripped to the card-players on my lightest toe. My heart accorded with my step. The trio were now at commerce; and such a handsome heap of coins was piled before Miss Prue that the guinea I had lent her to begin with appeared magnified into a dozen.

"Bab," says she, turning to me with a pretty eagerness, "I am remarkably in luck. I have turned the ace up five times running—and my conscience, here it is the sixth!"

It was midnight now, and the hour for retirement. The suite of chambers in the south wing were happily at my disposal. One room, commanding the park, had been aired during the day by my direction, to be in readiness that night for the masquerader. He was conducted to it now by Mrs. Emblem and myself, and was given much instruction in the treatment of his femininity. Two new morning dresses of my own were hung up in his wardrobe; a pot of rouge and a whole armoury of weapons of the toilet were put against his mirror; and such a quantity of advice was strewn upon him touching his carriage and behaviour on the morrow, that he began to yawn in a most abominable manner, and declared I was too earnest in this mummery.

"Mummery," says I; "you are playing for your life, that's all, my bravo."

"*My* life, yes," says he; "but that is my affair entirely. Have you not said that a beggar with bare elbows is no more to be considered than is a farthing candle by a person of condition like yourself?"

Mrs. Emblem saw the cunning laugh lurking in his eye and the smile that trickled over his lower lip when he said this, and looked at me with a face of inquiring innocence, as though the lad had been speaking Greek and would my superior education be kind enough to supply the meaning for her. At a second glance I perceived that the expression of her countenance corresponded pretty nearly with his own. This made me angry. Here was tacit understanding and conspiracy, with secret mirth beneath it. I could have borne this easily—nay, was always blithe to take my share in such spicy sport when able, and enjoy a laugh at others with the best. But this impudent pair were laughing at *me*. Yes, I felt genuinely angry.

"Very true," says I, "you are indeed a beggar with bare elbows. And being that, it is a pity you should evince such a disposition to forget it."

"My dear Madam, the fault is yours, I think," says he. "For if you will have as much anxiety for my well-being as you would have were I the Cham of Tartary or some other three-tailed bashaw of high birth, merit, and authority, even a beggar will be led in time to presume upon it and forget the humility of his mansion."

"Would you taunt me then with my gentle-hearted nature, that permits me to look as kindly on the mean and low as on the noble and exalted?"

"Was my Lady Barbarity ever taunted with her gentle-hearted nature?"

It was so difficult to have the laugh of him that I began to admire the agility with which he generally contrived to have the laugh of me. The fact was that the rogue had an instinct that penetrated much too far. He knew better than I could tell him that he had caught a gaily painted butterfly and had stuck it on a pin. His wanton fingers itched to twirl that pin, to remind, I suppose, the gaudy flimsy creature of its strange captivity.

"Bab," Miss Prue says, as I was about to retire to my chamber, "your papa trusts that I shall spend not less than a month at Cleeby. When he said that your aunt seemed to grow uneasy in her soul."

"Poor auntie!" I says sympathetically. "But, Prue, I hope you know what a wretch

you are? And the way you eat is positive immodesty. My aunt observed it. As for the way in which you played his lordship, it was too notorious for words. My aunt observed that also. In fact, in half an evening you have so stabbed the dear creature through her sex that she will ne'er forgive you for it."

"Pray recite my errors," says he, flinging himself into an armchair, and stretching out his legs and crumpling his petticoats. "Your voice is so musical it will send me to sleep as promptly as a powder."

He shut his eyes at this, and dropped his chin upon his necklace. Nodding to Mrs. Polly, I went off to my dressing-room, followed by the maid. But on opening the door to step from one chamber to the other, we heard plain sounds of feet across the corridor, and the rustle of departing draperies. 'Twas too dark to distinguish anything; and though we promptly went in the direction of the noise, the cause of it was under cover before we could in any way detect it.

Now I was certain that a spy had been set upon us, and peradventure we had been overheard. Could anyone have listened at the door? 'Twould be fatal had they done so. The masquerader had by no means conducted his share of the conversation in a Prue-like voice; besides, the discussion of certain matters and its general tenour would be quite enough for any eavesdropper to put a name upon the lady's true identity. Our carelessness had been indeed of the grossest sort; we had not restrained ourselves with one precaution. Low tones, an occasional eye upon the door, the selection of a proper topic, and there had been nought to fear from anybody. But as it was we were probably undone. Our own incaution was, indeed, bitterly to blame. In my chamber I let Emblem see the darkness of the whole affair, and gave her freely of my fears; also scolded her so sharply for our accident that the frightened fool began to weep like anything. But there was one point in her behaviour that both pleased and annoyed me. When I told her that if it was verily a spy who had been at the keyhole our sprightly Prue would dance at Tyburn shortly, Mrs. Polly gave a little gasp and a little cry, let fall the hair-brush she was wielding on my head, and burst out in new tears, while her cheeks turned to the colour of my shoulders.

"Oh, your la'ship!" she blubbered with a deal of tragicality, "say not so."

"Simpleton," says I sternly. "I shall begin to think you regard this beggar—this rebel—this adventurer—almost like a brother if you so persistently bear yourself in this way when I mention quite incidently, as it were, his proper and natural destination."

"He hath most lovely eyes, your ladyship," says she, and wept more bitterly.

"Ods-body! you are not so far wrong there," says I, turning a sigh into a yawn adroitly. "Hath he kissed you yet?"

"Once, I think, Ma'am," she answers, with a modest rose appearing through her pallor.

"Hath he an opinion of you, then, or was it pastime, merely?"

"'A told me I was kissable," says she, "a pretty downcast sort of wench, your la'ship, and swore upon his beard that if he came out of this predicament with his heart still underneath his chin he'd the best half of his mind to marry me."

Here the hussy sighed so desperately from the full depth of her bosom that a spasm was provoked within my own. To allay that pain I took the lovesick Mrs. Emblem by the arm and pinched her till she forgot her heart-ache in one that was less poetical.

Retiring to my earned repose, I found sleep at first as coy as she is in town. For half-an-hour I thought on the impudence of my maid, for another half on the folly of myself.

"Bah," I soliloquised at the end of an hour's meditation on this entertaining theme, "you should be whipped through every market town in Yorkshire. You are worse than an incorrigible rogue—you are an incorrigible fool; but anyway, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning you shall dismiss Mrs. Polly Emblem without a character."

Had it not been that I had ratafia to compose me, I doubt whether I should have had any sleep at all. The fear of discovery lay upon me like a stone. I was persuaded that we had been spied upon. Slumber, however, mercifully drew a curtain round the miserable consequences embodied in the future.

Emblem's light hand woke me.

"Ten o'clock, your la'ship," says she.

The red sun was in a station over the tree-tops in the east, and sent cold rays across the winter vapours of the park through one corner of my window. I sipped my chocolate, and hoped the rebel was not abroad yet.

"He is," the maid said; "nought would restrain him. At seven o'clock he knocked me up and made me get him towels and cold water for his tub; at eight o'clock, my lady, he made me paint his face, friz his hair a bit, put his headdress on, and arrange all the points in what he called his 'feminine machinery'; at nine he was drinking ale and eating of his breakfast; and ten minutes since I saw him in the morning-room teaching my Lady Grimstone's polly-parrot to swear like anything."

"Oh," says I; "a very pretty occupation to be sure. Here, girl, put me in my *déshabille*, and let me be upon him ere he's at a further mischief. Quick, wench, or next we shall have him teaching hymns to my papa."

Half-an-hour hence I went downstairs to keep a personal eye upon him. I had not been there five minutes when my aunt's maid, Tupper, came in and said that her mistress required my presence in her room immediately. As the message was so peremptory I dallied some five-and-twenty minutes longer than I need, for I think that persons of an elderly habit should never be encouraged in their arbitrary courses. Had I only foreseen what lay in store when I obeyed this summons, I should have taken my muff and tippet with me to protect myself from frostbite. You may have seen an iceberg clad in all its severities of snow, sitting in a temperature that makes you shiver. If you have had this felicity you have also seen my aunt, the dowager, this wintry morning. She smiled a December sunglint when she saw me.

"Barbara, good-morning," she began.

"Good-morning, Ma'am," says I, and curtsied.

"I trust you are very well," my aunt says.

"Very well indeed, Ma'am," I answered modestly. I'll confess a little nerve-twitch. 'Twas a charming idiosyncrasy of my aunt's that she only betrayed an interest in one's health when she was about to administer a pill of one sort or another. She was about to administer one just now—a blue one!

"I have sent for you, Barbara," says the dowager in shivery thin tones that were like cold water trickling down one's spine, "to inform you that your dear friend, Miss Prudence Canticle, your ownest Prue, the dearest Prue that ever was, the precious Prue, to whom all the world is but as a china teacup, is just a man and a very pretty scoundrel."

An elderly lady of six-and-fifty winters, whose face is Arctic, and is framed, moreover, in corkscrew curls that look horribly like icicles, can throw an extraordinary stress and feeling in the mild word "man." And this instant such an amount did my aunt employ that a feather might have knocked me down.

"Shall I tell you this man's name?" the pitiless dowager inquired.

In assent I bowed my head.

"Anthony Dare," says she with unction, "escaped rebel, who is to be hanged as a common malefactor."

"Yes, aunt, Anthony Dare," says I; "and 'tis all very true, except in the main particular. He is not to be hanged as a common malefactor."

"Indeed," says she. "But that is the Government's disposition, I understand."

"I do not deny that it is the Government's disposition, Ma'am, but 'tis not the disposition of your niece, Bab Gossiter."

"You are the law then, Barbara?"

"Nine-tenths of it," says I.

"Assertion will be a proof when assumption becomes a claim," says my sententious relative.

"Possession is allowed to be nine-tenths of it," says I; "and certainly I have possession of this most charming prisoner."

"A very temporary one," my aunt says. "'Tis my duty to advise my brother of this matter; and he will hold it his to acquaint Captain Grantley and other interested persons."

"That is as may be," says I calmly, "for I think that on reflection, my dearest aunt, you will do nothing of the kind."

"So and indeed!" cries my aunt in an awful voice. "Barbara, this is gross—this is impertinence."

"It may be both, dear aunt," says I, "or it may be neither; but it's truth, I know, and that I'll swear to."

"Defend my virtue!" cried my aunt; "this is beyond all suffering."

The iceberg strove to freeze me with her eye. And perhaps she would have done it, too, only that a bright idea took me at the moment and armed me with new brazenness. My masters of the other sex, if you would bend us to your will, do it with audacity. No palterings, no if-you-pleases, no apostrophes. Big, bullying Coercion does our business. Swear by your beards and the god of thunder, and none of us shall say you nay, for there is not a petticoat among us can resist you. This method, then, I clapped upon my aunt, and now look you to the sequel.

"The matter is just this, dear aunt," says I. "What about prim old Dame Propriety? I would have you think of her, dear aunt. There is not a female of us all can afford to disregard her."

I pinned such a steady eye upon my aunt that shortly her high look dropped, and was replaced by an ugly one of baffled rage. How fortunate I had ingenuity enough to hold that cat's paw! 'Twould have scratched me else, and badly.

"What will the world say, auntie dear?" I asked. "A word of this in town, and the particular family to which you have the condescension to belong will be derided by the world. My Lady Clapper will live upon it for a fortnight. Your very dear friend, Mrs. Saywell, will dispense it regularly with her new bohea and dish it up hotter than her muffins, and feed every insatiable maw in Mayfair on it. Nor will they find it indigestible as her buttered crumpets either. A word, dear aunt, and the whole bench of bishops will preach a sermon on it, and send all your presentation stoles and slippers back greatly discoloured with their tears. We shall be afflicted with the exultation of our enemies and, worse a hundred times, the commiseration of our friends. Will you not reflect, dear auntie?"

For the dear lady to reflect was quite unnecessary. Instinct was sufficient to decide her. She was as likely to rouse good Dame Propriety, or to make her family the source of common conversation, as she was to sit in a pew with a hassock in it, or to listen to a Low Church clergyman.

The countenance of my aunt was something to be seen. Rage laid her livid; but I was almost proud to look at her, for was she not bred so properly that she smiled away like anything? She put her teeth hard upon her lips, and so did bar her anger back and continued in that pleasant face that cooled my blood by three degrees.

"Very well, Barbara," says she, without the faintest passion, though it had required several seconds to give her this composure, "very well. But if I outlast the century I will not overlook this monstrous conduct. From to-day I disinherit you. And I may say that one portion of my fortune will be diverted into building and endowing a church at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; the other portion to provide a sanctuary for needy gentlewomen."

Somewhere in the middle of the day I thought the hour a chosen one to finish off the Captain. With such an application had I pursued the gallant man the previous evening, and such his frame of mind, that surely he was suffering even now an ecstasy of sweet pain. Another amorous glance or two would certainly complete him and drown his duty in his desperation.

These reflections carried me to the library door. On entering I was met by the Captain's greetings and the presence of an unpropitious third. Corporal Flickers was in an ostentatious occupation of my seat against the fireplace.

"When you are alone, Sir, I shall be glad to speak with you," I said, this being a hint for the dismissal of the Corporal.

"Important business occupies me most unfortunately just now," the Captain said; and I retired to await his disengagement.

I conceived this to be perhaps the matter of an hour, but never was more faulty in my reckoning. At three o'clock I sent to inquire of his convenience. 'Twas not yet, however, as the Corporal was with him still; moreover, said the Captain in reply, he was like to be so until far into the evening. At supper time they were together also. On Emblem looking farther in the matter, she learned that at the request of the Captain the Corporal had been served with food there.

We were discussing this strange affair in the privacy of my boudoir, when Mr. Anthony, whose fund of shrewdness served him in a thousand ways, advanced a theory meriting much consideration.

"Flickers is his bodyguard," says he. "Grantley knows it's in your mind to captivate him, and fears you'll do it too, if you so much as have him to yourself. Flickers is for safety, and you can take my word for that."

I thought upon this sadly; for if this was so, and the coward's trick was only persevered in, I should be completely foiled, and that blue paper must be in London very soon.

"You are wrong, Prue," I said, rebelling against my better judgment. "A soldier and a man like Grantley would never have such cowardice."

"Bab," says he with insolence, "I'll bet my back hair on it that I'm right. The bravest man that ever trod will take to strange shifts when confronted with the devil. Pity Grantley; do not blame him."

Of such is the sympathy of boys!

(To be continued.)

A NORWEGIAN MAID.

WE have received the *Life of Leonardo da Vinci* (published by Heinemann), two sumptuous volumes, a fitting tribute to the most universal genius of whose life and works we have record. Born in 1452, in Florentine territory, he was "recognised" and brought up by his father, a Florentine notary. His mother, a peasant-girl, was, unfortunately, not his father's wife, and soon after his birth married a husband in her own station. The young Leonardo grew up a youth of extraordinary promise. To great beauty and charm he united an aptitude for all accomplishments; and it is evident that an inexhaustible energy lay beneath this amiable surface. Among the many pursuits to which he set his hand, his favourite were modelling and drawing. His father, fortunately, at once recognised his vocation, and gave him Andrea del Verrochio as master. In his studio he worked for several years, and at the age of twenty he was enrolled in the list of the Painters' Guild at Florence, and was taken into special favour by Lorenzo the Magnificent. We have few examples of his work in these years left us, but it is well known that he took a leading part not only in the art world—as in drawing, painting, and modelling—but was one of the most strangely fascinating figures prominent in the Florentine society of that period. He died in France in 1519. This is, however, not the place to discuss his painting. We refer our readers to the most interesting book. Mr. Heinemann has rendered a real service to civilisation by thus offering us the means of studying and learning more of this great master of painting and sculpture, by the very complete account of his life under notice. The book is full of excellent reproductions of his celebrated and also his less-known works.

La Fille aux Yeux d'Or, translated from Balzac by Ernest Dowson, and illustrated by Charles Conder (published by Smithers, Bond Street), is a book that all lovers of curiosities should possess. The book itself—extraordinarily well translated—is a fascinating tale, one that many lovers of Balzac have omitted to read, and the illustrations by Charles Conder are some of his very best work. They are marvellously romantic, and reproduce the very feeling of the beginning of this century, as well as the sense of mysterious and exotic perverseness of this strange story.

A book by a new author, whose proof-sheets I have been privileged to see, owing to the indiscretion of a faithless friend, will be out this month. The title is *Odd Issues*. There is something rather cowardly and even unmanly in mentioning a book that has not actually appeared, unless one can say something favourable, and then it might look as if one had been asked to "puff" it beforehand. I am only guilty of premature curiosity, and the writer

is quite unknown to me, though I remember to have seen some of these tales in *Black and White* a few years ago. Now that everyone is excited about ecclesiastical matters, and no one can receive episcopal honours without a protest from some quarter, "Mr. Bonnamy's Bishopric" ought to be the most popular issue of the odds; and those who have not forgotten the sinister prophecies at the time of the Jubilee will share my great amusement in reading "Mr. Fisher the Photographer." Short stories are the best things in the world after a family quarrel or a long railway journey, or one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels.

I have just finished Mrs. Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, a novel which is supposed to have given great offence to members of the Roman communion: though for what reason I have been unable to discover. The hero is simply an abstraction, and not a real person at all — a mere piece of literary property which could have been fitted to any creed for the purposes of hostile criticism. Helbeck would have made an excellent early Victorian Protestant, and in some respects recalls the respectable (literary) atheists of thirty years ago—the virtuous atheists who always quoted—

> There is more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.

It is, however, much to be regretted that Mrs. Ward's undoubted talents should be devoted entirely to the ever popular, but ephemeral, religious novel. English people, whatever they may pretend to the contrary, are really quite serious, and do *not* turn to fiction for their spiritual convictions. That is one of the things they manage better in France—I mean, of course, religious *fiction*.

Stories Toto Told Me, by Baron Corvo (John Lane, the Bodley Head, Vigo Street) is a welcome volume to those who remember those delightful legends which appeared in the *Yellow-Book*, under Mr. Henry Harland's clever editorial wing. They are mediæval legends as told by a *naïf* modern Italian—an admirable method of presentation. The humour which was so curiously mingled with devout feelings and beliefs in the Middle Ages is here well rendered, and is far more convincing, as well as more picturesque, told in this natural manner than the Wardour Street efforts on the part of publishers and authors, who try to "fake up" (forgive the phrase) forgotten conventions by means of sham Early English and bogus art. Anatole France might envy Baron Corvo some of the legends the latter writer has collected or invented.

At the first glance, one is surprised and almost shocked at the conjunction of the authors of this new novel, *The Daughters of Babylon*, by Wilson Barrett and—Robert Hichens! (John Macqueen, Hastings House, Norfolk Street). Yet, in truth, the collaboration has turned out most successful. It is an unusual method to turn a play into a novel instead of the other way round, but this is a good precedent. For, undoubtedly, Mr. Barrett has a powerful story in "The Daughters of Babylon," and Mr. Hichens's ingenuity and literary touch have transformed it into a fascinating story. True, though he has kept the Biblical form of language with care and cleverness, and filled the book with lurid and purple descriptions of the East very characteristic of himself at his best, yet one feels his real *métier* is to write of the present. Modern people, modern things, the moment, the "very latest thing"—that is Mr. Hichens's *forte*. He is now engaged on a new novel of which the motive has much of his love for the fantastic and supernatural, but the background and surroundings are all London as we know it now; and since his "Green Carnation," which made at the time so great a *succès*, and is, indeed, still by far the best known of his works as a sustained effort of brilliant humour, he has in my opinion done nothing so good as the novel he is now engaged on, but of which I must say no more for the present. "The Imaginative Man" had a great deal of charm, and the Oriental atmosphere was excellently given, though this book (personally, my favourite of his works) is by no means so likely to appeal to the general public. "The Londoners" was

the gayest of rollicking farces, and written in the highest spirits, though it was not free from defects. It would make a delightful little play. To return, however, to "The Daughters of Babylon," it is admirably written, and very well worth reading, some scenes, indeed, being quite *empoignants*. But Mr. Hichens should stick to his own era—to the present. He is the most contemporary of writers.

The Heart of Denise, and Other Tales, by S. Levett Yeats (Longmans, Green, and Co.), is another good volume of short stories. Mr. Yeats is at his best in the region of romance. He does his best work in descriptions of that land where the people live in castles, and there are plenty of drawbridges, swords, ruffles, courtiers, black-hearted scoundrels, beautiful ladies, and the like. "The Devil's Manuscript" is a capital story.

The Importance of Being Earnest, just published by Smithers (New Bond Street), is delightful to read, and seems even more sparkling as one laughs irresistibly over it in one's library than it did when played on the stage. Certainly it has exquisite qualities; it is "most excellent fooling," with its airy grace and brilliant studies of character; and it is not too much to say that this delicate bubble of fancy is, in its own way, the wittiest comedy of the century.

Pan and the Young Shepherd, by Maurice Hewlett (John Lane, the Bodley Head), is a very charming pastoral. It is indescribably fresh, quaint, and curious, and should be read to be understood. It is so exceptional and original in its charm that quotation would spoil it. Everything by this author should be read, for he is the writer of the delightful "Forest Lovers," and he is, indeed, the one modern votary and chronicler of Arcadia.

So few of the modern minor poets show talent that *The Silence of Love*, by Edmond Holmes (John Lane, the Bodley Head, Vigo Street), a strikingly beautiful collection of sonnets, comes almost as a revelation. If they are the first verses this writer has published, then we have reason to congratulate ourselves on a new poet. The music of the lines, their simplicity and clearness, and a strain of wistful passion give them their distinction. Here is one, No. IX., taken at random, for there is no inequality amongst them—one is as good as the other—

When with closed eyes I strive to paint thy face,
And think its image will obey my will,
An aureole of more than mortal grace
Veils it from sight, and baffles all my skill.

It is too long for quotation, it is charming, and we also highly recommend to our readers No. IV.—"I may not love thee," also No. XXI.—"Could words unfold the secrets of my heart," and XVII.—"Friends, we must call ourselves—a sacred name." The fact that these sonnets would probably never have been written if Shakspere's sonnets had never been seen by the writer, does not detract in the smallest degree from their merit. They are excellent, and we are much mistaken if Mr. Edmond Holmes does not rank among the very first of our end-of-the-century poets before very long. We hope he will speedily give us another volume. The Sonnet to Oxford, the dedication, is not the least delightful of the group.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin, by Robert Browning, set forth in a series of designs and decorative borders by Harry Quilter, M.A., barrister-at-law, and written in ornamental text by Mary, his wife (London: Harry Quilter), is an elaborate and florid version of Browning's favourite poem. No doubt it is a labour of love, but the designs are often over-decorated. Each of the large square pages is crammed with minute decorations and ornaments, and I think it would have been more beautiful on the whole if one might have said of it that a rivulet of text meanders through a meadow of margin. There are too many borders, and the whole thing is executed with a sort of sham mediævalism that does not go well with the celebrated poem.

SPHINX.

"METHINKS I SMELL A POLICEMAN."

From a Painting by Cecil Aldin.

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THE ROMANCE OF A DIVER'S LIFE.

By J. M. BULLOCH.

This article describes how the diver is equipped; how he searches the bottom of the sea for gold and other valuables; how he blows up sunken ships and dangerous rocks; and makes himself perfectly at home beneath the water.

THE intrepid Spaniard, Angel Erostarbe, could not have made the seventy dives (occupying in all about twenty hours) and recovered eighty-one of the eighty-eight bars of silver from the steamer *Skyro*, which sank in over 190 ft. of water off Cape Finisterre in 1891, if Augustus Siebe had not lived. The present year is peculiarly appropriate for dealing with the subject, because it marks two notable anniversaries in the history of diving, as perfected by Siebe. In 1819, just eighty years ago, he invented the "open" dress for divers. Twenty years later, 1839, his "close" dress came into unusual prominence, when he began diving operations on the *Royal George*, with which Cowper has made every schoolboy familiar.

Diver Erostarbe, with two of eighty-one bars of silver recovered by him in 1897, at a depth of 192 ft., from the "Skyro," which sank off Cape Finisterre in 1891.

When did men begin to dive? Homer certainly had heard of the art; Thucydides tells us that divers were employed at the siege of Syracuse 2400 odd years ago. The story of modern diving really began in 1717, when Dr. Halley, the secretary of the Royal Society, designed the first practical diving-bell. About the middle of the same century, John Smeaton, the great civil engineer, made a distinct advance on Halley by adopting force-pumps for supplying the air (Halley had sent down a series of lead-lined barrels); while in 1798 a Breslau inventor named Kleingert designed a cumbersome sort of helmet-bell, consisting of an egg-shaped cylinder which enclosed the diver's body to the waist, having holes through which the arms were thrust.

But it is to Augustus Siebe that we look as the real father of modern diving. He advanced on his countryman, Kleingert's,

idea by constructing a copper helmet and shoulder-plate in one piece, the equipment being completed by a waterproof jacket extending to the waist and tied round the diver's neck. The disadvantage of this dress was that the diver had to keep a vertical position all the time he was under water in order to keep the water below his chin, otherwise he ran the risk of drowning. So Siebe began to think again, and in 1830 he invented the "close" dress, which is now universally used, and is the basis of the present gear of the diver, who can sit or lie in it with perfect ease.

The modern diving equipment consists of two parts—a metal helmet and a dress that covers the rest of the body in one piece. The helmet, which is made of highly planished tinned copper, is firmly attached to the breastplate, and the latter is secured to the collar of the waterproofed material that covers the whole body by screwing into twelve holes. The head-piece is fitted with two side oval little windows in brass frames with guards, and a little window in front, so that the diver has a wide range of vision. There is no fear of the panes becoming dimmed by

One of the seven treasure-chests (each containing £10,000 in Spanish gold coin) recovered from the "Alfonso XII" in 160 ft. of water off the Grand Canary, 1885

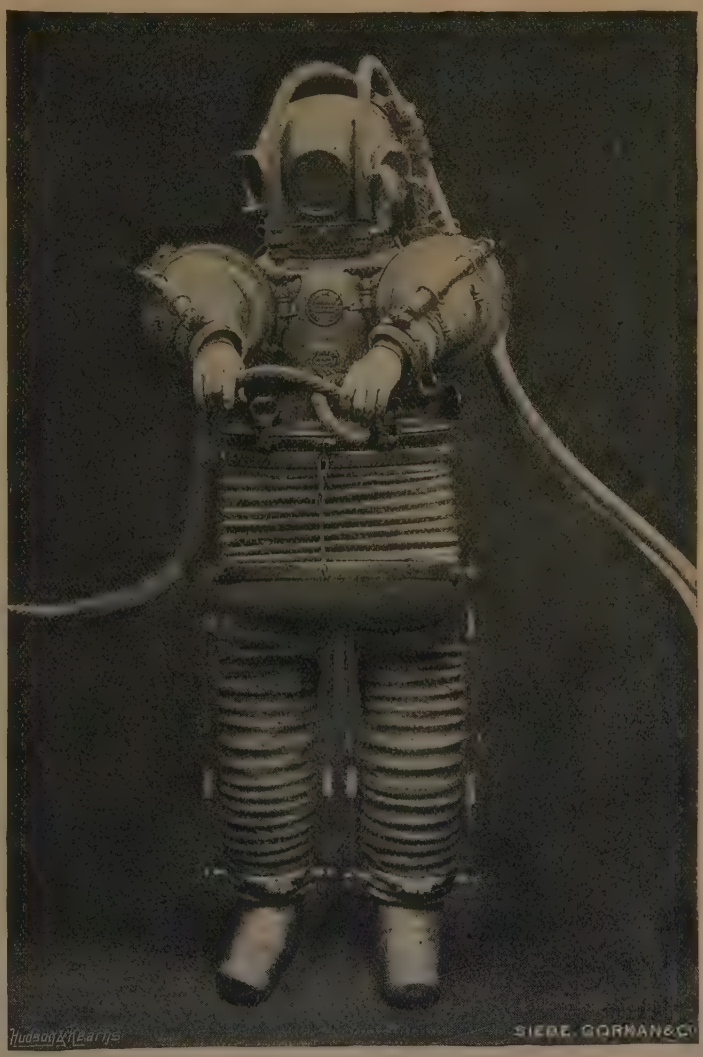
the condensation of the diver's breath, because air is conducted over the three little windows from the inlet valve, which admits the pumped-in air at the back of the head. Indeed, a diving-dress practically means that the wearer is living in a little air-tight world of his own, into which is pumped the same amount of air as he would require at the surface if the pressure round him were the same up above as it is below. I need hardly say that the pressure increases the farther you go down, so that while pressure at the sea-level is only 15 lb. per square inch, the diver must frequently have to support 80 lb. to the square inch, while he can be supplied, if necessary, with 100 lb.

The famous diver Lambert "in the treasure-room" of the "Alfonso XII." From a picture presented by Siebe, Gorman, and Co., to the warrant officers of H.M.S. "Portsmouth."

The equipment of a diver weighs about 170 lb. This is made up of a variety of items. For instance, the helmet weighs 35 lb.; the breast and back weights, which help to make the diver sink, run up to 80 lb.; and the boots (with heavy lead soles and brass heel and toe guards) to 32 lb. The waterproof dress (which is all in one piece) weighs 14 lb., and the stockings, guernsey, "Kilmarnock night-cap," and other underclothing account for 8½ lb. more, the whole costing about £100. Mr. W. A. Gorman (the son-in-law of old Siebe, and chief of the famous

firm of Siebe, Gorman, and Co., in Westminster Bridge Road) has added the finishing touches to the diver's equipment by inventing a telephone and an electric light for the diving-helmet. This lamp is fixed to the breastplate, and works on a ball and socket joint, so that the diver may turn his searchlight wherever he wants. For the deepest sea-diving a stronger dress has recently been introduced. Two Melbourne inventors, Messrs. Buchanan and Gordon, have designed an extraordinary-looking dress, which I illustrate here. It is made in two parts. The upper, consisting of the helmet and body, is constructed of copper. The arms and lower half (excepting the thigh part, which is also of copper) consist of a series of special metallic rings covered with a very strong waterproof material, all this being necessary to withstand the enormous pressure experienced in deep water.

This leads one to say that the greatest depth ever attained by a diver is 204 ft., at which depth the diver (Hooper, of Liverpool) was supporting a pressure of 88½ lb. on each square inch of his body. But the greatest depth at which a diver may work safely is only 150 ft., and at less depths he may conduct his operations from four to eight hours a day.



THIS DIVING-DRESS IS FOR VERY DEEP DIVING.
It is made of metal to withstand the great pressure in deep water.

The duties of a diver are very varied. He may have to go down the side of a ship only to scrape its bottom, as in the case of the *Great Eastern*. Twelve divers were occupied in clearing that leviathan's hull, scraping off incrustations a foot thick. Thus freed, the vessel rose nearly two inches in the water, and increased her speed by three knots an hour. Again, a diver may be sent to salve a wreck; or he may be engaged in tunnelling operations on land; or he may have to explore a flooded mine. Let me indicate some of

the more memorable feats divers have accomplished.

H.M.S. *Royal George* is a memorable case in point. She was a stately three-decker, carrying 108 guns, and had always been a flag-ship from the time she was built in 1755. At the time she sank off Spithead (Aug. 29, 1782) she was about to sail for Gibraltar, and 805 sailors and marines were aboard her, under the command of Admiral Kempenfeldt, while she was crowded with the wives and children and friends of the departing tars. In order to mend a stopcock, the vessel had to be canted upon one side. To this end the larboard guns were run out as far as possible, and the starboard ones were lashed amidships so as to allow the vessel to heel over a little. The result was that the good ship capsized, and 400 men, with as many women and children, went down with her, 300 men being saved. Cowper, the poet, when he died in 1800, probably thought that the *Royal George* would be visible only in his verse; that she would never be seen again in all her water-logged reality. But he had not reckoned with Augustus Siebe. In 1839 that clever inventor set to work on the wreck, which had been lying at the bottom of the sea for fifty-seven years. Eight divers were employed, wearing Siebe's new "close" dress, and laboured away for four years, finding the wreck immersed in mud.

A SALVAGE STEAMER LIFTING A SUNKEN SHIP.

The wreck is made water-tight, and then the two centrifugal pumps in the salver pump out the water, and the vessel rises.

The work of salving her was very difficult, but many of the guns (made of gun-metal) and timbers were raised; and in the curious museum of treasures from the deep which Siebe, Gorman, and Co. have surrounded themselves with in Westminster Bridge Road, you will see an elaborate vase made from the wood and metal of the vessel.

Since that time, the firm has been at work on many a good ship of the Queen's Navee that has come to grief. For instance, they helped the Admiralty raise the *Eurydice*, which was lost in a squall off the Isle of Wight

on March 24, 1878, when some 300 sailor-boys were drowned within sight of land. The *Eurydice* sank in about 15 fathoms—90 ft.—of water, too great a depth for the employment of pumping appliances, so the salvage was accomplished in this way: Two old frigates, having a combined buoyancy of so much per cent. over and above the dead weight to be lifted, were moored over the wreck, oak toggles were fixed inside each porthole, and to these were attached steel-wire hawsers, which were led over sheaves on the lifting hulks, which were also provided with powerful winches. As the tide rose, the vessel lifted off the bottom, and the hulks with their submerged burden were then towed towards the shore, this operation being repeated at each high tide until the ill-fated vessel was beached. It was practically a monster coffin. So great indeed was the stench that the men told off to bring out the bodies were compelled to put on diving dress, and were supplied with air from a diving-pump just as if they had been going under water. In cases where vessels are sunk in shallow water, pumping machinery and divers alone are employed. This was

VASE MADE OUT OF THE TIMBERS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

THE "ROYAL GEORGE," IMMORTALISED BY COWPER,
Foundered with 800 persons off Spithead in 1782, and was raised by Mr. Siebe in 1839-44.

so with H.M.S. *Howe* (10,300 tons), which went ashore off the Spanish coast at Ferrol in November 1892. The projections of rock on which she stranded had to be blasted away, and a large shield was constructed and fixed over the damaged parts by divers; and after the vessel was made air-tight in this way the water was pumped out, and she floated, this being done by the Neptune Salvage Company, of Stockholm, on the "no cure no pay" system. The chief of the eight divers employed on this ticklish task was awarded a gold medal by the King of Sweden, and Captain Edlind, who had charge of the operations on behalf of the Salvage Company, had the K.C.M.G. bestowed upon him by our Government in recognition of his services. Similar methods were adopted in the case of H.M.S. *Sultan*, which sank near Malta, but in this case the damaged portions of the vessel were built up inside with bricks and concrete.

I should say that every flag-ship in our Navy carries eight fully qualified divers. Every cruiser has four. Corvettes and gun-boats are content with two and one each. The Admiralty adopted the system fully thirty years ago, the men being trained at Portsmouth, Sheerness, and Devonport. The Navy, of course, has constant use for divers. They repair any damage a vessel may sustain below the water-line, either by accident or in action. They clear propellers that may have got fouled. They clean hulls; they recover anchors or chains that may have been lost overboard, or that have been thrown overboard by intention, as in the recent case of a war-ship in the Mediterranean on which there was a little mutiny. The Royal Engineers have a school of submarine mining at Chatham, and it was while training there twenty years ago that the Duke of Connaught descended to a depth of 20 ft., and so thoroughly enjoyed himself that it was with difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to come up.

THE AUCH MOUNTAIN SUBMARINE ROCK BEING BLOWN UP.

Trinity House also has its divers.

When a wreck takes place on our coasts, the Trinity House authorities at once despatch a vessel to the scene of the disaster. The vessel is moored close to the wreck, and displays a green flag by day and a bright light by night, so as to warn passing vessels. A reasonable time is allowed to get the cargo salved (a great deal of this class of work is done by divers from Whitstable, the home of wreck-divers). If, after the cargo has been salved, the owners or underwriters decide to abandon the vessel, then the Trinity House divers proceed to blow her up with dynamite or some other explosive.

MODEL OF AN ORDINARY DIVING-BELL.

The popular and sensational romances of diving are connected with the search for treasure trove. One of the most famous instances was the feat of Alexander Lambert, who used to be chief diver to Siebe, Gorman, and Co. In February 1885, the Spanish mail-steamer *Alfonso XII.*, while on a voyage from Cadiz

THE INTERIOR OF A DIVING-BELL AT FOLKESTONE HARBOUR EXTENSION WORKS,

Taken when the "bell" was resting on the sea-bed 50 ft. below the surface. The "bell" measures 13 ft. by 11 ft., and 11½ ft. high, weighs 26 tons, and is fitted with the electric light and Gorman's Patent Submarine Telephonic Apparatus.

to Havana, sank off Point Grando, Grand Canary, in 160 ft. of water. She had £100,000 in Spanish gold coin on board, locked up in the safe-room. For six months diving operations were carried on. At last, Lambert managed to enter the magazine and recovered £70,000, which was contained in seven separate boxes. He got £4500 for his trouble. And what trouble! So terrible was the pressure that Lambert and his comrade (who recovered two more boxes) could stay below only a few minutes at a time, and but for his splendid physique and powers of endurance would have been far less successful than he was. Notwithstanding Lambert's statement that it would be a hopeless task to attempt to find the tenth box, a subsequent expedition was sent to get the remaining £10,000. But the diver, a man named Tester, after being down twenty minutes, was hauled up only to die. A third expedition was sent to search for the glittering gold, and two Germans went down. The first was hauled up half dead, and went raving mad. The other could not find the treasure at all.

THE "ARGUS," BEING RAISED AT BIRKENHEAD.

I have already spoken of Erostarbe's feat, which was even more dangerous. Another notable achievement of deep-sea diving was the recovery of £50,000 from the ship *Hamilla Mitchell*, which was lost on the Leuconna Rock, near Shanghai, in 156 ft. of water, in 1869. Two Liverpool divers, Ridyard and Penk, went to search for the wreck in a pilot cutter, and found her broken in two. Ridyard managed to get into the treasure-room, and found all the specie there, though some of the boxes containing it were so worm-eaten that the dollars had burst out. He made four descents—in one of which he stayed four hours under the water—and sent up sixty-four boxes, valued at £40,000. When he came up, the cutter was chased by a pirate-junk, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the cutter managed to reach Shanghai. It was also in 1869 that the P. and O. steamer *Carnatic* went down in the Gulf of Suez with a lot of specie of which £40,000 was afterwards recovered by divers. In August 1896 two divers (May

MISS LETTY LIND AS IRIS IN "A GREEK SLAVE."

Printed by Orford Smith, Ltd., St. Albans

Portrait by Alfred Ellis.

and Briggs, now in the employ of Siebe, Gorman, and Co.) recovered 8000 sovereigns that had gone down with the China mail-boat *Catterthun*, off the coast of New South Wales in 1895.

But it is not merely gold that can thus be recovered. Seven thousand bales of wool worth of quicksilver, £10,000 worth of wine, and about £5000 of silver and lead were recovered. Pearce himself found a wonderful silver hunting-knife in the wreck, valued at £7000. It had taken eleven years to make, and was studded with diamonds and other precious stones. It had been

H.M.S. "SULTAN," WHICH SANK BETWEEN MALTA AND GOZO.

(worth £100,000) were once raised from a Melbourne ship that sank near the Nore. The cargo of another vessel, consisting of silk, indigo, shellac, and the like, which sank in the Gulf of Aden, was found by divers, and realised £80,000 when sold in London. John Pearce, one of the Whitstable divers, was at the salving of the *Cadiz*, which sank between Ushant and Molène, on the French coast, in 1875, in 84 ft. of water. From this wreck £6000 consigned in the first instance to Field-Marshal the Duke of Saldhana, who was once Portuguese Minister in London.

Apropos of this knife, I ought to say that the Siebe Museum is full of quaint treasures, some of which I illustrate. For instance, there is a carpenter's plane, which was found in the wreck of one of the vessels of the Armada, lost in Vigo Bay. There is the wheel of a pulley-block which was recovered from the good ship

Mary Rose, which sank so far back as 295 years ago. There is an officer's sword, recovered in 1890 from the French man-of-war *l'Orient*, which blew up during the fight with Nelson's ships at the Battle of the Nile (1798).

And yet an enormous amount of treasure trove is still lying at the bottom of the sea. Some of it is at too great a depth ever to be reached, for it is difficult to believe that man will ever be able to work much below 200 ft., however clever the apparatus that ingenious inventors may devise. Here and there great treasure trove is known to exist. The most remarkable case is that of the French war-vessel which sank just a hundred years ago off the Dutch Island of Terschelling, north of Amsterdam. She is said to have had ten tons of money aboard, worth £1,500,000. Since 1800 various attempts have been made to reach the vessel, which is embedded in sand—the spot in consequence is called "Goudplat" — and a company has actually been floated for the purpose of recovering the coin. In 1800-1 some £55,770 was brought up; in 1856-60 £44,124 was got; while in 1886 a modest £686 was recovered. But a perfect Golconda is still waiting to be brought up.

After all, however, picturesque as the salving of treasure trove is, its value, like that of most sensational things, is rather episodical. An enormous amount of useful work is constantly being done by divers in the making of harbours, piers, and the like. For this purpose the diving-bell is often used, as, for example, at Folkestone Harbour Works at the present time, where an enormous bell, 13 ft. by 11 ft. by 11½ ft. in size and weighing 26 tons, is dropped to the sea-bed (50 ft. below) by means of a huge wire rope. The bell is equipped with a telephone and is lighted with electricity, and it was by this light that a photographer recently took the remarkable picture of the labourers in the bell which I reproduce.

Many engineers, however, prefer the simple diving-dress. This was used at the magnificent harbours of Libau, in Russia, and of Colombo, Ceylon. Two of Siebe, Gorman, and Co.'s divers trained eight-and-twenty Russian masons to dive, and for four long years this staff worked in shifts night and day. The depth was 40 ft., and the weight of the blocks put into position by the divers was from thirty to sixty tons each. Fifteen divers are at work on the extension of Colombo Harbour, which is possibly the finest haven in the world.

There is slightly more romance about submarine rock blasting. The rock is drilled in parallel lines either by hand or by compressed air from the surface, and filled with the necessary explosives and exploded by electricity. The effect is shown in the picture of the Auch rock in the Clyde. To give you some idea of the enormous labour involved in such operations, I may note that in the Eldeslie rock—a huge vein of trap which blocked the Clyde above Renfrew—something like 16,000 holes were bored, 76,000 lb. of dynamite were used, and the operations cost £70,000.

Again, the sponge fisheries of the Greek Archipelago are harvested by divers—about four hundred get constant employment—the naked diver business which we used to read about in the school-books having become quite obsolete. Similarly, divers are employed in the pearl fisheries of Australia and the Torres Straits. The divers are now working in 145 ft. of water. The diver is also sometimes of use on land in the case of flooded mines. This is usually a dangerous task, owing to the amount of débris encountered.

In short, a diver can perform under water anything he could do on the surface, so perfect is the modern apparatus with which he is equipped. He even can sleep beneath the water, and has been known deliberately to take a nap. Here is a funny story that illustrates the point. A diver was sent down to clean a ship's bottom with a couch-grass brush. He resolved to take a little nap, but his brush floated merrily to the surface, and the officer on board the ship thus knew that the man was asleep and doing no work.

The pay of a diver varies according to the difficulty of the work. While working at foreign harbours, for instance, an

HARD LINES.

English diver may get from £20 to £30 a month, and a bonus on the completion of the operations. For similar work in England the pay varies from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. an hour, and in mines it ranges from 5s. to 10s. Of course, when treasure trove is in the wind, no price is too high for a big *coup*. Divers live, however, to a good old age, and their experiences make them excellent *raconteurs*.

THE RED AND BLACK DEATH.

A VISION OF MONTE CARLO.

By H. HAVELOCK ETTRICK.

I WAS dead—of that I was certain! The hand that held the revolver had not trembled nor faltered. I remembered a flash of blinding light, a numbing blow, and then—silence! It seemed to me that after an interval my consciousness returned, and I rose to my feet.

On the ground, stretched under the gnarled olive-tree, with the cold moonlight filtering through the overlacing branches and shining on the pale set face, lay my body. The right hand still grasped the revolver, the dark curly hair was matted with blood, the eyes were staring at the sky with fixed, unseeing gaze; the coat had fallen open, showing the shirt-front, splashed with a ruddy stain, the diamond stud sparkled as brightly in the moonlight as under the glare of the electric light an hour since. Yes, there was no doubt about it. I had passed the dread portal. I had myself wrenched open the gates at which humanity stands shivering with dread expectation. To the world I was dead, a suicide, and therefore beyond the power of prayer; an outcast, deemed unworthy of Christian burial. I stood and gazed at the body lying so still, so horribly still, at my feet. An hour ago it had been the centre of an excited crowd in the gambling-rooms. For the last week I had been playing wildly, and the last thousands of which I was possessed had been slipping through my fingers like sand. To-night I had played my last hundred pounds; I played boldly, as one who will wrest by force from the goddess of chance. I felt confident that the luck must change, and fortune come to me eventually. Therefore I played as one possessed, seeing nothing but the cards before me, hearing nothing but the croupier's voice.

The last notes and handful of gold had been staked on the red—always the red; the red was burned into my very brain—the cards were being read out amid breathless silence—the monotonous voice began, "*Rien ne va plus, Messieurs—sept—neuf—rouge perd—et le couleur,*" and the hungry rake swept away my last napoleon! I turned quickly and read for myself; yes, there the damning cards lay, and true enough the red *had* lost, and for the eighth time in succession. The bystanders had whispered to me to play on the black, not to go against the run, and suchlike sage advice; but to me the red, and only the red, was attractive, and play it I would, though it spelt ruin!

I pushed back my chair and rose, the crowd parting on either side to let me pass; whispers of "He has lost thousands!" "Ruined!" reached me, but I heeded not. I left the rooms, to all appearance calmly enough, crossed the Place, and sitting at one of the little tables at the Café de Paris, ordered, drank, and paid for a glass of cognac, then passing through the lovely gardens, climbed the hill that rises abruptly behind Monte Carlo, and made my way resolutely into the olive-woods that clothe the mountain-side. I knew what was in my mind, I had planned it the previous day, and even settled on the spot that should witness my flight from ruin and shame. I had clung with the tenacity of the born gambler to the idea that I should retrieve my losses at the tables, and had never thoroughly realised that the necessity of climbing the hill in

I was dead—of that I was certain.

company with my revolver would ever really come, but—I had selected the spot. I drew the revolver from its case. I gave a long, last look at the fair scene before me; the great Casino with its myriad lights, the reach of garden with its waving palms, and masses of tropical foliage; beyond, the glittering moonlit Mediterranean. The sound of music reached me, the Hungarian Band was playing the dreamy "Loin de Bal" outside the Café de Paris, where groups of idlers sat enjoying the warm, soft air of the Southern night. Ah me! the last time I had heard that delicious piece of pure melody! The vision of a fair, girlish face, a pair of soft arms round my neck, the remembrance of a whispered avowal of maidenly love—ah no! let me forget, and do what I came up here to do. Yet another vision forces itself before my weary eyes—a silvery-haired old woman, surely the dearest mother that ever blessed a headstrong son—the eyes look reproachfully on me, and the hand would dash the revolver from my grasp; but no, it cannot be! Let me get it over, and that quickly. My hand is raised—one flash—one terrible second of realisation that I had made an awful, irreparable mistake, one moment of numbness and helplessness, and—I stand beside my former self.

Casting a frightened glance round me, for I feared lest the sound of the pistol had already attracted notice from the ever vigilant police, I turned away, leaving my body as one would leave a wearisome companion, in haste and without backward look. The police would soon find it, and carry it to the Prefecture at Monaco, where it would be photographed.

Only the previous day I had had the morbid curiosity to wander down to the Prefecture, and had asked leave to view the photographs of the suicides which are always kept for the purpose of identification. I said that I sought a missing friend; the faces had haunted me ever since; the look that all of them wore had sobered me for a moment: it was the expression of horror, of having found out their terrible mistake *too late*. Would my face, too, bear that haunted look when my body was found?

My shadowy unclad soul passed down the hill, through the gardens, and I found myself facing the Casino.

It had been nearly closing time when I had last left it, and I saw that now the doors were being shut for the night; the stream of players and onlookers had melted away.

I passed the huge glass doors, and stood in the atrium; the hall was empty save for a few officials; the air was heavy with tobacco smoke and the scent of flowers. I was invisible, that I knew, but I instinctively avoided the few people that were still to be seen. I was seized with a wild desire to re-enter the gambling-rooms, to go over every act of that tragedy which had cost me my life.

I found the doors open, the usual black-coated guardians having left their posts; the rooms were nearly dark, the electric chandeliers extinguished, only a few moderator lamps illumined the huge place, and these were now being put out one by one. The tables were shrouded in dingy green coverings, the croupiers' rakes lying side by side on the top. The rooms had a weird aspect; on the floor were littered pieces of paper, fragments of torn gloves, faded flowers crushed by the passing feet. The atmosphere was hot and fetid, the exhausted air left by a surging crowd of twelve hours.

I slunk into a corner, watching the lampmen as they extinguished the last remaining lights; an official with his lantern walked through the long suite of rooms to see that everything was in order, and then with a clang the big doors closed, and I was alone.

I made my way through the well-known Moorish room, and the next, and found myself in the large salle devoted to the game of Trente et Quarante, the form of gambling that is played with gold and notes only.

Here the same litter and dust was apparent, the result of a long day's work, for the month was January and the season was at its height. Approaching the large eastern windows, I gazed on what is considered by many the loveliest view in Europe. The Casino gardens, with their masses of carefully tended flowers, the

Ah no! let me forget, and do what I came up here to do.

feathery palms, the cascade that sprinkled a myriad crystal drops as it splashed in the bright moonlight, lay just beneath me. Beyond, the dark mountains rose almost precipitately from the sea, their brows crowned with glistening snow, their base lost in luxuriant gardens belonging to the villas that fringed the shore.

The long, low peninsula of the Cap Martin stretched its pine-clad length into the sea that was almost as blue as in the daytime under the clear light of the moon.

I turned from the window and faced the table at which I had been playing but an hour since. At my feet lay the torn cards on which I had pricked the sequence of colours as they were read out by the croupier, and which I had thrown down with a curse as I rose from my seat. I remembered that there had been a rush for my vacated chair, the superstition among gamblers being that the seat of a ruined player brings luck to its next occupier. I had laughed as I saw the struggle, and had wondered whether the mantle of my shame and disgrace, which the loss of my fortune meant for me and mine, would descend on the poor fool who secured the coveted place!

The intense silence of the room oppressed me; I could hear the steady tramp of the night-guard as it patrolled the terrace outside, the distant shriek of the night express smote the still air, the waves lapped gently on the beach far below, but the rooms were as silent as a vault. The moonlight streamed through the wire-guarded windows, forming fantastic images on the polished parquet floor, and causing the frescoed figures on the walls to appear more than usually lifelike.

As I looked, I became suddenly aware that I was not alone; to the right and left of me the chairs were occupied by players, the croupiers were in their places, the cards lay ready for cutting, the long rouleaux of gold, the packets of bank-notes, were in their accustomed positions. I seemed to recognise the players, and I noticed with an uneasy start that before each man there lay on the green cloth a numbered ticket, which somehow recalled an unpleasant memory, but what it was precisely I could not determine. Behind each player there seemed to be a group of shadowy watchers, silent as death, but observant. The chair that I had occupied was alone vacant, but the absent gambler was evidently expected, for a ticket bearing the number "23" was pinned on to the cloth facing it. For awhile I gazed, feeling no surprise at the midnight game being played by the flickering light of the moon, but of a sudden, a thrill of unutterable horror passed over me, for I recognised one after the other in the faces of the players the originals of the photographs that I had seen the previous day at the Prefecture, the photographs of the Monte Carlo suicides. The number lying on the cloth facing each player was the same as was painted on the board over his grave in the Monaco cemetery, no cross being allowed to cast its shadow upon the unhallowed spot. What was that number that faced my chair? Was it mine? Should I occupy the vacant space beside the grave marked No. 22?

As I stood irresolute, longing to fly from the haunted table, the players suddenly turned and faced me, silently beckoning me, with outstretched hands, to take my place. I was powerless to resist, and with a shudder I took the vacant chair, and looked around at my brothers in death. The very croupiers were dead men, for I recognised one, of whom I had heard that he had gone mad from the eternal monotony of his work and the daily sight of human misery and despair; he, too, had taken his own life.

The lamps that hung by massive chains from the roof threw a weird light on the table, casting a glare as of corpse candles burning green on the contorted and passion-dawn faces of the players.

The horrible game began afresh, the cards were dealt out, the stakes were made, the money paid out, each one was intent on his own game, heedless of the fact that as soon as that phantom gold was paid him it vanished; play as we would, the piles of notes and gold ever disappeared, the lean clawlike hands grasped at the coins which ever eluded them, and sought to hold them.

"Take the gold, take the cursed thing! I will none of it!"

Behind each man's chair stood the watchers, and I knew that they were those—the wives, mothers, and sisters—whose ruin had been wrought by the gamblers' passion, and left alone to struggle for their daily bread in a cruel world.

I dreaded to turn my head, for I knew that my white-haired mother would be there, and that she would not be alone: the slight, girlish figure clad in purest white, the vision of whom I had dreaded before the fatal shot, would be by her side, gazing reproachfully at her coward lover!

The game was a silent one: the gold made no chink, the greedy rakes no sound as they drew in the bank's winnings. The weird players from time to time flung their arms up and cursed with hideous grimaces, but speechless lips, the gold that slipped between their fingers; the play became faster, the croupiers no longer remaining impassive, as in life; but, dashing their rakes among the piled-up masses of gold, and scattering it on to the floor, laughed with fiendish derision at the players' despair; the gamblers flung themselves with mad fury upon the coins, and strove that way to possess themselves of the vile stuff that had been their ruin. I struggled to rise from my seat, but was spellbound. Surely this was Hell—the gamblers' Hell! Again and again we were doomed to enact the same horrible scene, night after night we would haunt the spot to which our souls were chained; year after year our faces would glow with livid light under the green phantom lamps, and we would struggle, fight, and rave in our thirst for gold. A dread despair settled upon me, my lips were parched, but I shook in a sweat of terror! Throwing myself across the table, I buried my face in my hands and prayed. "Ah, God, spare me this horror!" I cried. "Give me back my life, and I will atone!" I raised my head, and saw that the gamblers were looking at me, their clawlike hands pointing at me, their gibbering lips mocking me, their despairing eyes gleaming with the light of their self-made Hell.

I sprang up, seized the gold that lay before me, and flung it at them, shrieking with lips that uttered no sound, "Take the gold, take the cursed thing! I will none of it! No more do I sell my soul!"

With a wild yet noiseless rush the diabolical crew were at me, and I fought for what I now knew to be more precious than my body. I felt the clammy hands on my throat, and tore at them wildly. I fell down—down—and still to lower depths!

* * * *

I knew if I once surrendered that the dread Master of this saturnalia would claim me for his own, and I shrieked aloud in my torment of soul. The pressure on my throat was getting stronger; I saw flames of fire dancing before my eyes as I descended lower and lower with increasing impetus, as though borne on demons' wings. I gave one last despairing cry for help, though I knew not from whom to expect it, and lost all consciousness.

* * * *

"He will do now, the fever is passing. Sleep and careful nursing will be the only medicines necessary; it has been a near thing, but——"

I opened my eyes. I was lying in a cool, sweet-scented room, to which the songs of birds and the wash of the waves penetrated.

A cool hand was laid on my head, a low, quiet voice said—

"That last resolution of yours was the wisest remark you have made for the past few days, young man, and you will do well to remember it! You have been nearly beyond the power of remembrance, another quarter of an inch, and you——" The doctor's kind face completed his sentence.

I did not reply. I was too weak for that.

I felt my two hands grasped, and turning my head as well as I could for the bandages that encircled it, I met my mother's dear eyes, and felt her kiss of love and forgiveness on my lips. And, as in another vision, she was not alone. In another moment the soft arms that had embraced me, ah! it seemed so long ago to me now, were round me again, and the silence was broken only by the sound of a woman's sobs of joy.

ASSASSINATION AS A FINE ART.

By J. STEPHEN.

YOUTH and enthusiasm, pushed to the point of crazy fanaticism, seem to be the requisite, almost the indispensable, qualifications for the successful assassin. In the records of great assassinations, it will be found that in the majority of cases the murderer had not reached middle life, and that he was prompted to his crime by the conviction, either original or instilled by crafty plotters, that he was destined by Heaven to render signal service to humanity. In the cases to be considered in the present article, these conditions will be found to have been fulfilled with almost startling uniformity. To the class of "cat's-paws" belong Baltazar Gerard and Jacques Clement. The class of assassins who acted from inward promptings is more numerous, and contains such creatures as Ravaillac, Charles Sand, Wilkes Booth, Shere Ali, Caserio Santo, Mirza Mahomed Reza, Felton, Bellingham, and Guiteau, the last three being moved originally by a private grudge. Very seldom have assassins betrayed their confederates—probably, in the more crazy instances, because they feared to divide the honours. A loud repudiation of accomplices will, indeed, be found to be another notable characteristic of the class.

The famous Stadtholder, William the Silent, Prince of Orange, fell a victim to Spanish hatred on July 10, 1584. Curiously enough, he paid out of his own pocket for the instruments of his death. More than four years before, Philip of Spain had set a price upon his head, and from time to time wretches were encouraged with Spanish gold to undertake the Stadtholder's removal. On March 18, 1582, one Jean Jaurequy came near accomplishing the task; but it remained for Baltazar Gerard, an ardent fanatic, to execute the detestable commission. Gerard was a native of Vuillafans, and was twenty-six years old when he committed the crime. In April 1584 there came to Delft, where William was then staying, a certain François Guion, who gave himself out as the son of a Protestant who had suffered for his faith. Professing great zeal in the Protestant cause, he ingratiated himself with William, and received from him some money with which he bought a pair of pistols. A week later he went to the Prince's lodging, under pretext of demanding a passport. He waited about the staircase until the Prince had risen from table and was about to ascend to his apartment. Then Guion advanced towards him, and drawing from beneath his cloak a pistol charged with three balls, fired. William expired in a few moments, exclaiming, "My God, have pity on my soul, have pity on my poor people!" The assassin, Guion, was immediately secured, and confessed that his true name was Baltazar Gerard. Four days later, after torture, he was condemned to suffer death, mutilation, and disembowelling, after the barbarous fashion of the times with traitors. On hearing his sentence he bared his breast, already disfigured by the torture, and alluding to Our Lord's Passion, exclaimed, "Ecce Homo!" Next day he was executed.

Equally deliberate was the assassination of Henri III. of France; and again in this case the assassin was a youthful fanatic, a tool of determined plotters. The reconciliation of the Kings of France and of

Navarre had struck terror into the hearts of the League. Accordingly the Duc de Mayenne, La Châtre, Villeroi, and other chiefs of that party, were deliberating how Henry might be got rid of, when Bourgoing, prior to the Jacobins of Paris, of Judith, who delivered her country by the murder of Holofernes, nightly they had masqueraded before him in phantom guise, until the poor crazed creature believed that an angel had appeared to him, had put into his hand a drawn sword

BALTAZAR GERARD, ASSASSIN.

ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM THE SILENT, JULY 10, 1584.

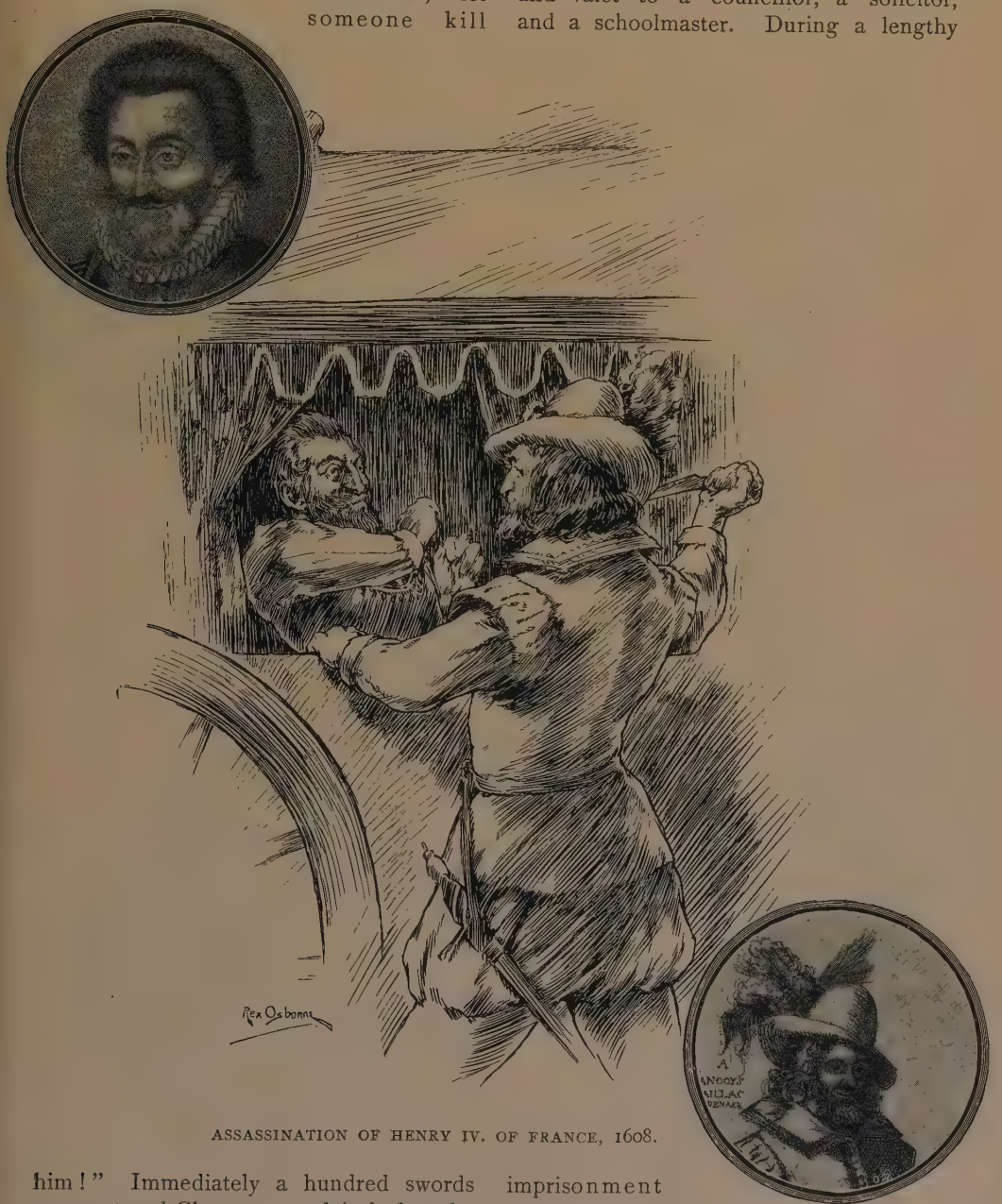
WILLIAM THE SILENT.

entered and offered the services of one of his monks, Jacques Clement. Clement was a native of Sorbonne, and was twenty-two years of age. This youth, a devotee and visionary, had been wrought up to the deed by all sort of manœuvres. Daily his superiors had set before him the example and had solemnly enjoined him to slay the tyrant. Another story which lacks satisfactory proof is that the Duchess of Montpensier was the soul of this vile conspiracy, and had by a liberal use of her charms persuaded Clement to the murder. Be this as it may, the prior's offer was accepted, and on July 31, 1589, the assassin, having confessed and communicated, departed for St. Cloud, bearing a letter to the King. He was admitted to

the royal presence, and finding the monarch on his couch, stabbed him in the side. Henri cried out, "Oh, the naughty monk! He has killed me, let someone kill him!" Immediately a hundred swords were out and Clement was slain before the dying King's eyes. On Aug. 2 Henry expired. Clement was honoured by his friends as a martyr and a saint.

Henri IV. of France also fell a victim to a visionary and fanatic. François Ravaillac was a native of Angoulême, and was thirty-two years of age when he took the King's life. He had been clerk and valet to a councillor, a solicitor, and a schoolmaster. During a lengthy imprisonment for debt he began to see visions and dream dreams, and believing that Henri intended to make a schism in the Church, resolved to kill him. Finally

HENRY IV.

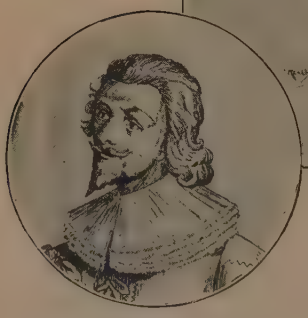


ASSASSINATION OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE, 1608.

FRANÇOIS RAVAILLAC, ASSASSIN.

in 1606 he came to Paris and tried to see the King, that he might exhort him to bring the Protestants back to the Roman Catholic Church. Ravaillac intended also to inform the King of his project, hoping that he (Ravaillac) might thus be "restrained from his evil purpose." Two years later he again came to Paris and prepared to do the deed, but he hesitated. At the sight of an "Ecce Homo," however, he felt his purpose revive, and proceeding to the Louvre he lay in wait for the King, whom he stabbed in the Rue de la Ferronnerie while the royal coach was stopped

The Duke of Buckingham.



John Felton, Assassin.

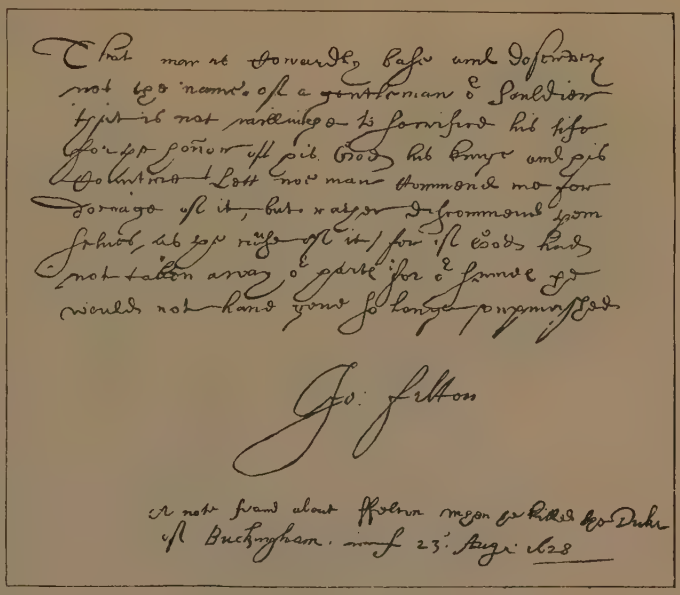
ASSASSINATION OF THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, AUGUST 23, 1628.

in the throng of traffic. He suffered himself to be taken red-handed from sheer desire to glorify himself as the "greatest of assassins." Under torture he acknowledged no accomplices, declaring to the end that the deed was his own in conception as in execution. On May 22 Ravaillac was torn asunder by wild horses.

The dogged fanatic, who believes himself inspired, is again the agent in the assassination of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, which took place at Portsmouth on Aug. 23, 1628, when the Duke was about to sail to the relief of La Rochelle. Felton was an Irishman who had held a commission as a lieutenant at the siege of the Ile de Ré, but he had been disgusted with military service, the Duke having refused him a company. Felton then conceived the idea that Buckingham was an obstacle to the welfare of his country, some rhetorical phrase to that effect used in Parliament having possessed his melancholy imagination to the point of murderous resolve. Accordingly, he bought an ordinary knife for a shilling and introduced himself into Buckingham's house, where he stabbed the Duke as he was taking leave of a visitor in the hall. Buckingham clapping his hand on his sword-hilt, cried, "God's wounds, the villain hath killed me!" He then pulled the knife out himself. The Duke's life ebbed fast, so his servants laid him on the hall table, where he expired in about fifteen minutes. Felton was executed, and met his doom with the stolid resolution of his kind, protesting, like Ravaillac, that he had no accomplices and that none were privy to the scheme, as he alone had

credit or power enough in him to have disposed him to such an action.

Mystery shrouds the fate of the Great Gustavus. His fall in the moment of victory at Lützen on Nov. 6, 1632, may have been fair fortune of war, but there are sinister rumours to the contrary. After rallying, with a few encouraging words, several regiments of disheartened British infantry, Gustavus, further to support them, put himself at the head of a body of cavalry, and hurled himself against the Austrian cuirassiers. His horse was wounded by a pistol-ball; he himself received one in the left arm. Gustavus begged the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg to conduct him out of the *mêlée*. At the same moment he was shot in the back under the left shoulder. Another account but was pursued and slain with a sword-stroke by Luchan, equerry to the Duke of Saxony. On the morning of the fight,



AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN FELTON.

Gustavus had refused to put on his cuirass, saying "God is my cuirass." There was no doubt as to the assassination of Gustavus III. of Sweden, who fell a victim

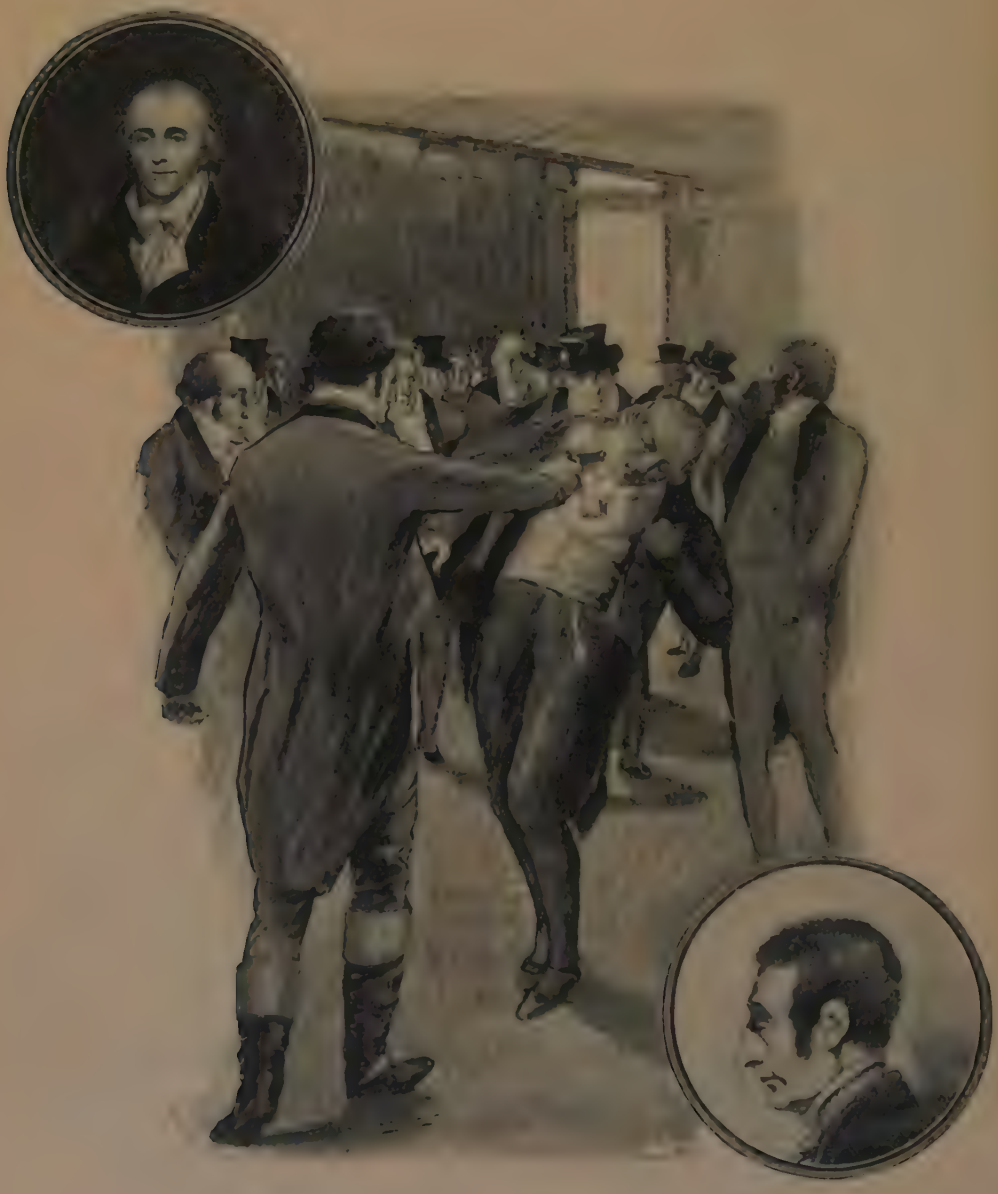
GUSTAVUS III., KING OF SWEDEN,
ASSASSINATED MARCH 15, 1792.

ANKARSTRÖM,
ASSASSIN OF GUSTAVUS III.

says that the shot was fired at ten paces by Lieutenant-Colonel Falkenberg, an Imperial officer, who at once galloped off, to a plot among his nobles and was shot by Ankerström on March 15, 1792. The criminal was flogged and publicly exposed

on a scaffold for three days, after which he expiated his crime with his life.

On the evening of May 11, 1812, about half-past five o'clock, as Mr. Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister, was entering the lobby of the House of Commons, he was fired at by a person who had posted himself at the side of the door. He expired in a few moments. When the first surprise was over someone exclaimed, "Where is the villain who fired?" And immediately the assassin stepped forward, saying, "I am the unfortunate man. My name is Bellingham. It is a private injury. I know what I have done—it was a denial of justice on the part of the



SPENCER PERCEVAL.

JOHN BELLINGHAM, ASSASSIN.

ASSASSINATION OF SPENCER PERCEVAL, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND, IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MAY 11, 1812.

Government." Bellingham alleged that he had received wrongs in Russia which Ministers had refused to redress. On his trial at the Old Bailey, on May 15, the plea of insanity was put forward, but rejected, and Bellingham was hanged three days later.

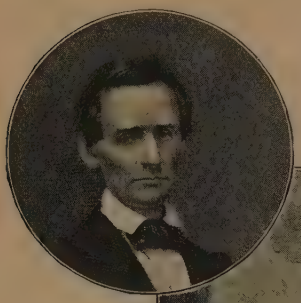
AUGUST VON KOTZEBUE,
ASSASSINATED MARCH 23, 1819.

On March 23, 1819, at Mannheim, August Frederick Ferdinand von Kotzebue, the most prolific of German dramatic authors, was assassinated by a student named Charles Louis Sand. Sand was among that great section of the people, not students alone, which was enraged at Kotzebue's attempt, as exposed by Wieland, to establish the principle that the German States had no right to a single Liberal institution, to none of the rights, indeed, promised them when they stood by their sovereign in the hour of danger. Accordingly Sand resolved to rid Germany of the author, whom he considered an enemy to justice, to reason, and to liberty. He called on Kotzebue at eleven in the morning, but was not received. Returning at four he saw the author, and after exchanging a few commonplaces with him, plunged a dagger into his breast, shouting: "There's for you, traitor to the Fatherland!" He then deliberately left the house, and falling on his knees in the street, exclaimed, "Long live my German Fatherland! Thanks be to God, who hath given me the victory!" Upon this he stabbed himself several times. He was not to die thus, however, for he recovered sufficiently to keep an appointment with the public executioner. He died with the same dignity, the same unshaken belief in himself and his mission which is so strange an accompaniment of this form of madness. He was beheaded with the sword, solemnly exclaiming with his last breath, "I take Heaven to witness that I die for the liberty of Germany!"

J. Wilkes Booth, the ex-actor, who murdered President Lincoln in his box at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the night of April 14, 1865, was a political rather than a religious fanatic. That he had long meditated the crime is proved by a rhapsodical letter, written by him the previous January, in which he declares his belief in the cause of the South. After firing the shot Booth leaped from the box on to the stage and escaped. There was a hot pursuit, and some cavalrymen caught him in a barn at Bowling Green, in Virginia. Booth, who had been crippled by his leap, tried to parley, crying, "Captain, give a lame man a show." The barn was, however, set on fire, and a soldier shot Booth down. He died exclaiming, "Tell mother I died for my country. I thought I did it for the best. Useless! useless!"

On Dec. 28, 1870, as Marshal Prim was proceeding from the Ministry of War to the Cortes at Madrid, he was fired at in the Calle de Alcala, and severely wounded. The assassins, who fired from

CHARLES LOUIS SAND, ASSASSIN OF KOTZEBUE.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

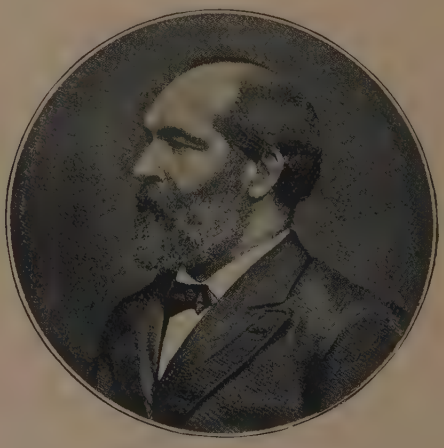
two cabs, made good their escape. On Dec. 30 Prim expired.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, APRIL 14, 1865.

WILKES BOOTH, ASSASSIN.

On Feb. 8, 1872, Lord Mayo, Viceroy of India, when on a visit to the penal settlements on the Andaman Islands, was struck down by an assassin. In the dark of a tropical evening, Lord Mayo, almost unguarded, and followed by a mixed crowd of natives, prisoners and attendants, was returning from a visit to Mount Harriet, on the main island. He was about to re-embark, and had walked along the pier about one-third of its length, when a convict leaped on him and stabbed him to the heart. The man said his name was Shere Ali, the son of Wullee, that he came from a village

GUITEAU, ASSASSIN OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.



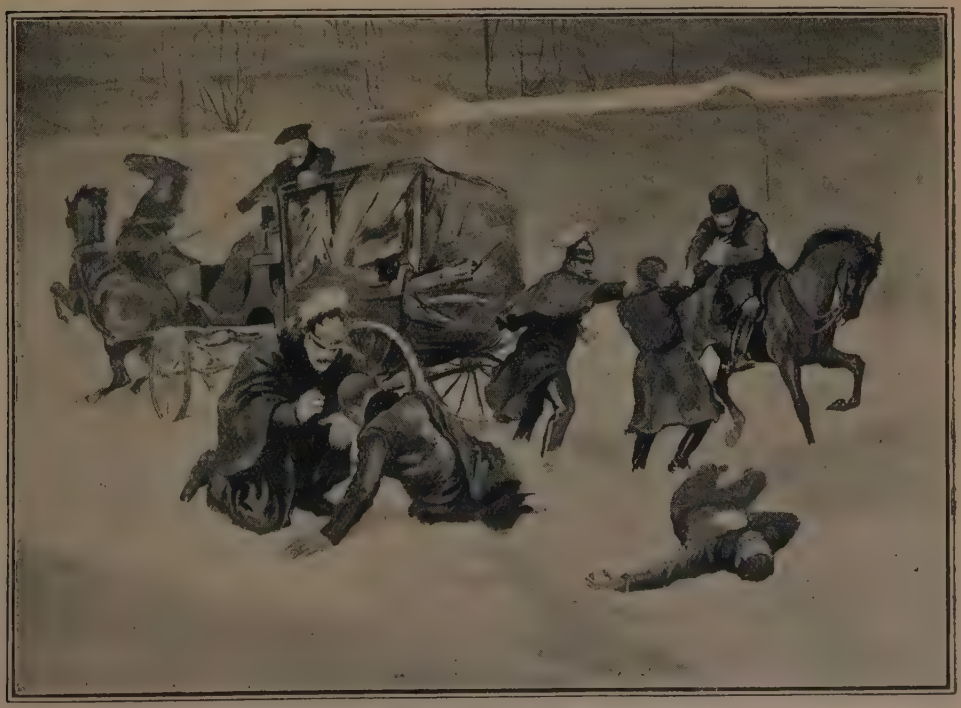
PRESIDENT GARFIELD, ASSASSINATED JULY 2, 1881.

near Jumrood, at the foot of the Khyber, that he had no accomplices, that it was his fate, and that he had committed the act by the order of God. He was executed at Calcutta, maintaining his obstinate resolution to the last.

A homicidal craze originating, as did Bellingham's, in a personal grievance, cost President Garfield his life. On July 2, 1881, as the President was leaving Washington for New York by train, he was shot at and mortally wounded by a disappointed place-hunter named Charles J. Guiteau, who had been a lawyer in Chicago. Precisely how mad the assassin was will never be ascertained, for he certainly tried to save his neck by feigning insanity. His trial, during which Guiteau acted with the utmost indecorum, was long protracted, but at length he was brought to the gallows and died babbling nonsensical and half-profane doggerel of his own composition.

ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

The early part of the same year saw the assassination of Alexander II. of Russia. On Sunday, March 13, 1881, as the Emperor was driving near the Kojnshni Bridge, St. Petersburg, a bomb-shell was thrown from behind the railing of the Michael Palace Gardens. It exploded, blowing out the back of the carriage and injuring several Cossacks. The Emperor, who was unhurt,



ASSASSINATION OF ALEXANDER II. OF RUSSIA, MARCH 13, 1881.

alighted and proceeded to attend to the wounded, when a second bomb was thrown at his feet with terrible effect. His Majesty

PRESIDENT CARNOT,
ASSASSINATED JUNE 24, 1894.

CASERIO SANTO,
ASSASSIN OF PRESIDENT CARNOT.

expired within the hour. The thrower of the second bomb met sudden retribution, for he, too, perished by the explosion. The thrower of the first—Russakoff, a Nihilist—was at once arrested. He was twenty-one years of age, a student of mining engineering. The prime assassin, before he died, denounced Russakoff, who, with four accomplices (one a woman—Sofia Peroffskaya, an officer's daughter), was hanged at St. Petersburg on April 15. The execution was the most barbarous of recent times.

The last two years have seen four notable assassinations—those of the Shah, of President Carnot, of Señor Canovas, and of the Empress of Austria. The person who assassinated the Shah of Persia on May 1, 1896, seemed to be in no way a madman, but merely a determined and aggrieved revolutionary. His name was Mirza Mahomed Reza, who had been banished as a political agitator, and had twice been imprisoned for treasonable conduct. He had actually been living on

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA,
ASSASSINATED SEPTEMBER 10, 1898.

LUIGI LUCCHENI,
ASSASSIN OF THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

a pension granted him by the clemency of his victim. The assassination took place at the shrine of the Shah Abdul Azim, six miles from Teheran. As his Majesty Nasr-ed-Din was entering the inner court, a man sprang out and fired a revolver point-blank at his heart. The Shah was conveyed back to Teheran, where he shortly expired. Mahomed Reza, who was executed soon after, made statements implicating several other persons.

President Carnot had gone to Lyons to the opening of the Exhibition, which took place on Sunday, June 24, 1894. At a quarter to nine, after the ceremonial, the President was driving along the Rue de la République, when a young man, roughly dressed, and holding in his hand a roll of paper, made as if he wished to present a petition. The guards did not stop him. Seizing M. Carnot's right hand, the assassin stabbed the President below the ribs with a dagger concealed in the roll of paper. The President died at a quarter to one next morning. The murderer, who was with difficulty saved from the fury of the populace, turned out to be one Caserio Santo Hieronomo, twenty-two years of age, a native of Motta Visconti, in the province of Milan. He was a professed Anarchist, and a wretched craven at that. Before the guillotine claimed him he was in a state of collapse so hopeless that M. de Paris had to drive him to the place of execution in one of the vans into which the national razor is packed on its travels.

Death, perhaps fortunately, could not be awarded to the most recent of assassins who, on Sept. 10 last year, brutally and wantonly took the life of the Empress of Austria at Geneva. If death on the scaffold was Luccheni's aim, he was ill-advised to perpetrate his crime in Geneva. For such a wretch it is reassuring to reflect, life-long imprisonment may prove the retributive terror that capital punishment would not in his case have effected.

RAJA SINGH AND OTHER ELEPHANTS.

By W. A. FRASER.

AN elephant can run a mile in a little over five minutes — perhaps a minute or two over, but at that rate of going a minute or so one way or the other does not matter. It 's not very fast going, when we think of the Empire State Express, Jimmy Michael on wheels, Salvator, and a lot of other speedy things. It 's not even as fast as a trained man can run.

It destroys the glamour of the elephant's charge that we stumble up against in hunting-stories.

I timed the elephants myself at a great fair which is held yearly a few miles outside of Meerut, in India.

It was a queer fair; everything that is used in India for transportation was there. Cabuli ponies, Beluch mares, and Gulf Arabs; ewe-necked, cow-hocked, switch-tailed country-breds; broken-down Australians and used-up polo-ponies, and several other varieties of horses dwelt there in the tents of their equally diversified owners. Asses and camels, goats and bullocks, rubber-hued elephants, and lean *palki*-bearers pushed in and out among each other.

Everything was there to trade; everything was there to race. There were races for the officers' horses from Meerut; and there were purses hung up for wild scrambles of scarcely broken animals and their not at all civilised owners.

There was an elephant-race.

Whether the elephants were trained fine or not I cannot say. They looked as though four ice-houses had been brought out on the track to break a record.

They were as hard to start as four sprinters. One old fellow with a mastodon's head seemed to think it was a fool's game, and deliberately turned his tail on the starter. His *mahout* (driver) coaxed him with an iron prod like a boat-hook.

There was a little fellow, a baby, about five feet high, who concluded that he would like to do the old fellows up. He had not been entered it seemed—probably it was not a boys' race—but was bound to start with them.

Finally they got away—the baby in the lead. It was a capital start, old Mastodon seemed to think, for he jockeyed the others and made play to keep the baby in front with his trunk.

The pace was not terrific; it was more majestic, more like four barns being gently blown along by the wind.

Somebody shouted an order, and a hive of natives swarmed over the course and side-tracked the baby.

Then the elders freshened to the race; they strained every nerve.

I had a stop-watch out timing them. At the half-mile, just opposite the little stand, they had done it in 2.30. That gait was no good for a stop-watch. It seemed folly to time such huge creatures with a fussy, ticking little thing like a watch; a grandfather's clock would have done better. I put it away in my pocket, and bet a Haji five rupees on Mastodon.

The natives had smuggled the baby back past the stand, and lay in wait with him two hundred yards from the finish. It was a one mile course, and the elephants would finish where they had started from in front of the stand.

There was as much cheering and bad language as on Derby Day. There was plenty of time for it.

As the four ponderous fellows came

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labouring along the natives slipped the baby in front of them, and he came sidling along merrily, his little pig eyes gleaming with fun, and old Mastodon caressing him softly with the fingers of his huge trunk.

It was not in the Koran that the Haji should pay me that five rupees, because of the baby elephant. "By the beard of the Prophet," it was not.

for he cannot jump. An elephant cannot lift all four feet off the ground at one time.

A German professor, who knew of this fact—knew it from observation, having taken refuge on the farther side of a big fallen tree when chased by one—determined to investigate the matter. It seemed odd to him that the elephant, of all animals, should be tied down in this

The Phoongye was piling square timber . . . a foot square and more, and over twenty feet long.

Allah! it was a good race though—an exciting one—for had they not all arrived together, even as a batch of Arab horses run?

There had been no "pulling" though, for the jockey-mahouts had ridden to win. They had plied their boat-hooks until the big fellows trumpeted with pain.

And because of that race I know the elephant is not the swiftest thing on earth, by several minutes to the mile.

Neither is he good as a steeple-chaser,

way. His theory was that the elephant's feet, being so soft and plastic, acted like the boy's leather sucker on a stone. He devoted his life to the research, and at the end gave it as his opinion that the animal was too heavy to jump. He had been handicapped by the fact that he never could get one to jump, though he bought several.

In gathering information about elephants, it is best to let others do the experimenting.

It is difficult to size up the horse-power of an elephant. In an engine you've got your diameter of the cylinder, the length of the stroke and the number of revolutions, and there you are—that is, if you know how.

With an elephant it is different. Looking at his legs, in their post-like immensity, one would not hesitate to build a fair-sized brick cottage on his back; but as his strength is usually employed to move things laterally, we have no rule to measure him by.

I saw a big fellow tested once in the Zoological Gardens in Calcutta. It was not a scientific investigation: it was not the result of an argument—it was simply done to amuse people. It was a tug-of-war between one of these animals and thirty-five sailors.

The elephant did not pull with his hands—his trunk—but was hitched up in regular fashion by harness to a long rope. Thirty-five lusty sailors laid hold of the other end, and the word was given. He pulled for the honour of his native jungles, but slowly, steadily, the sailors worked him backward.

The *mahout* plied his goad and the elephant trumpeted in anger, but it was no use. That was his horse-power—thirty-five sailors.

After that two big fellows were hitched back to back, and they went at it like Trojans. I forget which one won, the dark-skinned one or the darker.

When I lived in Rangoon, a friend of mine had much to do with the elephants at the saw-mills there. The saw-mills of Rangoon and Maulmein give daily the greatest elephant show on earth. All the little tricks their clever giants do in shows are tiny and poor in comparison. I was in the office of my friend, the big mill-owner, one afternoon, when a loin-clothed native, steaming with perspiration, rushed in, and salaaming deeply, handed him a note. I recognised the man as a coolie from the mill. Something serious had happened, I judged from his frightened look. I watched my friend's face narrowly. I might as well have studied the moon; there was only a look of blank, utter amazement on it.

He handed me the note; this is what I read—

"Honoured Sir,—I would bring to your honour's kind recollection the caprices of a demented mad elephant, and ask for your honour's instructions in the same. He is beastly bad one, and notwithstanding that he has already suicided thirty-three of his defunct relatives, he is now murderously intent on all having a similitude to his kind, in the appearance of domestic milch buffaloes, and thereafter. He has raided all the villages in the environs of No. 2 Division, and the coolies and ryots are frighten for the lives and persons, although he has not yet crimed the manslaughter, but only the buffaloes and not the cows. Mr. Theobald is here just now, and wants your honour's generous advice to shoot or otherwise this furious packshidedams. The fire lines are awaiting the monster's removal, as the men won't work in fear and trembling. A quick response will ever be grateful to your most humble servant.—R. RAMALINGUM."

"It seems a serious business," I said, looking at Rathbone (that was his name).

"Yes," he answered, "the Baboo has got it slightly tangled up. Old Raja Singh's on the rampage, I'm sure; and if it is he, there'll be the very deuce to pay. He takes these streaks sometimes, but it's usually some *budmash* of a *mahout* stealing his food, or trying to work him after the whistle blows for dinner or something of that sort, that stirs him up. But he's a regular *Sheitan* (devil) when he gets going. We'll drive out there. Will you go?" he asked.

"I won't have the old Raja shot if I can help it," he said, as we bowled along in the tom-tom behind his grey Pegu pony. "He's worth a good £400; but it isn't that. He knows more than any man I've got working about the place. He saved my life once, but it's a long story; I haven't time to tell it now."

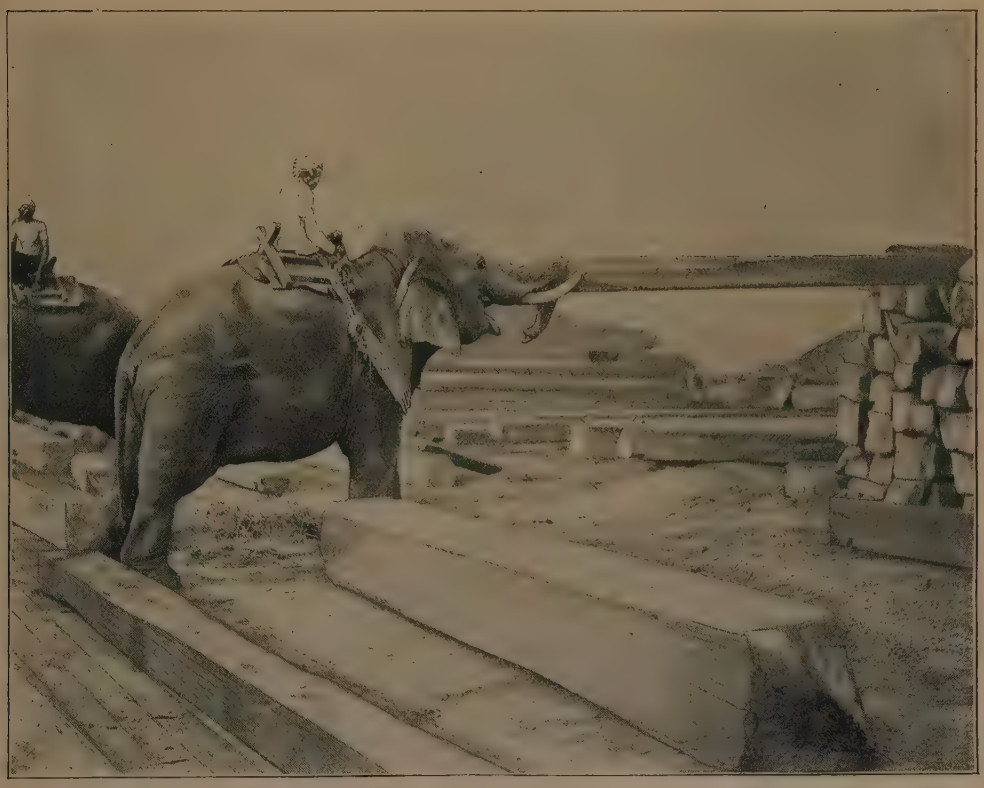
We had arrived at the mill. Things were in an uproar. The coolies had cleared out. None of the other elephants were working; in fact, the mill was shut down.

Raja Singh was over in the coolie lines, they said, playing backet-ball with the little bamboo huts. We could hear a smash once in a while, like a tree dragging its branches down through other trees as it fell in the jungle. Then a cheery note of triumph from Raja Singh's melodious trumpet. He was having a merry time, and all to himself.

their hubs. It was a poor toy—it did not last long. The bamboo huts were better—there were more of them.

I learned about the *mahout*, and the cart, while Rathbone was preparing his net for the capture.

The Baboo who had written the letter told me. He demolished English even as Raja Singh laid the coolie lines waste.



He would take a squint along to see that it was all straight . . . and shove it in.

He had thrown his *mahout* on the top of a huge pile of slabs before starting on his voyage of destruction. That was a lucky chance for the *mahout*.

A Calcutta-made pony-cart had been standing in front of the manager's bungalow, when Raja Singh started on his jamboree. Its bright red wheels, yellow running-gear, and black body, polished like lacquer-work, excited his curiosity. He picked it to pieces as a boy dissects a watch. He seemed to like the wheels best—even the spokes had to come out of

His history of how things were going, the things pertaining to Raja Singh, was of a complex nature.

"He is exuberant bad fellow," he assured me. "My house-gods are dislocated because of his illogical discipline."

It was really too bad. After the Baboo had gone to so much pains to acquire a good English education, Raja Singh had flattened out his house as though it was only a coolie's hut.

Rathbone had one good fighting elephant. He was a sort of fox-terrier

elephant. He was good-natured himself, and never gave any trouble; but nothing pleased him so much as to get a big logging-chain in his trunk and go at a *budmash* mate, and lambaste the evil spirits out of him.

They called him the *Phoongye* (priest) because he was a dirty snuff-colour—something like a native priest's robe.

Close by, at the other company's mill, was another elephant that would work with the *Phoongye* in their little chastising game.

Rathbone soon got these two together, also two or three acres of coolies, and Raja Singh began to find things warming up a bit. He had been lamenting that the coolie houses wouldn't stand up and fight; the coolies themselves ran away—it was uninteresting.

When the *Phoongye* and his mate swooped down upon him, Raja thought it fine fun at first; he didn't know they were organised. But when the big chains made play on his ribs, and about his cabbage-leaf-shaped ears, he began to take thought with himself.

The *Phoongye* was good at the battering-ram business too; so was his mate; they battered Raja Singh back and forth between them until he was glad to stand still while a chain was made fast to his hind leg, just above the foot.

Then he was chained to a big tree, and left to cogitate upon the evil of losing his temper.

"He'll be all right in a few days," said Rathbone; "but it's expensive business paying for broken limbs and damaged houses. Every coolie that he has even frightened will want *backshish*."

The next time I saw Raja Singh he was calmly pulling great slabs from a pile at the tail-end of the saw, and carting them away to a distance.

I sat down and watched him, I and the verbose Baboo.

A *mahout* was perched on his back on an old gunny-bag pad, but his office was a sinecure. The Raja was doing all the work and the thinking too. He would draw six or eight huge slabs from the pile with his trunk, place them very evenly together, pass a chain around them, run it through the slip-hook in the most approved fashion, and attach himself by his traces to the load. Then he'd move off majestically, swinging his trunk back and forth, as though he were some great piece of mechanism and the trunk the pendulum.

At the end of his walk was a pile of slabs. Upon this he placed those he had brought, methodically, exactly, each one in the place where it fitted best, and all smooth and even, as a careful workman should.

The Madrassi *mahout* hummed a ditty of more or less moral worth by way of having something to do.

Raja Singh flapped his ears reproachfully as he turned back for another load, and filled his trunk with odds and ends as he moved leisurely along. A stray nail, three or four pebbles, a tuft of grass with a little earth clinging to the roots, and a discarded cheroot formed the bulk of the treasures he found.

As he came opposite us he curled his trunk upward with a quiet, sinuous movement, and blew the lot against the naked stomach of the dozing *mahout*.

It was one of the little jokes he whiled away the hours of labour with—just like any other navvy.

A little further over, the *Phoongye* was piling square timber. Huge pieces, a foot square and more, and over twenty feet long, he was carrying on his tusks as easily as a man might carry a stick of cord-wood.

At piling it he was as ingenious as the Raja. He would place one end up, back to the other end of the stick, lift it also, and then take a squint along to see that it was all straight. If either end stuck out a little too far, he would place his trunk or forehead against it, and shove it in.

Other elephants were all about, working in the same matter-of-fact, intelligent way. One big fellow was shoving a stick of square timber on end through a narrow place. He had his fore-foot against the end, and at every step he gave it a shove, just as a man pushes a stone with his foot.

But there were enough curious things performed by these gigantic labourers to fill a little volume.

At twelve o'clock the whistle blew, as we sat there, the Baboo and I; he always talking, and I watching the more intelligent animal, the elephant. With the same spirit of punctuality that induces the hod-carrier to drop his load of bricks from half-way up the ladder at the sound of the noon hour, these Titans dropped everything, and turned their attention each to the wash-tub full of grain provided for their dinner.

It was a little farther down along the Burmese coast that a friend of mine, a steam-ship captain, saw a lady elephant bringing up her child in the way it should go,

He was anchored off the shore waiting for a load of teak-wood.

Every morning he observed a wild elephant and her baby—a frolicsome, sturdy chap—come down out of the jungle and bathe in the waters of the Bay.

The little fellow used to keep in shallow water, while the mother ventured farther out.

One morning, when the old lady was not looking at him, the youngster managed to get beyond his depth. He got frightened, and kicked up a fine row. The mother pulled him ashore and gave him a dressing down with her trunk. She spanked him soundly.

Each succeeding morning after that, while the captain remained there, he saw the little fellow compelled to stand on the bank, while the mother bathed herself, and washed him down with water from the hose—her trunk.

But if editors would allow, one could go on for ever telling interesting things about elephants—at least for a long time.

A LOST JOY.

A LITTLE bird was swinging
Upon a wild-rose spray,
And ne'er could blither singing
Delight a summer's day

A laughing joy was swaying
Upon a hope in bloom;
A gleam of sunshine playing
Amid the city's gloom.

A storm came down in power
And trod the rose to earth.
The bird again will shower
Its melody of mirth.

A sorrow came unheeding,
And swept the hope in twain;
And joy, all bruised and bleeding,
Can never sing again.

CYRIL GREY.

THE OBSERVANT FRIAR.

By F. H. MELVILLE.

THE moon had risen behind the ramparts of Stirling, silvering the outline of battlements and bastion towers, and shining on the snow-covered roofs of the town beneath, when, on a cold December evening of 1525, a friar, with his dark rope-girdled gown wrapped closely round him, climbed the steep frozen causeway leading up the shoulder of the rock to the castle-gate. He walked with long, easy stride, and when he paused and turned within sight of the portcullis-archway that ended the ascent, it was not from want of breath, but apparently from a sudden hesitation. He threw back his cowl and looked around him. At his feet lay the town of Stirling, with its multitude of red-lit windows; to the right stretched a snowy plain; on the left a river, glinting in the moonlight, wound its way with many curves through the strath; and from the gateway above him streamed out into the frosty night a blaze of warmth and welcome from the courtyard within, where the black figures of armed men passed and re-passed continually.

A sudden, chill blast of wind, that flapped the tunic about his tall, thin form, seemed to end his irresolution, for he drew the hood over his face again, and renewed the ascent.

As he approached the gate a rough voice rang out in challenge—

"Stand! Who goes there?"

With the words, a huge lantern was held up to the stranger's face.

"By'r Lady, a friar!" exclaimed the questioner. "'Tis long since such came to the gates of Stirling Castle! What may be your business, reverend father?"

"Say to the Lord Angus that a Friar Observant would speak with him on an urgent matter."

"With the Douglas?" repeated the soldier in astonishment, lowering the lantern. "Of a surety, you do not come to shrive him!" Then he added, with a chuckle—"That were heavy work for all the Observants in broad Scotland! But follow me, Father, and if it please the Douglas, he will hold speech with you, and if not—then not."

Led by his guide across the outer and inner courtyards, the priest entered the castle, passing through crowds of servants, bustling to and fro in some great preparation. Pointing, with rough courtesy, to a settle in the porch, the man disappeared on his errand to tell Angus of his visitor, and the friar was left alone. Without sitting down, he looked about him furtively from under the low-hung hood. Here, too, servants were busy strewing rushes on the floor, and carrying dishes of meats and dainties as for a banquet. Some wore the royal badge on their doublets, and some the Douglas crest. Before the stranger had finished his attentive scrutiny the voice of the man-at-arms who had brought him from the gate broke in loudly—

"My Lord Angus will grant you audience, father. But—a word!—be brief! The Lord Chancellor arrives for this evening's feast of Hogmanay, and the Douglas would give him fitting greeting when he comes to pay his reverence to our sovereign lord—whom God preserve!"

A page bade the friar follow him to the Earl, and led the way from the porch up a flight of steps, along a low arched stone corridor to an iron-studded door. There he knocked, and a deep voice called—

"Enter! Is't the friar?"

The priest bowed his head to pass under the lintel, and stood in the presence of

The friar drew the hood over his face again, and receded the ascent.

the Douglas. Angus, whose massive figure seemed to fill the small room, was half sitting on the edge of a table, arranging the slashings of his sleeve. He let his eye pass lightly over the friar as he waited for the interview to begin, with head bent and hands clasped on his breast,

"Your name and your business, father, and that shortly!" said the Douglas, tugging impatiently at a lace that had become knotted.

"My name," answered the priest slowly, "is Father Malise, of the Friars Observant, at Jedburgh; my business is from the Lord Arran, and weighty."

"From my Lord Arran?" ejaculated Angus, pausing in his attempt to unravel the cord, and looking up. "Sends he aught to me?"

"These lines, my lord, he bade me give you. As to the rest, 'twere better spoken than written." The friar slipped his hand into the folds of his dress and drew out a small piece of folded parchment, which he handed to the Douglas A few words were written on it, and signed "Arran."

"I send unto the Lord Angus a trusty Friar Observant. Give heed to what he says."

"My Lord Arran's true seal! What news?"

Father Malise began, as if repeating a lesson—

"My Lord Arran bade me say that he has sure news, from one of the English Ambassador's household, that the Queen-mother, Margaret Tudor, your wife, out of hatred and malice towards you, has caused her brother, Henry of England, to write a letter unto his royal nephew, his Majesty of Scotland, at present under your care and keeping. In the letter his Majesty of England urges your ward to throw off your gentle authority, and makes divers accusations against you, bidding James of Scotland embrace the friendship and alliance of England offered to him."

"And the letter?" exclaimed Angus, interrupting the friar's monotonous utterance. "It must not reach the King! Of late he has been restive enough under my guidance, and if now—I know not! But tell me—where is the letter?"

"My Lord Arran bade me warn you that the letter is in Scotland, and on its way to his Majesty."

"I will vouch for it that it does not find him! And woe betide the messenger. But"—as the sound of stir in the castle came along the passage—"the Chancellor arrives! Follow me, if you would see the subtlest man in Scotland!"

Douglas and the friar hastened to the reception-room, but not in time to greet the Chancellor-Archbishop, James Beaton, at the entrance. As they entered he was standing with his secretary beside the great fireplace at one end of the apartment, warming his hands at the ruddy blaze from the pine-logs. The light danced on the long black cassock and broad white tippet, and threw out in relief the keen profile of his face with the scanty locks straggling from under a small, close-fitting cap. He turned, still with his hands stretched towards the warmth, as Angus approached, and received smiling the Earl's apologies for the want of proper welcome at the gate. Weighty news, brought by Father Malise, of the Jedburgh Observants, had detained him, he said.

"Ah! So!" said the Chancellor, fixing his bright eyes on the priest who stood behind the Douglas, and whose features were fully visible in the firelight. "You come from Jedburgh, Father Malise? How goes it, then, with my good friend, Father Elliot?"

"Indifferent well, your Grace," replied the friar, thus directly addressed.

"Ah! So!" repeated Beaton, with a peculiar emphasis, while his searching gaze seemed to pierce the Observant through. "That is indeed grievous tidings to me."

The priest appeared to notice the tone, but the fleeting shade that passed over his face was gone in an instant.

The Chancellor turned to Angus.

"How goes it with our sovereign lord the King?"

Angus moved one foot a little uneasily before he answered—

"His Grace is well, but is so zealous for learning that I cannot win him from his reading with Sir David Lyndsay to welcome you this night!"

"Since that is so," said the Chancellor, "my Lord Angus will surely conduct me to his Majesty, that I may present my duty to him where he is."

After a moment's hesitation the Douglas signed to servants to bring torches, and led the way with the Chancellor out of the room along the principal corridor, up a turret stair, through an empty suite of rooms to another winding stair. The friar followed them at a discreet distance, as if uncertain whether or not his presence was desired.

"Truly, Sir David has an eyrie for his perch!" said Beaton, as he halted to gain breath at the head of the second stair.

"This is his chamber," answered Angus, stopping at a door under which rays of light streamed. "His Majesty would not permit him to go; accordingly"—shrugging his shoulders—"he stays."

As the Douglas knocked, a sudden scuffle was heard within, and a sudden thud, as if of a body thrown violently against the door. Then a voice, hot with passion, exclaimed—

"I will *not* come, my Lord Angus! I will not! Leave me alone, Davy!"

The Chancellor's expression remained immovable, as if he had heard nothing, but a thick vein rose angrily on the Earl's forehead. Stooping a little, he put his shoulder to the door, and, inch by inch, pushed back the lighter weight that held it from the inside, until, with a jerk, it flew open, and the Douglas was launched into the middle of the room. Opposite to him stood a tall, slim boy of fifteen or so, with flashing eyes and clenched fists, tossing back the tumbled curls of reddish brown hair from his brow.

"Pardon, Sire," said Angus, in a tone of ironical apology. "I could not know that his Majesty held the door against the Douglas!"

"Do you dare, my lord!" and the boy would have sprung at Angus if a tall man with grizzled hair, who stood beside him, had not interposed.

"Leave me alone, Davy!"

"Nay, your Grace, the Lord Angus brings company."

"The Lord Chancellor comes to pay his duty to your Majesty," said Douglas, waving Beaton forward.

The Chancellor bent on one knee, murmuring his words of well-wishing for the coming New Year, and praying his Majesty's acceptance of a small and unworthy gift. The King's face cleared, and holding out a hand for Beaton to kiss, he bade him rise. Then, while the group looked on with different feelings, James eagerly undid the wrappings of the present, and drew out, with a delighted face, an exquisite jewelled rapier in a studded sheath. Making a few passes with it in the air, he exclaimed—

"You have my warm thanks, my lord. A fair weapon, indeed!"

"'Tis exact for the French method of fence, your Grace."

"How is that, my lord? Will you show to me the true manner of the French thrust as we sup?" asked the young King, forgetting that he had refused to leave his books. Then, turning to Lyndsay, who looked at him with a kindly smile, he added—

"We will finish the Third Book of Gavin's 'Æneid' on the morrow, Davy. Come with us now to supper."

Sir David bowed, and closed the large open book that lay on a table behind him. Passing out of the room, Angus caught sight of the friar, who had lingered in the doorway during the scene. He beckoned him to come near, and presented him to the King.

"'Tis a learned order—the Observant Franciscans," said James graciously. "You also will sup with us."

A few minutes later his Majesty took the seat at the head of the table in the dining-hall, with the Chancellor on his right hand, Angus on his left, and a goodly company of Scots lords and gentlemen on either side of the board. The friar sat at the lower end of the room, submissive and quiet, his sombre gown contrasting with the bright colours around him. No one noted him except one. The Chancellor seemed occupied entirely in explaining the intricacies of sword-play to the young James, who, almost turning his back on Angus, listened with all his heart. But each time that the Observant glanced to

the head of the table he found Beaton's eye upon him.

At nine o'clock, supper being ended and the discussion on fencing brought to a close, the King announced his intention of retiring; and, rising, bade good-night to the Chancellor and assembled guests. Angus made a movement to accompany him, but James, with a curt refusal of his escort, beckoned to Sir David Lyndsay, and together they left the room.

With his departure the company broke up into groups. Sir James Hamilton left his place beside the Douglas, and began to amuse himself with bantering the friar, who sat silent in the midst of the noise of tongues, now raised to a babel. Kerr, the Warden of the Marches, over a flagon of rich red wine, disputed the flying of falcons with the Lord George Douglas; Angus and the Chancellor drew their seats out of earshot and refilled their glasses. Beaton was the first to speak—

"You then heard to-day, my lord, by yonder friar from the Border, that his Grace of England sends a letter to his Majesty?"

"'Tis true, my lord, but how came you to know it?" asked the Douglas in astonishment.

"I myself," answered the Chancellor, carelessly playing with his girdle, "have learned to-day by trusty messengers that such a letter is in Scotland. You, my lord, told me that the friar had brought you weighty news. Little else could be of weight to Douglas."

"That letter shall not reach his Majesty!" said Angus grimly. "It cannot! He is guarded by night and by day by those faithful to me and my cause—that is, *our* cause, my lord."

Beaton smiled, and looking up, asked, "What then of Lyndsay? Is he not accessible to the English spies?"

"Nay, Lyndsay looks over his shoulder at England. Moreover, he would not that his Majesty thought of aught else, in the meantime, save poetry and the humanities. Though he loves me not, he hates Margaret Tudor more!"

The voice of Sir James Hamilton broke in on their talk.

"My lords, my lords!" he cried, holding his sides with laughter, "here is a warlike friar. I did but wish to measure his tonsure and he laid hand at side, as if on a sword-hilt. How many *aves* must the reverend father——"

"Tush, Jamie!" said Angus impatiently. "Try your jests elsewhere. Further, my lord——"

But the Chancellor, with an amused face, had risen, and waited to bid the Earl good-night.

On reaching the chamber set apart for him, when the attendants had retired, he said softly—

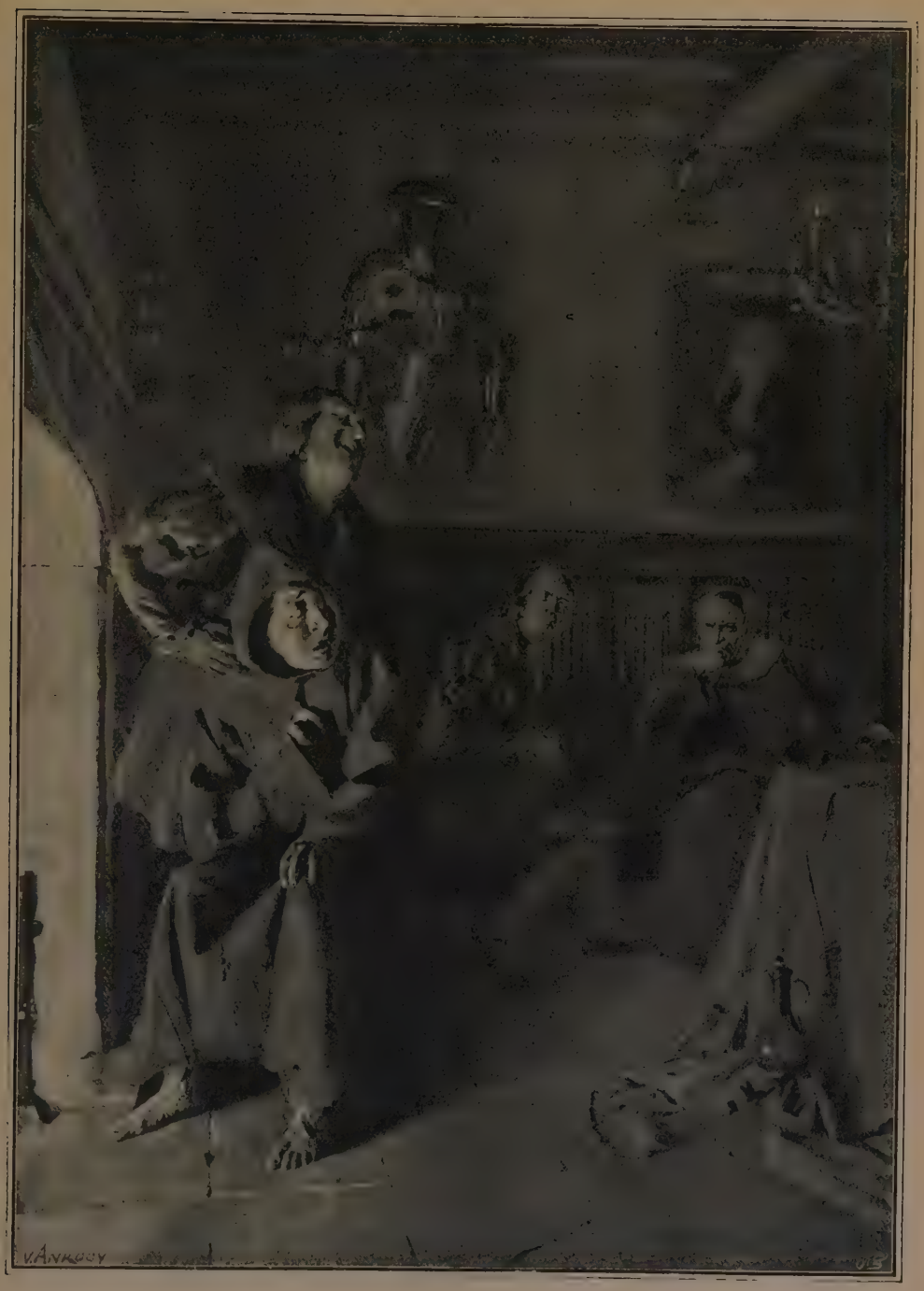
"Nay, it shall not reach his Majesty, but neither shall it reach the Douglas! *Our* cause, forsooth! While I live, and while Albany lives, though far distant, France, not England—and not Angus—shall be Scotland's ally!" Then, aloud, he called, "Master Cunningham!"

Cunningham, the secretary, entered from an adjoining room. Beaton signed to him to come near, and whispered in his ear—

"You will have the Friar Observant watched at once. He will attempt to be alone in the King's presence, but you will see that he does not accomplish it. But without force, Cunningham, without force, for then Angus would hear of it; and the Douglas must know naught of our business. If the priest leave the castle, follow him, and hold him for me in the house you wot of." Then he added, with a contemptuous curl of the lip, "It will be, at worst, an easy task! He is but a 'prentice hand who betrays himself twice in one night. God rest the soul of Father Elliot—if he e'er existed! Good-night, Master Cunningham! And see to it that all is observed as I have said."

A short time afterwards the Chancellor was sleeping a dreamless sleep.

As Cunningham climbed the stairs to his room high up under the castle roof, having completed Beaton's errand and set men to watch the friar and his doings, a black figure, with no sound of footfall, disappeared in the darkness of a side-passage. But Cunningham did not see it, nor that the door of the little turret-stair leading



"My lords, my lords," he cried, holding his sides with laughter, "here is a warlike friar."

up to Sir David Lyndsay's apartment stood slightly open and was swinging gently, as if someone had lately passed through.

Just then the voice of the Douglas, thick and noisy, was heard, giving some final directions to the night-guard, and a few minutes later silence reigned in the castle.

One man alone tossed restlessly on his pallet. The friar could not sleep, but stared at the window through which moonbeams were stealing. When the light fell on his face it showed him wide awake but smiling. At last his thoughts took shape in words, and he muttered under his breath, "I shall give my lord's spies some work. The subtlest man in Scotland!"

He shook with laughter, then listened keenly for a few moments. What he heard seemed to satisfy him, for he turned on his side and quickly fell asleep.

At dawn the castle was astir, for the King had risen to practise fencing with Sir James Hamilton in the armoury. Being New Year's Day everyone was in the best of good-humour. Even Angus seemed to have forgotten his difference with his Majesty of the day before, and looked on at the sport, applauding each dexterous stroke. But the frown returned to his face as he saw the Observant friar hovering in the background of the crowd of spectators.

At the close of some rounds the King, flushed and eager, came up to Angus, and asked gaily, holding out a rapier—

"Will my lord Angus cross swords with me?"

Angus drew back, and said shortly—

"Nay, I crave pardon of your Grace. The Douglas does not cross swords with the King!"

James caught a double meaning in the answer, for the quick retort sprang to his lips—

"Then is Archibald Douglas wiser than his forebears?"

Turning away haughtily, he addressed Hamilton—

"Another round, Jamie, before we rest."

The Chancellor was not present at the display, having pleaded the cares of State, and remaining in his private apartment. By noon his men reported to him that, in the early morning, they had found the friar standing near the door of the royal bed-chamber, that, an hour or two later, they had come upon him loitering in the corridor through which the King must pass, and that, on each occasion, he had moved away when he discovered curious eyes upon him. But they could swear that he had never, for one instant, been alone in the presence of the King, and that he had held no communication with him.

"The witless, clumsy fool!" exclaimed the Chancellor, as every fresh manœuvre of the priest's was reported to him. "And where is he now?"

"With the Douglas, my lord, in close talk," answered Cunningham.

"The fool is brave enough," mused Beaton, "thus to put his head in the lion's jaws. But what is that, Master Secretary?" he asked, as a noise of hurrying feet passed the door.

"I go to enquire, my lord, and will return speedily."

With that Cunningham hastened out of the room, and the Chancellor was left alone. He rose, walked to the window, and looked down into the outer court-yard of the castle. It was full of mounted men-at-arms, who wore on their sleeves a device that Beaton could not distinguish. They were moving about in kaleidoscopic confusion, and the Chancellor watched them with interest. Suddenly he uttered a loud exclamation, and leaned forward to have a better view. Threading his way through the gaily dressed crowd at the gate was a man in a brown cassock.

"The bird has flown, and sooner than I thought. But the hawks are ready."

He watched the friar pass under the arch of the gate, and down the steep causeway, until a bend in the road hid him from sight.

Beaton paced up and down the room restlessly, glancing every now and then at the door, expecting Cunningham with every footstep in the corridor. Still he did not come, and his master passed another quarter of an hour in suspense. At last the curtain was lifted, and the secretary stood before him.

"Who has arrived?"

"The Earl of Arran, my lord."

"Ah! So!" ejaculated the Chancellor. "And the friar?"

"Immediately on hearing of the approach of my Lord Arran, he went into the court-yard, mingled with the crowd, and passed out of the castle."

"But, according to my orders?——"

"He was followed, my lord, and seized by your Grace's men, at the head of Comyn's Wynd. By this time he is held close in the house with the crooked gable."

"That is well, Cunningham. And now Arran is with the Douglas? I would I might be at the meeting. But, doubtless, if my lord desires my presence, he will ask for it. Had Angus but known—well!"

Meanwhile, the Douglas had hastened to receive his unexpected guest. After the first few words of welcome he led the way to his private chamber, knowing well that none but grave matters would have brought Arran to Stirling at the time of year.

Arran sat down and drew his chair close to the Douglas.

"I have come to warn you, my lord Angus," he said.

"Another warning!" answered Angus, surprised. "The second from you in two days! You have my thanks for your zeal, my lord."

"The second!" exclaimed Arran, starting up. "Who, then, brought the first?"

"Your trusty friar, Father Malise, of the Observants at Jedburgh——"

But Arran was staring at Douglas as if he had not heard aright.

"Father Malise of the Friars Observant," he said slowly, "was slain three days since as he crossed the Lammermoors on an errand of warning from me to you. A day later he was found, stripped, and robbed of what I had written. So, to warn you, I have come in haste."

"God's mercy, my lord! The friar who had my confidence showed me your hand and seal."

"And, without doubt, was himself the slayer of Father Malise, in his very robes!"

"To what end, think you? To what end?" Then as a thought struck him he smote his fist furiously on the table and leapt to his feet.

"I have it! *He* is the English messenger, and thus deceived me to gain entrance to the King. Woe betide him! Without there! Graham! Falconer! Seize the friar, and drag him hither!"

Arran looked up as Angus came back to the table, and said—

"By this time, of a surety, 'tis vain to seek him if the friar and his Grace of England's messenger, who bears the letter, are one. Margaret chose for the errand one of whom you have heard—Gordon the spy!"

The Douglas grew purple with rage, and stamped his foot on the floor.

"Fool and dolt that I was to let him slip again! Ten years since I swore to hang him, and had done so but for the pleading of the Queen. Ten times since he has crossed my path. Now he hangs on the neck of Margaret Tudor. May a curse light on her and him—— But," stopping in his torrent of fury, "the letter, my lord, the letter!"

Arran looked blankly on the ground and shook his head. Angus made a step to the door.

"We will speak with the Chancellor. He knows of the matter. Come!"

At the same moment the men-at-arms returned to say that no trace of the friar was to be found in the castle, while the guard at the gate declared that the priest had passed out into the town as the Lord Arran alighted at the door in the courtyard.

With an oath, Angus waved the men aside, and strode into the corridor, followed by Arran.

The Chancellor smiled as he heard the heavy, hurried steps approaching, and his face wore no look of surprise when, without pausing for an answer to his knock, Angus lifted the tapestry and entered, still flushed with rage, and almost incoherent in speech.

"The friar, my lord," he burst out unceremoniously, "is no friar, but the Queen's spy, Gordon. He, and he alone, carried the letter you wot of, and is escaped! And now we know not if his Majesty holds the letter or no. While the

cub snarls it is naught, but beware when it sharpens its fangs——"

"Rest assured, my Lord Angus," interrupted Beaton soothingly, "that of which you speak has not reached, and will not reach, his Majesty. The friar, whoe'er he be, fled in haste when my Lord Arran's coming was noised in the castle. And you, my lord, know that the King was guarded well. At this moment he is with Lyndsay, deep in his studies. Moreover," he added, with a scornful laugh, "a friar who forgets his rôle and lays hand as if on a hilt is no spy for the Douglas to fear."

Angus looked relieved by the Chancellor's words; only Arran seemed still doubtful, and said hesitatingly—

"But, my Lord Chancellor, you cannot know Gordon."

Beaton waved the remark aside, and went on to Angus—

"Believe me, the King of England's letter lies now at the bottom of the river yonder, and the friar is fleeing to put Scotland between him and the Douglas' vengeance."

As the Chancellor spoke, the curtain at the door was raised, and a page in the royal livery, stepping up to the Douglas, said—

"His Majesty requires the instant attendance of the Lord Angus, with his Grace the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Arran, in the Parliament Hall."

Angus looked at Arran, and then at the Chancellor, across whose face a momentary shade of perplexity passed. All rose in obedience to the royal command, and, as the curtain fell behind Arran, he again shook his head, saying—

"My Lord Chancellor, you do not know Gordon!"

A strange scene awaited them. Courtiers and men-at-arms with curious eyes all turned in the same direction filled the huge vaulted hall, while pages and servants peered over the shoulders of their lords and jostled each other to have a better view. In one of the deep oriel windows, through which glinted the last rays of a wintry sun, beside the chair of state, stood the King, a dark frown on his brow. In one hand he held a roll of paper that had large seals dangling from it. Sir David Lyndsay appeared to be expostulating with him, but to no avail, for the frown deepened and he stamped his foot.

As he caught sight of Angus the angry flush mounted higher on his cheek.

"I have sent for you, my Lord Angus," he said, raising his voice, "to declare you, before these witnesses, a traitor to your sovereign!"

A thrill ran through the spectators as the Douglas strode forward and faced the angry boy. But the King went on—

"Not once, but many times you have deceived me. Until this day, when fate gave this writing into my hand, I knew not of your treacherous interference between my royal uncle of England and me. Now, I swear, by the crown that my father left me, I will go free from your disloyal mastery! My Lord Chancellor, I bid you tell these words to the Estates, that the Douglas has held me here against my will, but that now I set forth from Stirling to claim the alliance of England as I choose, not as the Douglas chooses for me!"

Angus, his face working with passion, pressed up close to James so that his hot breath struck the boy's cheek, and, with a menace, said savagely—

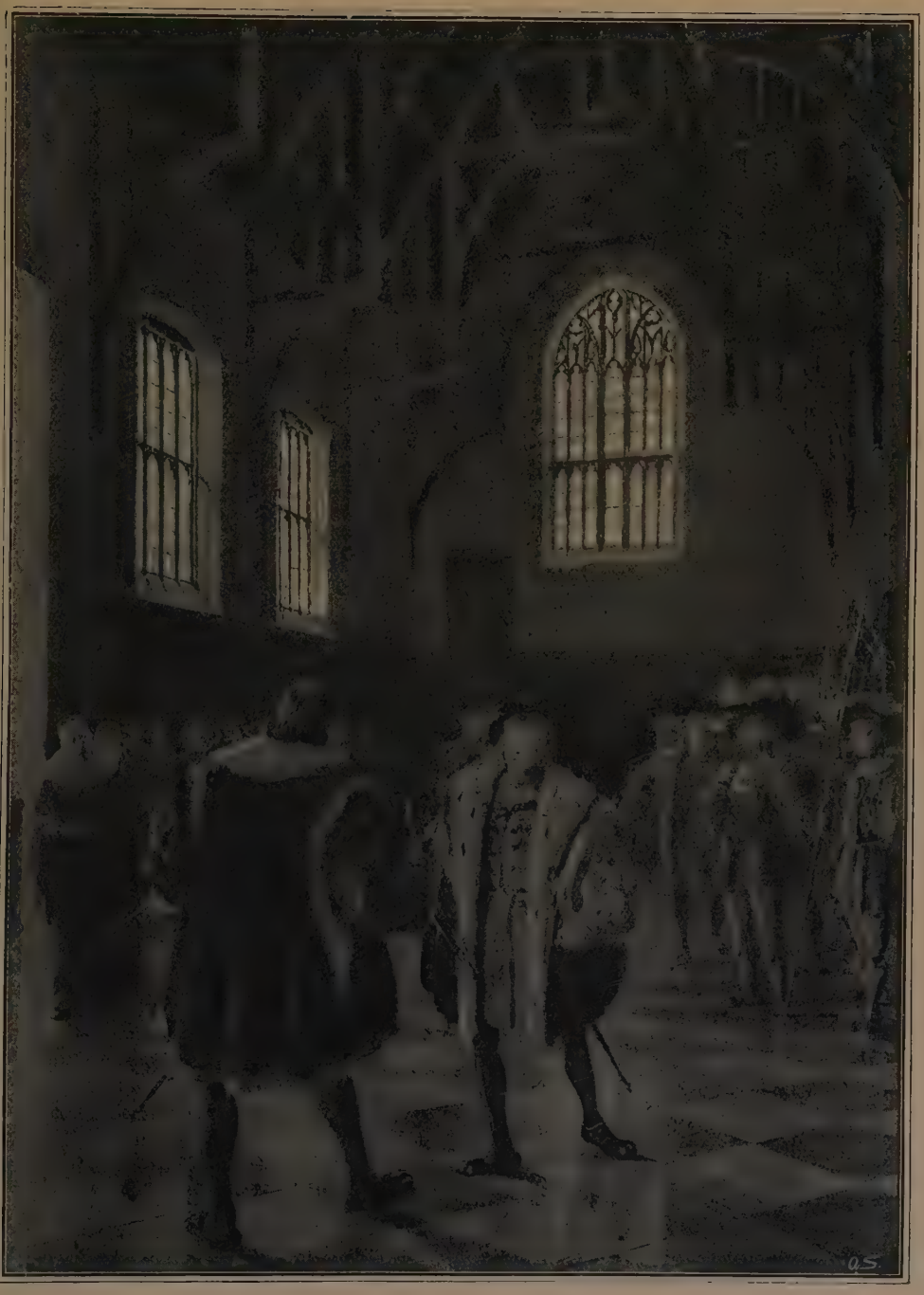
"Your Majesty stirs not one step from Stirling until the Douglas please!"

The Chancellor held up a warning hand as if he would interpose. But, for answer to Angus, the King walked to the great door, and, in a tone of command, cried—

"Open the door and the gates without, in the King's name!"

The guard moved irresolutely, but, with their eyes on Angus, made no attempt to obey the order. Only Sir David Lyndsay stepped forward, to be pulled back again immediately by Sir James Hamilton.

Quick as thought James drew the jewelled rapier from its sheath, and rushed on the men-at-arms who blocked the doorway. But, quick as he, the Douglas sprang forward and wrenched the weapon from the lad's weaker grasp. Then, lifting his knee, he broke the blade across it, and flung the pieces on the floor.



A thrill ran through the spectators as the Douglas strode forward and faced the angry boy.

The King stood still, his nostrils dilated, his face ashen-white.

"Be it so, my Lord Angus!" he said, in a low, concentrated voice. "But remember, I bide my time, then beware! Come, Davy, we have yet many lines to finish."

And, taking his tutor's arm, James went from the hall, the crowd silently dividing to let him pass. A moment later the Douglas left, without a word, and no man dared meet his look.

The Chancellor, who had remained standing with an emotionless countenance, now gave the order to some of his suite to make ready to start at once from the castle. To Sir James Hamilton's query he replied that the Lord Angus would forgive him if he left without formal farewell. Urgent business of State must be his excuse. Within an hour he and his train filed out of the courtyard into the gathering darkness of the winter evening, and no Douglas came forth to speed the parting guest.

At the head of the Wynd called Comyn's, the Chancellor halted and bade his men ride on to Stirling Brig, there to wait until he should rejoin them. Then, wheeling his horse, he trotted down a dark and narrow street to the right, and was lost to view. He drew rein before a small red-tiled house, whose only distinction seemed to be a markedly crooked gable facing the street. Descending three sunk steps, he tapped softly at the door. It was opened at once by a tall man in rough grey clothes. On seeing the visitor he made a deep reverence, and, with some words in French, led the Chancellor to a small room at the back of the house. Beaton entered unannounced, and looked round him. A torch stuck in an empty beer-flagon flickered over three figures seated at a table. One was the friar, who sat between two armed men, eating a hearty supper unconcernedly. As the door opened they looked up, and recognised Beaton, although his cloak was at his face.

"Ah!" he said. Then to the two men—"Leave me and wait outside. I have somewhat to say to the prisoner."

"Master Gordon," he began, as the door closed. "I did you a grievous injustice. I took you for a fool, instead of the keenest rogue in Scotland. Had you been less of a knave, and more of a fool, naught could have saved your neck. But you may be useful to me, and accordingly I grant you life on certain conditions. The first is that from this day henceforth you be one of my men, not Margaret Tudor's, serving me faithfully as you have served her; the second—that you relate to me by what means you conveyed the letter of his Majesty of England to his Majesty of Scotland."

Gordon laughed.

"'Tis but a short tale, my lord. I knew you suspected me at our first meeting, and that, accordingly, what had to be done must be done quickly. Did you see in what book his Majesty and Sir David Lyndsay read when the Douglas roughly disturbed their meditations? 'Twas to be finished on the morrow. Your grace also heard the King's words. Ere you instructed Master Cunningham, for I guessed your action, I had climbed again to Sir Davy's room, he being with the King, and finding the Third Book of Gavin's 'Æneid,' I placed the folded letter between the leaves. All night your spies watched at my door, and when morning dawned I gave a return for their pains, by sundry loiterings and misleadings. More would have been theirs had not my Lord Arran arrived too soon."

Seeing the Chancellor listen with an amused smile, he continued with calm effrontery—

"That you, my lord, would lie in wait for me I well knew; but for one who lives with a hempen rope about his neck it is enough if he can before he dies play a trick on him whom the Douglas calls the subtlest man in Scotland."

"And the other condition?" asked Beaton, as the story ended.

"As for that," replied Gordon. "Yesterday I rode with the Queen, and to day I ride with my Lord Chancellor—'tis one to me!"

Then as Beaton rose, well contented with his new adherent, the spy murmured under his breath—

"Until the wind changes, my lord!"

THE WORLD'S SPORT.

SOME FAMOUS RACEHORSES AND THEIR WINNINGS.

By UBIQUE.

THE number of horses who, during the last two hundred years, have made themselves famous, as winners of great races, and large fortunes for their owners, has by this time become so large that it is difficult to pick out those whose careers are the most worthy of notice. In attempting to do this, it will, perhaps, add to the interest of this article if I select them according to their families on the sires' side.

As everyone knows, all the animals in the English Stud-Book are descended from three Eastern sires, and some fifty original mares. Leaving these mares and their female descendants for a future occasion, I will at once proceed to consider the descendants in tail male of the three above-mentioned sires—the Darley Arabian, the Byerley Turk, and the Godolphin Arabian. The first of these was bought at Aleppo by an English merchant, one Thomas Darley, and sent by him as a present to his brother, John Darley, Esq., of Aldby Park, near York, in 1705. The family founded by him has gone far ahead of the other two, both in numbers and racing quality, and most of the best horses of the present day are descended from him, through his great-great-grandson Eclipse. This horse, so named from having been foaled during the great eclipse of 1764, was bred by H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland. He was never beaten, and he won large sums of money for his owners, though at this distance of time it is difficult to ascertain the exact amount. It is on record, however, that he earned upwards of £25,000 by his services at the stud. The second, or Byerley Turk family, is descended from that horse's great-great-grandson, King Herod, foaled in 1758, who was the sire of Woodpecker and Highflyer. He was a remarkably fine, powerful horse, and a fair performer on the Turf, though there is no record of how much money he won for his owners by his various victories while in training. The Godolphin Arabian, who was imported into this country in 1724, was the grandsire of Matchem, whose great-grandson, Sorcerer, is responsible for the few important lines of this family which are of any repute at the present day. He was a good but clumsily shaped horse, and he afterwards became the leading stallion in the north of England. The difference in the potency of these three families may be judged by the fact that in 1894 the descendants of Eclipse won £421,000 in stakes, those of King Herod £41,000, and those of Matchem only £19,000.

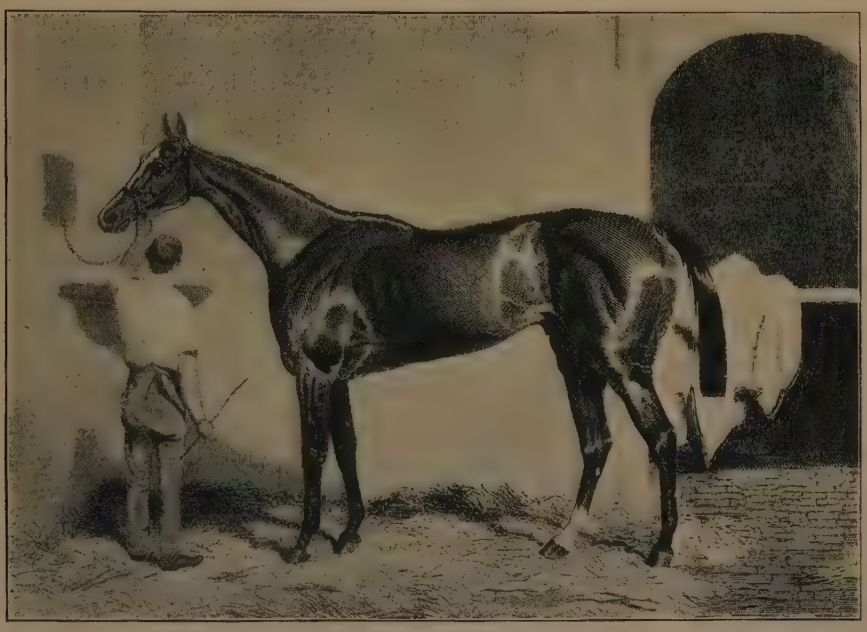
To go back to the Potatos line of the Darley Arabian family, we come first to Whalebone, to whom nearly all the best racehorses of the present day are inbred. He was a bay colt bred by the Duke of Grafton in 1807, and he won a great deal of money in stakes, though he never seems to have been heavily backed. His most successful sons at the stud were Sir Hercules and Camel, the first of whom begat Birdcatcher, a light corky chestnut horse who was foaled at the Curragh, in Ireland, in 1833. To quote "The Druid," he was "one of the fastest horses that ever sped over the gradients of the Curragh," and he won a great number of races at three and four years of age. At

the stud he did more than any other representative of the Darley Arabian family to perpetuate its fame, and during the racing season just come to an end, there were few big winners that were not full of his blood. He was the grandsire of Stockwell and Sterling. One of the most celebrated racehorses, and absolutely the most successful sire of the century, was Stockwell, a chestnut colt, foaled in 1849 by The Baron (son of Birdcatcher), out of Pocahontas, by Glencoe. His first performance was running second in the Prendergast Stakes for two-year-olds at the Newmarket Second October Meeting in 1851; his last was his defeat of Kingston for the Whip at Newmarket in 1854. In the meantime he won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Great Yorkshire Stakes at York, the Doncaster St. Leger, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and the Newmarket St. Leger. He was sold at Doncaster to Mr. Naylor, of Horton Hall, Cheshire, and among the many great sons he left behind him were Blair Athol, The Duke (sire of Bertram, sire of Robert the Devil), Lord Lyon (Sire of Minting), St. Albans (sire of Springfield), Lord Ronald (sire of Master Kildare), and Doncaster, from whom is descended the famous line of Bend Or, Ormonde, and Orme.

Blair Athol was a chestnut colt, bred by Mr. W. I'Anson in 1861, and was got by Stockwell out of Blink Bonny, by Melbourne, from Queen Mary, by Gladiateur. He was a bright chestnut horse with a white blaze, standing over sixteen hands high, and Mr. I'Anson always says that he never had any other horse with such perfectly true action as his. His first appearance in public was in the Derby of 1864, which he won by two lengths from the Two Thousand

TOUCHSTONE,
Winner of the St. Leger in 1834.

Guineas winner, General Peel. He finished second, on terrible ground, to Vermont for the Grand Prix de Paris; and he won the Doncaster St. Leger, again which was worth £6450, he also took £585 in the Ascot Triennial, £800 in the Gratwick Stakes at Goodwood, £180 in the Zetland Stakes at the same meeting,



MR. BOWES'S WEST AUSTRALIAN,
Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger in 1853.

beating General Peel by a couple of lengths. At the conclusion of his racing career he became the property of Mr. John Jackson, of Fairfield, by whom he was sold to Mr. W. Blenkiron, of Middle Park, and it was not until after that gentleman's death that he became the property of the Cobham Stud Company for 12,500 guineas. He was credited with a great number of winners, but their stamina was not equal to their speed, and as most of his best sons went abroad, he has never done so much to perpetuate the fame of Stockwell at the stud as Doncaster has done. So highly was he tried with the four-year-old Borealis before going to Epsom to take part in the Derby, that he was backed for a lot of money by his connections, and over one hundred thousand pounds must have gone north in consequence of his victory. In addition to the money won over him in bets, on the occasion of his Epsom victory, and £5300 by his St. Leger victory. The best of his descendants was that very good horse St. Gatien, who was by his son The Rover, and who ran a dead heat with Harvester for the Derby of 1884.

In the same year St. Gatien won the Cesarewitch, carrying 8 st. 10 lb., and it is said that the followers of the stable won at least fifty thousand pounds over him on that occasion. He was a great horse, and he sired Meddler in this country before going to America, where he is now.

Another great son of Stockwell, Doncaster, was bred by Sir Tatton Sykes in 1870, and was the third produce of his dam Marigold, by Teddington, son of Orlando by Touchstone. His first appearance on a racecourse was when, very backward in condition, he ran nowhere for the Two Thousand Guineas. Still backward when he went to Epsom, to run in the Derby, he was allowed to start at 45 to 1, but won

easily by a length and a half from Gang Forward and Kaiser, who ran a dead heat for second place. In the St. Leger he was beaten by a head by his stable companion, Marie Stuart. As a four-year-old Boiard beat him for the Hunt Cup, but he made amends for this by taking the Goodwood Cup; and in the following year he won both the Gold Cup and the Alexandra Plate at Ascot. He was then sold to his trainer, Robert Peck, for 12,000 guineas, and, being passed on at a profit to the Duke of Westminster, he became lord of the harem at Eaton, where he sired Bend Or, winner of the Derby, and sire of Ormonde, sire of Orme. No one wanted particularly to back him for the Derby, and it was not easy to do so for his later races, so that his owner could not have won much money on him in bets.

Ormonde, by Bend Or—Lily Agnes, by Macaroni, and foaled in 1883, was certainly among the two or three best horses of the century, and was never beaten. Being a big colt, he was not hurried as a two-year-old, and he did not appear in public until the Newmarket Second October Meeting, when he beat the speedy Modwena. He also won the Criterion Stakes and the Dewhurst Plate, before retiring into winter quarters, favourite for the following year's Derby. As a three-year-old he fairly astonished the late Matthew Dawson, by beating that trainer's highly tried Minting in the Two Thousand Guineas; at Epsom he smothered the gallant little Bard, who would have won nine Derbys out of ten; and he cantered away with the Free Handicap at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, giving 28 lb. to Mephisto. His crowning performance was in the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot in 1887. His wind had become affected, and he had to tackle Minting and Bendigo over the severe Swinley course. He was not to be defeated, however, and after a grand race between the two, he beat Minting by a neck, with Bendigo four lengths away. He did not remain long in this country, being sold for 12,000 guineas to go to Buenos Ayres, but not before he had sired that unlucky but sterling good colt Orme, who looks like worthily filling his place at the English stud, his children having last year won fourteen races, worth £6839. He is a bay son of Ormonde and Angelica (sister of St. Simon), by Galopin, and was bred by the Duke of Westminster at Eaton in 1889. As a two-year-old he won the Richmond Stakes, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood, and the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates, and the Home-bred Foal Stakes at Newmarket. Having been mysteriously poisoned in the following spring, he did not take part in the Two Thousand Guineas or Derby, and his first appearance as a three-year-old was when, wasted and worn and only half convalescent, by sheer gameness and determination, he wore down Orvieto, and won the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park. He had his head ridden off in the St. Leger, but finished up the season by winning the Great Foal Stakes, the Champion Stakes, and the Limekiln Stakes at Newmarket. In the following year he twice beat La Flèche, first in the Eclipse Stakes, which he won for the second time, and then again at Goodwood, giving her 7 lb. in the Gordon Stakes. He was a great racehorse, of the most unflinching gameness, and but for his misfortunes as a three-year-old he would probably have been as good as his sire. He is now at Eaton, and has grown into a really beautiful sire, whilst, although not much money was won over him as a racehorse, he has begun his stud career with a rare flourish of trumpets by siring Flying Fox, the best two-year-old of the season.

Stockwell's son Lord Lyon was also a very successful racehorse, although a comparative failure as a sire. He was the property of Sir Richard Sutton, and was foaled in 1863. As a two-year-old, he won the Troy Stakes and the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket, worth £1275 and £1560 respectively. In the following year he took the Two Thousand Guineas, worth £4850, the Derby, worth £7550, the St. Leger of £5825, and, in addition to these, won £1500 by his victories in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes and Select Stakes at Newmarket. There is no doubt that his

connections won a good sum in bets by his successes during those two years. At the stud he sired Touchet, Placida, and Minting.

One of the most remarkable horses of the century, and one over whom an enormous amount of money was won, was Isonomy, son of Sterling, by Oxford, son of Birdcatcher. Not only was he a great racehorse, one of the gamest and best stayers and weight-carriers ever seen, but a most successful sire as well. At the present moment his sons Gallinule, Janissary, and Common are all high up on the list of winning sires, and with such children as Baldoyle, Sirenia, Wildfowler, Amurath, Jeddah, and Nun Nicer, they are likely to be higher still next year. He was no good as a two-year-old, and was not started in the Derby as a three, his owner preferring to keep him for the Cambridgeshire. For this he started at a very long price, but won easily, his owner, Mr. Gretton, winning some £80,000 by his victory. At Ascot the following year he took the Gold Vase and the Gold Cup, and this he followed up by winning the Goodwood, Brighton, and Doncaster Cups, and the Ebor Handicap at York. In 1880 he won the Epsom Gold Cup, and the Manchester Autumn Cup, carrying 9 st. 13 lb. He was, indeed, a wonder on the Turf, and almost as great a sire as he was a racehorse. Perhaps no horse ever won for his owner in stakes and bets so much money as Isonomy put into Mr. Gretton's pocket. He was not a big or imposing horse in appearance, but he was all "use,"

MR. W. I'ANSON'S BLAIR ATHOL,
Winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1864.

a beautiful mover, all distances were alike to him, and no weight seemed to stop him.

I must now go back to the other great branch of the famous Whalebone line—that of Camel, from whose son Touchstone are descended an enormous number of good horses. Touchstone was a brown colt, bred by the Marquis of Westminster in 1831, by Camel, out of Banter, by Master Henry, son of Orville. He stood about 15·2, was not a particularly good-looking horse, nor by any means a taking goer; but he possessed immense speed and stamina, and he won a great

number of races between 1833 and 1837. A very sensational race was the St. Leger of 1834, in which Touchstone started at 40 to 1. Plenipo was a hot favourite at 11 to 10 on, but was done with a long way from the finish, and when, about a hundred yards from home, Calloway gave Touchstone his head, he soon settled all opposition, and won in a canter by four lengths. In the following year he took the Doncaster Cup, and, as a five-year-old, the Ascot and Doncaster Cups. In 1837 he again won the Ascot Cup, and then retired to the stud, where he sired an enormous number of winners. He was a horse of wonderful vitality, and at the Eaton stud-farm, where he was allowed to lead a perfectly natural life, and to wander in and out of his box as he liked, he lived into his thirty-first year, being a sure foal-getter to within a very few years of his death, which occurred in 1861. Of his sons, the most successful at the stud were Lord of the Isles, Orlando, and Newminster, the last named being sire of Hermit, and also of Lord Clifden, the stoutest of his produce, and the sire of Hampton, afterwards the principal champion of the Newminster family, and whose son Ayrshire (winner of the Derby in 1888) is fourth on the list of winning sires for 1898. Hermit was a lengthy bloodlike chestnut horse, standing 15 hands 3 inches high, and was bred at Middle Park in 1864 by Mr. Blenkiron, who sold him to Mr. Chaplin as a yearling. He was an undoubtedly good racehorse, and but for a delicate constitution would probably have been better still. At the stud he sired a great number of winners, and his fee in 1886 was 250 guineas, but his offspring were mostly delicate and lacking in stamina, two faults which his sons invariably transmit to their children. His daughters are valuable as brood-mares, and it is through them that his fame will last longest. In tail male this line of Newminster is not unlikely to die out some day. Having shown himself very smart as a two-year-old, Hermit was a strong winter favourite for the Derby. A few days before that race he broke a blood-vessel, and was knocked out to 100 to 1. It was the most sensational Derby ever run, first, because it took place in a heavy fall of snow, and secondly

SIR RICHARD SUTTON'S LORD LYON,
Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger in 1866.

because it was well known that Hermit's owner and his friends stood to win over £100,000 on him, and that a well-known plunger of that plunging period stood to

MR. H. CHAPLIN'S HERMIT,
Winner of the Derby in 1867.

lose at least as much. In the end he won easily from Marksman, and the favourite, Vauban. There were two of his year who were always better than him, Achievement, who beat him for the Woodcote Stakes, the St. Leger, and the Doncaster Cup, and Julius, who gave him 1 lb., and a two lengths beating, in a match over the two middle miles at Newmarket.

A remarkably successful sire was Hampton, the child of Newminster's other son, Lord Clifden (second in the Derby, and winner of the St. Leger), out of Lady Langden by Kettledrum. He was not a big horse—in fact, somewhat on the small side—but a beautifully made one, and full of bloodlike quality. He was also the best-tempered, most sensible, and gamest horse that ever looked through a bridle, and one of the most genuine stayers that ever ran. He belonged originally to Mr. Langlands, of Epsom, who let him go out of a selling race at Hampton for 200 guineas to James Nightingall, the trainer. His new owner won a little selling race with him at Brighton, and then sold him to Mr. Ben Harvey. During the following winter he came on a lot, and early in the following spring won the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom. He had been coughing, and consequently done no fast work for ten days before this race, so that his owner won no money over him in bets, except the small amount he took about him before he went amiss. In 1876 he won the Goodwood Stakes on a very short preparation, and in the following year the Northumberland Plate, for which he was heavily backed, and the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups. In 1878 he won the Epsom Gold Cup, beating Verneuil, who shortly afterwards took the Gold Cup and Alexandra Plate at Ascot. He also had his attention turned to jumping, running second to Chandos for the Grand International Hurdle Race at Croydon, and winning the big hurdle-race at Sandown Park, when no one but his rider had a shilling on him. He was a beautiful jumper, and would have won a Grand National if he had ever had

the chance. He lived to a good old age at the stud, and sired a great number of winners, including the three Derby heroes, Merry Hampton, Ayrshire, and Ladas.

The second of Eclipse's family-founding sons, King Fergus, was sire of Hambletonian, from whom were descended Whitelock, Blacklock, Voltaire, Voltigeur, Vedette, and Galopin, founder of the great St. Simon family. St. Simon was indeed a wonderful horse on the Turf. So tremendous was his speed that his trainer, Matthew Dawson, always said that he was the best he ever trained, but that it was impossible to find out if he could really stay, as nothing could ever make him go fast enough to test his stamina. He was bred by Prince Batthyany in 1881, by Galopin, out of St. Angela, by King Tom, and sold to the Duke of Portland for 1800 guineas. As a two-year-old he won the Prince of Wales's Nursery at Doncaster, carrying 9 st. 2 lb.; and as a three he took the Ascot and Goodwood Cups. He never ran afterwards, and retired to the stud, not only unbeaten, but also never having been extended by any of his opponents. At the stud his success has been phenomenal. He began by siring those clinking good fillies Signorina, Memoir, and Semolina in 1887, and this he followed up with La Flèche in 1889. It was not long, however, before he began to give us good colts as well, and St. Serf (1887) and Match Box (1891) were followed by those two really good horses, St. Frusquin and Persimmon in 1893. At the time of writing he is third on the list of winning sires with twenty-one wins of £14,891, and it is almost impossible to secure a subscription to him at any price.

Eclipse's third son, Joe Andrews, was sire of Dick Andrews, sire of Tramp, from whom is descended the once mighty Beadsman tribe, now, alas! fallen into sad disrepute. Beadsman's best son, Rosicrucian, was a very handsome black horse out of Madame Eglantine, by Cowl, and was bred by Sir Joseph Hawley in 1865. He was one of the most beautiful horses ever seen, full of the most exquisite quality, which he usually transmitted to his stock. Unfortunately, he did not stamp them with his own merits as a racehorse, as although he got a number of speedy horses, they did no good at the stud, and the family is almost unknown now. There is no doubt that Rosicrucian was a very good horse indeed, as he could not only beat the fastest of his day for speed, but also defeated Musket, the best stayer of the period, over three miles, giving him 7 lb. He came at a time when there were good horses, too; and when he was accompanied by his two stable companions, Blue Gown and Green Sleeves, to the post for the Two Thousand Guineas of 1868, it was only the fact that he had been amiss all the spring that enabled Blue Gown to finish in front of him. For the same reason Blue Gown again beat him in the Derby, although he was not within 10 lb. of him at his best. Rosicrucian wound up his career in a blaze of triumph by winning the Ascot Stakes under 9 st., and the Alexandra Plate at Ascot. Blue Gown, who was by Beadsman, out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, was bred by Sir Joseph Hawley in 1865. In his first year he won the Sunninghill Stakes and the Fernhill Stakes at Ascot, worth £550 between them, and the Clearwell Stakes at Newmarket, worth £910. As a three-year-old he took the Derby, worth £6850, the Ascot Cup, worth £920, the Fitzwilliam Stakes of £560 at Doncaster, the Royal Stakes of £650, and the All-Aged Stakes of £1100 at Newmarket. There is no doubt that his owner won a good round sum in bets over him, though not so much as he might have done, perhaps, if Rosicrucian had not been in the stable at the same time.

I now come to the second or Byerley Turk family, the two principal lines of which are those of Woodpecker and Highflier, the former having given us Thormanly and Bay Middleton, and the latter Cremorne and Kisber. The last-named, who was by Buccaneer (son of Wild Dayrell), was out of Mineral, by Rataplan (brother to Stockwell), and was bred at the Kisber Stud, in Hungary, in 1873. That he was an exceedingly good horse when fit and well there is not the slightest doubt.

He won the Dewhurst Plate as a two-year-old, beating Springfield; and was then kept and specially prepared for the Derby. That he was very heavily backed by those who knew most about him, and were also aware that all was not well with Petrarch, the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, is matter of history, and a very large sum of money was won over him, though whether or not it was taken out of the ring is another matter. He won the Grand Prix de Paris in a canter, and was then made favourite for the St. Leger. It is doubtful if he ever did a proper preparation for that race, and he ran nowhere, Petrarch, whom he had beaten easily at Epsom, winning by a neck from the outsider, Wild Tommy. Like most of Byerley Turk's descendants, he has been more or less a failure at the stud. The Godolphin Barb, or Arabian, as he is usually called, although he was probably the former, was foaled in 1724, and was imported into England from Barbary. Although he was at one time held in considerable estimation, his family has ceased to be of much repute in the present day, and the only line through which his descendants show any real vitality is that of Melbourne, sire of West Australian, from whom are descended Solon, sire of Barcaldine, sire of the Derby winner Sir Visto. Barcaldine was a bay son of Solon and Ballyroe, by Belladrum (son of Stockwell)—Bon Accord, by Adventurer—a daughter of Birdcatcher, and a Hetman Platoff mare.

BLUE GOWN,

Winner of the Derby in 1868.

He was bred in Ireland in 1878, and probably owed his merits as a racehorse—he was undoubtedly a very good horse indeed—to his Birdcatcher blood. He did not come over to this country until he was five years old, but when he did he promptly showed of what stuff he was made by winning the Westminster Plate at Kempton Park, beating Tristan; the Epsom Cup; the Orange Cup at Ascot; and the Northumberland Plate at Newcastle, carrying 9 st. 10 lb. It was stated at the time that he won a very large

stake in bets for his owner on this last occasion.

I might say much about Comfrey, winner of the Cambridgeshire in 1897, who belongs to the Buccaneer branch of the Byerley Turk family; of that good horse Minting, son of Lord Lyon; of Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger for Mr. Gubbins in 1897; and of that beautiful son of St. Simon, Persimmon, who won the Derby and St. Leger for the Prince of Wales in 1896. Also of those high-class handicap performers, Bendigo, Clorane, and Victor Wild, who must each

MR. J. GUBBINS'S GALTEE MORE,
Winner of the Derby in 1897.

Springfield, son of St. Albans, who won so many races for Mr. Houldsworth; of the St. Leger and Cesarewitch winner, Robert the Devil; of Isonomy's two sons, Isinglass and Common, each winner of the "triple crown"; of the shapely and speedy Ladas, by Hampton, who won his first Derby for Lord Rosebery in 1894; of the sturdy Galtee More, who won the have won a small fortune for his owner in bets and stakes. Space, however, will not allow me to do so here, and I must leave the record of their deeds and winnings for another day, as also those of the fifty original mares and their female descendants, who have helped to build up the English Stud-Book during the last two hundred and fifty years.

ROSE AND CHRYSANTHEMUM.

V.—MISS CHERRY-BLOSSOM.

By CARLTON DAWE.

Mr. Dawe is well known for his stories of Japanese life. He wrote "Kakemonos," "The Bride of Japan," and "Yellow and White."

WE had frequently warned Brading to be more circumspect in his dealings with Miss Cherry-Blossom, for it was an open secret to the habitual frequenters of Ninko's *chaya*, or tea-house, that Kamakura, a native gentleman of some pretension, had looked with condescension upon the pretty *geisha*. But one might as well have offered advice to the typhoon, or sought by argument to stay its furious course. Brading was a good sort, and we all liked him; but, while we duly admired his virtues we were not blind to his faults, chief among which was a mulish obstinacy. This, under certain conditions, is an excellent characteristic, and one that has had not a little to do with the building-up of this Empire which we are all extolling; but at the same time it may occasionally prove a trifle inconvenient. He declared that he cared not for Kamakura, nor fifty such, and no one doubted him for a moment. Like most fellows who have no fear, he had no wisdom either.

What her real name was I never knew, and really it was a matter of no consequence; but we called her Cherry-Blossom because we first saw her at Ninko's in the spring, when the cherry-bloom abounds everywhere, and she wore the sweet flower in her hair and in her breast, and looked as sweet as the bloom itself. Undoubtedly she created a favourable impression on our little party, and the questions went round, Who is she? Where does she come from? And when the putty-faced patron, Ninko, came our way he was received with a fusilade of questions. Now Ninko was accounted a shrewd man, and it was known that he was as disreputable as he was shrewd, but his knowledge was great, and the men found him useful. So they tolerated the rascal as such creatures are tolerated everywhere; for his *chaya* was esteemed beyond all others, and his girls were renowned for their grace and beauty.

The putty-faced one received the attack with an ungainly shrugging of the shoulders. Their Excellencies were pleased to be facetious. What was wrong with the girl? Did she not sing well? Was not her posturing in the dance all that their exalted condescension desired? Perhaps she might dance for their Excellencies in a different fashion if—and again the fat shoulders rose with a deprecating shrug. He was sorry, the rascal, if the girl did not please us, as he always strove to propitiate those who condescended to honour his contemptible hovel.

"I should think she does please us," said Brading, upon whom the girl had produced an instantaneous effect. "Where did you get her, Ninko?"

"Ninko's eyes are everywhere," said one of the party.

"They need be," replied the patron, with a low bow, "if I am to please your illustrious Excellencies."

An inscrutable smile played about his ugly mouth as he shuffled away. He knew his visitors and they knew him. After all, it mattered nothing who she was or where she came from. That she had come to the *chaya* was the main fact; that she was pretty we had the witness of our own senses.

Brading, rashly impetuous always, exceeded himself upon this occasion. Never one upon whom the niceties of circumspection had any considerable influence, he was not inclined to let the grass grow beneath his feet. The girl had strongly appealed to him, and a closer acquaintance with her was the natural outcome. So, in spite of the affected protestations of the worthy Ninko, he made for the door through which the little *geisha* had disappeared, and with that determined, devil-may-care look on his face which I knew so well, passed from sight.

Ninko brought us some wine and a pack of cards. It was not often we came to the tea-house now, and when we did we strove our best to make merry. Of course, though not absolutely enthusiastic over the charms of the attendant houris, we were not insensible to them; but we were more or less old hands, and felt no keenness in the game. So we made merry in a highly decorous manner, treading, perhaps not too lightly, on the corns of the estimable Ninko. Usually that putty-faced one bore our pleasantries with consummate grace, and a calmness which showed a close acquaintance with opprobrium; but to-night, and more especially since the disappearance of Brading, he seemed hardly his impervious self. Restless, void of his usual calm indifference, he continually threw uneasy glances over his shoulder in the direction Brading had taken, and I watched him with an interest which I would have found it extremely difficult to explain.

"How long have you had her, Ninko?"

He started, and instinctively turned to the door. Then his flabby face came back my way, and his little eyes honoured me with a sharp, penetrating look. I had no longer any doubt of the tenor of his thoughts. We understood each other, Ninko and I.

"About three weeks, Excellency."

"Well?"

"She is a good girl, Excellency."

"Ninko's girls are renowned for their virtues," I replied.

"Your Excellency is pleased to recommend my contemptible hovel."

"I speak as I find it, Ninko. And the girl——"

"Not yet, Excellency. But the honourable Kamakura——"

Here he ended abruptly, for at that moment the door through which Brading had disappeared was suddenly dashed back, and that worthy appeared leading the girl Cherry-Blossom by the hand.

Brading's face was flushed with anger, and his eyes flashed darkly; but the girl, on the contrary, was very pale, and she hung back as though she were an unwilling participator in the scene.

"Come, come," he said softly, "don't be afraid. I wouldn't hurt you for the world, but I couldn't leave you with him." Then he turned to us with a grim smile. "Boys, I have a rival."

"My dear Brading, this begins to look interesting."

"Devilish," said he.

"Who is it?"

"A native!"

The contemptuous tone with which the word "native" was uttered, conveyed with singular directness the idea of the ignominy which had fallen upon the white man.

"It is his Excellency the honourable Kamakura," explained the obsequious Ninko.

"And who the thunder is Kamakura?" cried Brading, swinging suddenly round on the patron.

"Please, your illustrious condescension, the honourable Kamakura is one of our old nobility," said Ninko.

"Is he? Then please tell him the next time he calls that my exalted magnanimity had better not be put to the test a second time."

"I dare not, Excellency. Kamakura would raze my *chaya* to the ground. He is rich—powerful. I dare not thwart him."

"You must thwart him—or me."

Ninko shrugged his heavy shoulders and bowed low.

"Excellency, you make my hard lot harder."

But I saw—though I doubt if Brading did—the slightest suspicion of a sneer play about the corners of Ninko's mouth. I had

no doubt which master would be served. This presumptuous foreigner had perforce to be treated civilly to his face, otherwise Ninko's soft flesh might have suffered; and he hated pain, this good Ninko. But what the foreigner could not command was obedience. During his interesting career the patron had been called upon to smooth the rough edges of many difficulties, for he was a great diplomat, this excellent Ninko, and that he had succeeded his present prosperity amply testified.

For the next week Brading haunted the tea-house by day and night, sadly neglecting his business in his anxiety to keep his eye on Cherry-Blossom and the hated rival Kamakura. I did my utmost to persuade him to abandon the girl, using an argument of some singular selfishness and commonsense; but he had got beyond argument: commonsense was a thing that never appealed to him. The girl liked him and he liked her, and were it not for Kamakura, aided by that putty-faced rascal, Ninko, things would right themselves in a trice.

So he said, and he meant it without doubt, and I have no valid reason for believing otherwise; but nevertheless I sought in a friendly way to dissuade him from going on with the affair, the end of which might not be foreseen. But at my fears he laughed.

"Is not an Englishman a match for a native?"

"I hope not—at underhand work."

"You think he will go to extremes?"

Brading appeared leading the girl Cherry-Blossom by the hand. He turned to us with a grim smile. "Boys, I have a rival."

"Who can say what a native will do—a native, rich, powerful: a rival?"

"Pooh!" said he disdainfully. "If he dares to look at my Cherry-Blossom again, I'll wring his dirty little neck."

His Cherry-Blossom! This was excellent. He spoke as though he were already the man in possession.

Some two or three days after this he came into my office, and dropping into a chair, looked at me with troubled eyes. Notwithstanding the fact that I had shown him but scant sympathy in this affair, he still honoured me with his confidence, and wearisome as that was, I naturally was highly gratified at this mark of his esteem.

"I suppose you'll think I'm a fool?" he began abruptly.

"My dear Brading!" I protested.

"Well, perhaps I am, but I think it better to be a fool over one thing than wise in all."

I bowed. There was a subtlety of thought here which was not lightly to be received.

"What have you been doing now?"

"It's like this," he said. "You know, of course, that she's bound apprentice to Ninko?"

"One naturally would have imagined as much."

"Well, she cannot cancel her indentures for five years."

"And so——?"

"And so I've made him an offer."

"What! To buy her out?"

"Precisely."

"And it will cost you——?"

"A thousand *yen*" (dollars).

"My dear fellow, are you sure that you are not buying the tea-house?"

He looked annoyed.

"I knew you'd call me a fool. But lord! Osman, if you'd only heard her beg and pray. She loves me, you see, and she is afraid of Ninko and Kamakura."

"Ay, Kamakura—what of him?"

"Still keen as a hound on the scent. But I think we've doubled on him this time. Ninko will cancel her indentures for a thousand dollars. To-morrow she shall be a free woman."

His enthusiasm was not infectious, for such a mad-brained scheme did not appeal to me. Of all the follies he had ever committed, and their name was legion, this was the most astounding.

"You will excuse me, Brading," I said, "but you are an idiot."

He laughed gaily.

"I knew you would say that; but, man, you forget—we love each other."

"Pooh! Take my advice: keep your money and let Kamakura take the girl. A thousand dollars for a Jap! Why, you could buy half the country for that sum."

"I don't want half the country," he said, "I only want to free one woman from the life she loathes. I would do it if it cost me ten times as much."

I believe the idiot spoke without exaggeration. He was just the one who would delight in such a magnificent piece of folly; for, crack-brained as he was, there was always something chivalrous in his disposition; and though at first he might have been tempted merely to rival Kamakura, I believed that a nobler sentiment had gradually been awakened.

That he was serious, however, I was shortly to see, for on the noon of the next day he came to me, his face beaming with satisfaction, and carried me off to Ninko's. He wanted a witness to the transaction, and he did me the honour to say that I was the only man in the settlement whom he felt that he could freely take into his confidence. Of course I bowed and blushed. When one is unused to such pretty trifles they are apt to prove slightly embarrassing.

Upon arriving at the tea-house we at once demanded the presence of the illustrious patron, a demand which the girls who came round us received with some lack of composure. Indeed, I noticed that they glanced somewhat mysteriously at each other, and that furtive looks were turned in the direction of my companion.

He, apparently oblivious of this, peered here, there, and everywhere, searching intently for someone who did not appear.

"Where is Cherry-Blossom?" he said.

The girls made no answer, but with mysterious looks sidled off. Brading's eyes followed them, and something like alarm fluttered in his face.

Presently Ninko came, more obsequious and more pallid than usual, and in a tone of infinite humility wanted to know to

what he was indebted for the honour of our illustrious visit.

Without speaking, Brading drew a roll of bank-notes from his pocket and counted out a thousand dollars. These he laid before the patron.

"There," he said. "A thousand *yen*."

Ninko looked bewildered.

"Yes, Excellency, I see. A thousand *yen*. It is a large sum."

"That is my affair."

"Yes, indeed, Excellency." But at the same time he utterly ignored the money.

This was curious. I saw a black shade sweep suddenly across Brading's face as he looked up at the inscrutable yellow man.

"Well, it's good money, isn't it?"

"Evidently, Excellency."

"Then why don't you take it and produce the indentures?"

"The indentures, Excellency?"

Ninko's look grew puzzled. It was painfully apparent that the poor man had not the least notion of what my friend was driving at.

Brading rose and bent across the table, and I saw the anger smouldering in his eyes.

"You dog," he said in a low voice, "you've not sold me?"

The patron shrugged his heavy shoulders. It was not the first time he had been assailed impolitely.

"Your Excellency will explain?"

"You told me that you would cancel the indentures of Cherry-Blossom for a thousand *yen*. There is the money. I suppose, rascal as you are, you are capable of fulfilling a business contract?"

"I have that reputation, Excellency—when I enter into one."

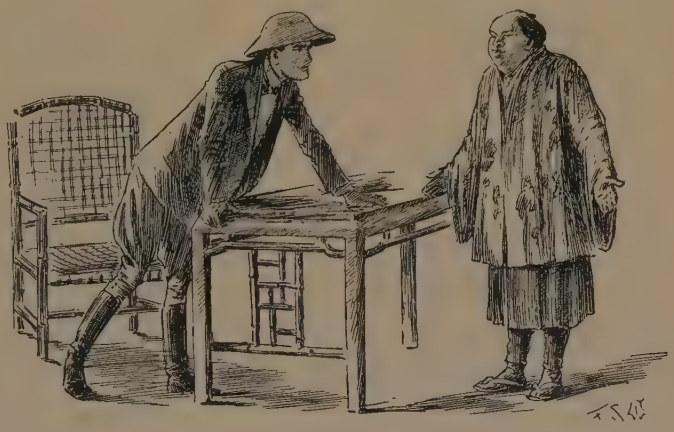
"How," cried Brading, "when you enter into one? What the deuce do you mean?"

"Merely that your Excellency, who does not speak our language quite perfectly, has made a slight mistake in taking for a contract what was merely thrown out as a suggestion."

This was rather clever of the rogue, though a palpable lie. Brading knew Japanese well enough to make no mistake of that sort.

"Ninko," he said sternly, "this will not do. You must not trifle with me. You know perfectly well there was no mistake. A thousand *yen* was the sum. Here is the money—where is the girl?"

Brading's face was growing set and hard. One who deals with the peoples of the East must be ready to strike. Otherwise, he will get no satisfaction. It is a hard lesson to learn. Some men never learn it. They go under.



"You dog," he said in a low voice, "you've not sold me?"

"Excellency," said the patron, whose eyes were as sharp as his wits, "I am sorry to say that the girl is gone."

"Gone! What do you mean by gone?"

He stood erect without flinching. His mouth hardened a little, perhaps; but his voice was very low and steady.

"She disappeared last night, Excellency, and has not been seen since."

It was a facer for Brading, but he took it splendidly. Advancing softly, he seized the patron by the arm.

"Don't lie to me, Ninko. She is gone?"

"Yes indeed, Excellency.'

"With whom?"

"Nay, I know not. With some thief,

no doubt. She was always a bad one. But the law shall speak—the law——"

He stopped suddenly, for those iron fingers were eating into his flesh: his arm had been twisted nigh to breaking-point.

"With whom went she, Ninko?"

The voice was cold and steady, but it cut like a sword.

Again he felt those cruel muscles begin to stir. He sought to shake himself free, but the wrench sent the pain shivering to his brain. Those iron fingers were as remorseless as death.

"With Kamakura, Excellency. She insisted. I——"

"What did he pay you?"

"Fifteen hundred, Excellency."

Brading dropped the man's arm, and turned to me with a grim smile.

"Sold!"

"I 'm afraid so."

"What ought I to do with this intolerable rascal?"

"My dear Brading, business is business."

"Ay, of course," and he laughed bitterly. Then turning to the illustrious Ninko, he said, "A shabby trick, Ninko, but one I might have expected from such a dog."

The patron's heavy shoulders went up again.

"Can your Excellency's illustrious wisdom blame me? I am a poor man. I do not work for pleasure. The exalted Kamakura gave fifteen hundred. Your Excellency only offered one thousand."

"Ninko, in spite of all thy wickedness and thy knavery thou art nothing better than a fool. I would have given thee two thousand *yen*."

Ninko knitted his brows, perplexed; yet something he saw in Brading's face convinced him of his folly.

"As I am an honest man," he said, "your Excellency should have had her in spite of Kamakura."

He looked with longing eyes at the bundle of bank-notes which Brading lifted indifferently from the table and dropped as carelessly into his pocket. Poor Ninko. For the first time in his life he had let his private feelings interfere with business. There was no knowing what sum Cherry-Blossom might not have brought if he had only skilfully played off the rivals one against the other.

Well, there was nothing more to do, so, without acknowledging Ninko's obsequious salutation, we left the tea-house, and I thought the low titter of the girls followed us down the road. Not that that was of much consequence. In my heart I was glad Brading had failed.

But he took the matter not so philosophically. That he was really fond of the girl I had no doubt; that his self-love was wounded was equally obvious. The two combined gave birth to a mad obstinacy.

We walked on for some time in silence, and from the occasional glances I stole at his gloomy face I could see the black spirit gathering. Never one lightly to bear a slight, it would have surprised me greatly had he shown no signs of retaliation. Discretion formed no part of his composition. His philosophy might be summed up in one word—fight.

After a time he spoke. I knew he would, and I accordingly waited for him to begin.

"Of course this sort of thing is intolerable."

"I don't see it."

"But to be bested by a native!"

"Nonsense! The girl went to the best market."

"But she couldn't help herself."

"How do you know?"

"I shall find out."

"If you are wise you will do nothing of the kind. Kamakura is of her own race; he is rich, unscrupulous. It is not likely that he will tolerate the least interference on your part. Moreover, my dear Brading—between ourselves—is the game worth the candle?"

"You don't understand, Osman. To you, of course, she is nothing—only a native; but to me she is much more. You will say there are hundreds such, but I do not see one other. She believes in me, she loves me, and I have promised that Kamakura shall not come between us. That promise I must keep."

I knew it was no use arguing with him; and, truth to tell, I couldn't. If they were really fond of each other, how could I counsel desertion? I might have thought the whole affair both sad and foolish, but I could not forget that in such foolishness a mortal is often blessed.

We parted with an affectionate shake of the hand. He knew what was passing in my mind. I read his like a book. I hoped, but feared.

"Good-luck to you, Brading!" I said.

"Thanks, old fellow!"

About a week after he slipped once more into my office, and as he came towards me I saw that his face was beaming with happiness. Evidently the course of true love was running smoothly at last.

"It's all right," he said. "I've seen her. She loathes Kamakura; she loves me. It was rather a difficult enterprise. She was well guarded, but I promised her, you see." He laughed softly to himself. The triumph over Kamakura was exquisite. But I could see that he had something else up his sleeve.

"And now?" I asked, for this seemed to me but the beginning of the end, not the end itself.

"Well," he said, "I have not had a holiday for a long time. Early to-morrow morning the *Yokohama Maru* sails for Nagasaki. I shall go by her."

"And the lady?"

"It is highly probable that she will go too."

"You have outwitted the native?"

He smiled complacently.

We left the tea-house, and I thought the low titter of the girls followed us down the road.

"My dear Osman, could you possibly imagine any other ending?"

* * * *

On the morrow the *Yokohama Maru* duly sailed for Nagasaki; but that same evening the ebbing tide left a strange burden on the foreshore—near the extremity of the town of Hiogo—the bodies of a man and a woman bound back to back. The man was Brading, the woman was she whom we used to call Cherry-Blossom.

So the ending was different after all.

THE STORY OF SUNG.

By WALTER E. GROGAN.

WHEN Sung, the son of Ungrad, came back from the wars and found his wife dead and his home roofless, his grief was terrible to see. Gunhild was fair as the sunlight on the dancing waters, and Sung, the son of Ungrad, had loved her whole-heartedly. In the early spring of her beauty he had taken her to wife, and now she was dead, and the halls of his fathers laid low, so that the north wind seething through the pines ran as it listed over the broken walls. Many of his men were slain—the old men he had left to watch while his ship sped over the seas to the far shores of Britain. Even as he knelt over the form which once had been Gunhild the smoke curled upwards from the dying fire of his castle. Down steep pine-clad cliffs lay his ship at rest on the waters of the fiord, and on the growing grey of the coming night came the lamentations of his warriors. Round him in sad silence stood some twenty of his Vikings, fiercest in battle and chiefest in his councils. They leant heavily on their spears, and their beards lay on their armoured breasts.

Presently an old man, bent with the burden of years, whose white beard swept the ground, came from some hiding-place.

"Goodrun the herdsman!" the men cried, and Sung, the son of Ungrad, turned.

"How has this thing come to pass?" he said. "I left my bride with thee. The castle stood proudly on the cliff. There were many men stout in battle to guard my heart which I left here. Gunhild is dead, my men are dead, the castle is no more. How came this thing to pass?"

And Goodrun, bent with age, answered, and his voice was as the voice of a shrill wind moaning over the lone heads of the hills.

"Good my master, thou knowest Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid?"

"Well know I him, for he was my trusted friend. Speak on!"

"At the full of the moon, which was but five nights agone, he came to my Lady Gunhild with a goodly train and craved room, for he was weary with hunting, and the way was long over the hills to his own place. And my lady made welcome for him, and spread a feast, and the horns were well filled and our men drank deeply of the mead. This I know, good my lord, for I waited even at the feast, and filled the horns with mine own aged hands. Two nights did Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, tarry, and the feast was spread each night, and the men drank deeply and shouted thy name until the rafters rang with the sound, and the dogs barked in the courtyard. And on the third night—and on the third night——"

"Say on, Goodrun, for the matter is dark to mine eyes."

"And on the third night, good my lord, when the hours grew towards morning, Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, and his men arose and fell upon our men, heavy with the mead, and slew them. I, being old, and having little taste for the mead, awoke early in the first hurry of the treachery, and hid me close to the outer wall. When the cries of the men were stilled, Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, came, with the Lady Gunhild in his arms, and stood by the side of his horse. The Lady Gunhild hung heavily in his arms, for she had swooned."

Sung, the son of Ungraä, placed her on his shield.

"Thou sawest this, old man, and the sight braced not thy sinews?"

"I saw, good my lord. Remember, I am an old man, and my hand hath lost its cunning; yet, old as I am, I would have made shift to do some deed for the honour of my lord, but there was no need. Even as I saw, thy foster-brother, Thun, came to the side of Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid. Oh, what a sight, my lord, was in that coming! Upon his breast there was a rent in which I might have put my hand, and with each step the blood ran out in clots and spurts, and fell upon his knees, and licked the ground. In his right hand he held a broken brand, and in his left a hunting-knife. Two men clung to him; but, wounded as he was, he clave one down with the broken brand, and stabbed the other with the knife, so that the point came out behind his left shoulder. Then he reeled to Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid—his life pouring out through the yawning mouth in his breast. He looked not at the man, but at the Lady Gunhild. 'Oh, grant me pardon, sweet lady!' he cried. And as he spoke she opened her eyes in affright; but when she saw him standing over her with the bloody knife in his hand, she smiled.

"'Strike, good Thun!' she cried. 'And now, my lord, farewell!'

"He smote her so that she fell; and he, with a cry like the cry of a brave wolf, stumbled on to his knees and groped in a rain of blood until he caught her pulseless hand and kissed it. And Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, seeing what had happened, yet powerless to withstand it so sudden was it, took one step forward, and standing over the stooping shoulders of Thun, smote him with his sword. Then Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, called to his men and rode away as from a place accursed. They had fired the castle at the beginning of their treachery; and with mine own hands I took the body of the Lady Gunhild and the body of Thun to a place where the flames might not touch them—even to the place where they are now."

"Now," cried Sung, the son of Ungrad, when the old man had done with his tale, "now is there a mighty spirit in Valhalla! Oh, Thun, my foster-brother, mighty wert thou in life—mighty in death! Thor be good unto thee; for thou wert a man the world shall lack."

And the Vikings standing round cried: "Mighty was Thun, even as a lusty pine. Thor, great god, grant that we meet him again in the halls of Valhalla!"

Then Sung, the son of Ungrad, stooped and gathered the limp, white-clothed figure in his strong arms, and the gold of her hair fell over his shoulder and hung about the harness at his back. And he placed her on his shield—the great shield which was larger than any other man might carry—for he was of great strength—and he bore her over his head from the place, the sinews of his arms standing out like the twistings of a gnarled tree.

When his men would have followed him, he forbade them.

"Nay," he cried, "I would be alone; for I have received a great hurt and my heart is as water. Let me pass in peace. I would mourn my bride. Fair was Gunhild, and she is dead. Heavy is my heart to-day and for ever."

So he passed out from among them, and his Vikings bowed their heads in sorrow, and the old man Goodrun wept as a child might weep, for the strength had gone from his body. But the Vikings stifled their grief, until anger for the foul treachery of Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, rose up and took them by the throats, so that they shook their spears and caressed the hilts of their long two-handed swords.

All that day Sung, the son of Ungrad, toiled up to the head of a mountain, which stood sentry over the fiord, bearing the Lady Gunhild aloft upon his shield. And his men, watching below, saw the setting sun catch the wings of his helmet on its very summit.

On the cap of the mountain, in a bare flat place that might have been the space of twenty shields placed together, Sung, the son of Ungrad, laid his burden, and knelt beside the limp white figure, and kissed the cold lips and the closed eyes and the hands that were still.

"Fair wert thou, Gunhild, fair as the rise of the sun over the great waters, leal and true wert thou as much-tried steel. O Gunhild, my bride, I loved thee as a mother loves her child, and as a lover his mistress. But a little while and I held thee in my arms, and my kisses upon thine eyes woke thee to days of long delight. And now thou art deaf to me, though I cry to thee with all my love, and thou art blind to me, though I kneel here by thy side. O Gunhild, Gunhild, for what were we made that an hour of pleasure should suffice! O Thor, mighty god of war, was it just to take her and to leave me? She was so fair; as beaten gold was she fair; she was so young, her eyes were not yet weary with the sight of the sun; she was so proud of me, and the deeds that I did she wearied not to sing. Oh, empty, empty are the days now, for the mate of my heart has passed, and I seek her in vain! O Gunhild, Gunhild, as a flower in a dark pine-wood wert thou. I found thee and held thee to me for a while, and now no man shall comfort me, for the light has gone out of my life, and I have a weariness of all things."

Sung, the son of Ungrad, bore her over his head from the place.

So did Sung, the son of Ungrad, sing the lament of the Lady Gunhild. When he came down the next morn from the mountain cap, bearing his empty shield before him, no man

durst question him as to what he had done unto her or whither he had taken her. For his eyes were weary, and he bore himself as one who had passed through great sorrows, and he spoke rarely, and there was a strangeness in his manner which set them whispering among themselves.

They would have hurled him and the ladder down, but he carved a way with his sword.

In the time coming past the noon he bade all his men embark upon the ship, whither he followed them. Then he spake unto them, and his voice was like a trumpet-call.

"Of Gunhild I speak not. She lieth where I know. She was alive, and now she has passed. It is enough. But of the foul treachery of Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, I speak. He ate at my board, and he did me foul wrong. We were sworn friends, as men of the same blood were we, and he did unto me foul wrong. Where are the men I left? Their blood calls for vengeance from the charred ground. They were your kinsmen, they were our brothers. Shall they go to their last sleep and no man make a push for vengeance? They were no children. They were lusty men and strong. Unconquered and unconquerable were they, yet were they trapped and slain in sleep, even as we would not slay the wild beasts of the field. Foul treachery, oh, foul wrong! The smoke of our home has curled into the skies. The blood of our murdered brothers has been drunk by the thirsty earth. And I have suffered more, for my heart is dead. But

I speak not of my wrong. My wrong is mine own, and my arm is the arm of no weakling. I know how to repay. But the wrong is upon ye also. Ye who have sworn allegiance to me, ye who have coursed the seas as the dogs of war, ye who are feared as mighty warriors from sea to sea, ye who have harvested on the shores of far Britain—shall the souls of your brothers be shamed in Valhalla?"

And the Vikings shouted until the echoes ran up the shores of the fiord and climbed upwards toward the hills.

"Lead us unto Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, for as the night cometh after day has fled, so surely shall he die!"

And they beat upon their shields with their spears until the echoes ran again.

All that day and all that night the big sail with the crawling dragon traced on it in curious work strained at the ropes, and the men toiled at the long oars, so that the ship flew over the waters.

Towards the evening of the next day they lay beneath the castle of Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, and Sung, the son of Ungrad, called aloud to the walls—

"Shall there be treachery and no vengeance? Where are our brothers who gave ye shelter? Where is the Lady Gunhild? We left a home which was fair and dear to us—where is it now? As they died so shall ye die, as the smoke curled from our home so shall it curl above your towers. Homeless are we, and homeless shall ye be!"

And Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, hearing the words, cowered, and found no comfort in his stout walls and his warriors because of the wrong he had done.

In the dark of the short night Sung, the son of Ungrad, assembled his men,

He swung his great two-handed sword over his right shoulder, and brought it down upon his enemy's head.

and leaving the ship, marched silently up to the walls. In the twilight they had hewn down many pines, and stripped them of their branches. These they placed in pairs and bound branches across them stoutly, making rude ladders. These ladders they carried with them and placed against the walls, so that the men guarding the castle grew faint in their hearts.

"Let no man seek to follow me, for where I go I would be alone."

On the first ladder raised sprang Sung, the son of Ungrad. The men waiting for him hurled stones about his head, but he covered himself with his shield, held on a slope so that the stones rolled off it and did him no harm. And ever as he mounted he cried aloud—

"For Gunhild! For Thun! Woe to the murderers!"

When he had gained the topmost rung they would have hurled him and the ladder down, but he carved a way with his sword and sprang upon the wall and so on to the ledge that ran round it. There he did mighty work, casting aside his shield and using the heavy two-handed sword which other men raised but with an effort. And as he hacked and hewed, and the pile of corpses grew, he called aloud for Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid.

"Where is the false friend—where doth he lurk? Let him come forth and meet me, for nothing shall save him! If he hide himself in the bowels

of the earth I will dig him out. I am Sung, the son of Ungrad. My strength was as the strength of ten, and now he has doubled it by reason of the foul wrong he did me."

And the Vikings of Sung, the son of Ungrad, following him hotly, came upon the men who kept the walls, and scattered them as the pine-needles are scattered at the breath of the north wind. And they would have mercy, but there was no mercy for them, for the hearts of the avengers were hot within them, and they slew all save Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, who hid in the great hall. When it was told Sung, the son of Ungrad, that his enemy was found, he went in unto him, and his Vikings followed after him. But to them he spoke the desire of his heart.

"Leave him to me, for the wrong he did me lies more heavily upon me than upon ye. Ye mourn brothers, but I mourn my life, for there is no more savour left in life for me save in this thing I am about to do."

So saying, he advanced upon Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid, and played with him as a warrior plays with a boy when he first teaches him to wield a sword; for his strength and his cunning were beyond his enemy's. So well did he play with him that he dangled hope before him many a time, and as often snatched it away again.

"Kill me, Siegfrid, son of Siegfrid, for, by the great god Thor, so doing thou shalt pass free of hurt!" he cried.

Then when he was weary of the play, he swung his great two-handed sword over his right shoulder, and, standing forward, brought it down upon his enemy's head so that he clave him to the middle. So died Siegfrid, the son of Siegfrid.

When he saw that his enemy was in very truth dead, Sung, the son of Ungrad, passed through his Vikings with no word. They shaped the course of the ship back to the desolate fiord, and in the morn they saw the smoke curling up from the castle behind them, having done as they had sworn to do. Yet the chief said nothing, and was as a man who has done with life, who has drained the horn of life to the last drops and looked upon its emptiness.

At the evening of the next day they came to their own fiord, and Sung, the son of Ungrad, roused him from his stupor.

"Brothers, we have fought many great fights together, we have seen the world in our strength, we have been feared on the shores of many countries. It has been a good life, but it has come to an end. I have now no longer a heart to fight, or to drink mead in another hall, or to hunt, or to go out upon the waters. Choose ye one among ye and let him be to ye what I have been. Let, if it may be, my cousin Ing, the son of Oscar, be in my stead, for he is a valiant warrior, and I would fain have one of my kindred to be chief among ye."

And they answered—

"So be it. Ing, the son of Oscar, shall be our chief."

Then he spoke again—

"Let no man seek to follow me, for where I go I would be alone. It is the last word of mine ye shall have to obey. Better men and greater warriors hath no man ever had. If my heart were not dead it would be heavy now that it hath come that I must say 'Farewell.' May we all meet hereafter in the company of those who have passed before among the souls of great warriors in the blessed halls of Valhalla."

Then went Sung, the son of Ungrad, from the ship, and they saw him in the mists of the evening climbing up to the cap of the great mountain, bearing with him his sword and his shield. And after that no man saw him again.

ROYAL WINDSOR: HENRY VIII. GATEWAY.

FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE AUSTRALIAN AS AN ARTIST.

NOTHING irritates the Australian so much as the old-fashioned attitude of some people in the old country in regarding him as a sort of Wild Man of the Woods. This picture alone is sufficient refutation, for these three people hold all London by their art—Mr. Haddon Chambers as a playwright, Madame Melba at the opera, and Mr. Mackennal at the Academy. Mr. Chambers, who has made another hit with his comedy, "The Tyranny of Tears," comes of an Ulster family, and was born at Stanmore, Sydney, thirty-nine years ago. He began life, like Adam Lindsay Gordon, as a stockrider,

Photo. by Gade, Maidenhead.

MR. HADDON CHAMBERS, MADAME MELBA, AND MR. BERTRAM MACKENNAL.

came to this country in 1880, and at the age of seven-and-twenty found himself a famous playwright as the author of "Captain Swift." Madame Melba—who is really Mrs. Armstrong—was born at Melbourne, and is of Scotch and Spanish descent. She made her début (in Paris) the very year (1887) that Mr. Chambers bounded into fame.

DRAMATIST AND COMPOSER.

The son of an American father and an English mother, Louis Napoleon Parker probably got his Christian names because he was born in France in the very year when Citizen Bonaparte became Napoleon III. This Royalist start has appeared in him since, for did he not write "The Vagabond King" and illuminate his house in Gunterstone Road, West Kensington, on Diamond Jubilee night, with the legend of light: "*V.R. a Happy Family!*"? From France he passed to Germany for his education—which accounts for the fact that he addressed the Wagnerians in London last year in French and German—and learned the art of music in London, being elected a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music last year. For nineteen years (1873-92) he was music-master at Sherborne — he utilised his knowledge of Dorsetshire in "Ragged Robin"—and occupied his spare time with writing cantatas and songs and setting the 23rd Psalm to music. Then he changed his tune and began writing plays. His first play, "A Buried Talent," is memorable for having introduced Mrs. Patrick Campbell to the London stage. Since then he has written over twenty plays, some of them in collaboration with Mr. Murray Carson.

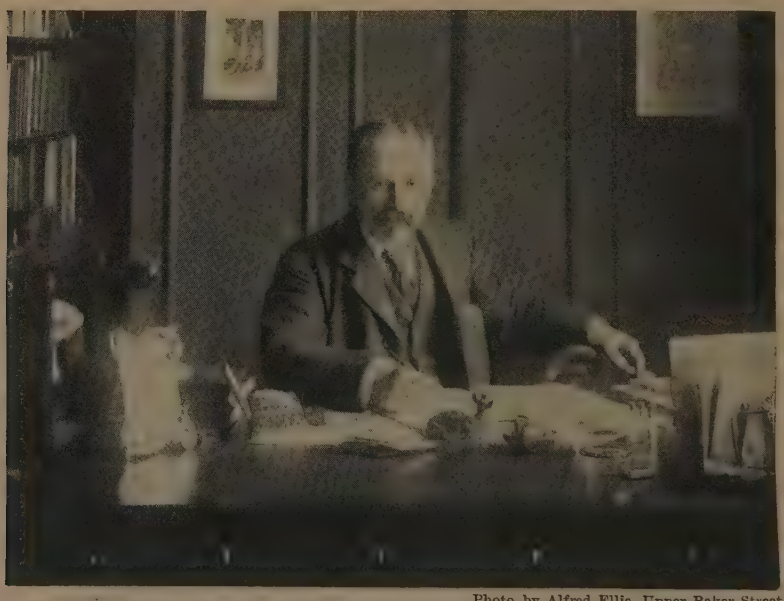


Photo. by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street.

MR. LOUIS NAPOLEON PARKER IN HIS STUDY.

A BILINGUAL ACTRESS.

And now for a bilingual player. She is a rare bird on the English stage; but she occurs in the person of Miss Eleanor Calhoun, who would have made a great hit as Clorinda Wildairs in "A Lady of Quality," had the dramatised version of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's novel not been so poor. Miss Calhoun is a Californian by birth and a Scoto-Irishwoman by descent. She led an outdoor life as a

child, and was a grown-up before she saw two houses stand end to end. Yet when she came to London as a girl, she played lead in "An Unequal Match," taking Mrs. Langtry's part in a way that showed she was not unequal to the task. She learned her art as few English actresses ever do, by acting (in French) all over France, and in critical Paris itself. Strange to say, she has never played in America, though she visits her native land every year without fail.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST AND HER HUSBAND.

Miss Marie Tempest's voice seems to wear better than that of any of her contemporaries. Indeed, in "A Greek Slave" she sings even better than she did in "Dorothy" twelve years ago. She was born in London as Miss Etherington, was educated in a Belgian convent, and after being trained at the Academy of Music, made her first appearance at the Comedy Theatre, and then became Dorothy in the famous opera which made her fame and

Photo. by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST AND HER HUSBAND, MR. COSMO STUART.

built the Lyric Theatre. In 1891 she went to America for a four months' holiday. She stayed there four years, and became a great favourite, being affectionately known as "Dresden China." She made her reappearance in London four years ago in "An Artist's Model," where she met her old stage-lover, Mr. Coffin, who had serenaded her for goodness knows how many hundred nights as "Queen of My Heart To-night." Last year she married Mr. Cosmo Stuart, who is the only son of the late Lord Alexander Gordon-Lennox and nephew of the present Duke of Richmond. Always fond of acting, he made his first professional appearance in 1893 in a provincial company of the late Grace Huntley — curiously enough, the chief of his house is the Marquis of Huntly — and tried London for the first time in 1894, fifteen months later. He is very well off, and dresses very smartly. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon-Lennox have a pretty house in St. John's Wood. As you will observe from this picture of them, they are keen admirers of Mr. William Nicholson's delightful cartoons.

Photo. by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.
MISS VYNOR.

MISS VYNOR.

Miss Vynor, who created the part of the Ayah Amina in "Carnac Sahib," has many qualifications for the difficult art she has undertaken.

ACTOR AND AUTHOR TOO.

The success of "The Man in the Iron Mask," written by Mr. Norman Forbes, at the Adelphi, proves how clever all the Forbes-Robertsons are. The old gentleman, Mr. John Forbes-Robertson, who is nearly blind now, came to London from Aberdeen half a century ago, and was, in his day, a great authority on art. All his four sons and three daughters have inherited his artistic instincts in different ways. Johnston, the eldest, is not merely an actor, but a first-rate artist; Ian acts well and stage-manages better; Norman acts and adapts; Leonard is a violinist; Mrs. Buchanan, the eldest daughter, can design stage-costumes very cleverly; Daisy, the youngest, is an artist and lives in Paris; while Frances, who married Mr. Henry Dawes Harrod the other week, is making her way as a novelist. Their mother, a charming white-haired old lady, is an Englishwoman. The old gentleman is a perfervid Scot, and loves to have a "crack" with his fellow-countrymen. His knowledge of the vernacular remains unimpaired after fifty years in Cockney-land.

MISS NINA BOUCICAULT.

From leading strings to leading lady—Miss Nina Boucicault was bound to be clever, for she is the daughter of the late

MISS NINA BOUCICAULT WHEN A BABY.

Dion Boucicault, who knew how to write a play, and of his wife, who knew how to act it. Her brother Dion, known to his friends as "Dot," is co-manager of the Court Theatre, for which his brother Aubrey adapted "A Court Scandal." Miss Nina Boucicault is married to Mr. E. H. Kelly, a clever actor of "aristocratic gentlemen," and has a baby of her own now—which would almost fit the pelisse in which M. Beau took her long ago. Most people think of her as a comédienne. But she has shown by her Sweet Lavender that she has the power of pathos.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

Some weeks ago a number of illustrated weeklies came out with photographs of Mr. Seymour Hicks and his wife, Miss Ellaline Terriss, standing side by side, grasped round the neck by a charming little girl. Several photographers had been at work, and some journals promptly described the little girl as the "daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks." The friends of that clever couple must have been immensely astonished at the announcement, for they knew that Mrs. Seymour Hicks had no children of her own. The real fact, of course, is that she has adopted a little girl and has given her her name. Will she go on the stage yet?

MARRIAGE AMONG PLAYERS.

It is an extraordinary fact — which thoroughly dispels the old idea of the "immorality of the stage" — that the great majority of the actors and actresses now appearing in London are married. Take "The Gay Lord Quex" as an example. The four leading men in the

MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS SWEET LAVENDER.

company are married, and several of the ladies are also wedded. And this is true of most companies. Every theatrical manager in London is married.

THE HIT OF HER LIFE.

We are only at the beginning of the year, but it is probable no actress will make a bigger hit than Miss Irene Vanbrugh has done as the manicurist in "The Gay Lord Quex." There was a subtle vein in the Bishop of Wakefield's denunciation of Mr. Pinero's play, for Miss Vanbrugh is a daughter of the Church, her father having been the late Prebendary Barnes, of Exeter.

Photo. by Yeo, Plymouth.

THE COUNTESS RUSSELL AS THE RUNAWAY GIRL.

THE LATEST FIND.

Miss Evie Greene is the latest favourite of London playgoers, for the moment she stepped on the stage as Prince Carlo in "L'Amour Mouillé," at the Lyric, her success was assured. Few of her audience that night had ever heard of her; and yet she has played in five pantomimes in the country. She was born at Portsmouth, and began her career in the chorus of "Mayone." She is married to Richard Temple, jun., son of the Savoy singer.

A REAL COUNTESS ON THE STAGE.

Actresses have been used to becoming Countesses—for instance, Lady Orkney (née Connie Gilchrist), and Lady Clancarty (née Belle Bilton). The Countesses are now returning the compliment, for Lady Russell has been touring the provinces as the audacious Runaway Girl, created at the Gaiety by Miss Ellaline Terriss. She is not old; but, as all the world knows, Miss Mabel Scott has crowded some startling experiences into her life. Her father was Sir Claude Scott, and the present Baronet, Sir Samuel, who married Lady Sophie Cadogan, is his nephew. In the beginning of 1890 she married Earl Russell—her sister Lina had previously married Mr. Richard Russell — the grandson of the great Lord John Russell. But the alliance was not a success, as the Law Courts have testified from time to time. Her Ladyship has long been an expert skirt-dancer. Now she is a professional playactress.

A GIRL GORDON HIGHLANDER.

The prettiest soldier that ever stepped on a stage is surely Miss Margaret Fraser, who dons the kilt and scarlet tunic of a gallant Gordon Highlander to help Miss Grace Palotta to sing, "Oh, listen to the Band!" in "A Runaway Girl," at the Gaiety Theatre. Miss Palotta is supported by lancers, dragoons, and

Photo. by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.

MISS EVIE GREENE AS PRINCE CARLO IN "L'AMOUR MOUILLÉ" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

hussars; but Miss Gordon Highlander Fraser is the pick of the little army that advances to the footlights to the music of the band. Nothing could, indeed, be more appropriate (and prettier) than Miss Fraser's appearance. In the first place, she is, as her name indicates, a Scot by birth, coming from Argyllshire. She is a soldier's daughter, for her father was formerly in the Black Watch; and finally, were not the Gordon Highlanders raised by a woman, the famous Jean Maxwell, Duchess of Gordon, who rode through the country with her son, the Marquis of Huntly, and gathered the lads to the banner of Bydand? Miss Fraser dances cleverly, she is pretty, and she should make a hit yet.

Photo. by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street.

MISS MARGARET FRASER AS A GORDON HIGHLANDER IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY.

A GREEK PLAY.—By J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.

FINE FEATHERS.

SCRAPS FROM LADY BABBIE'S NOTE BOOK.

THE whirling rush of the season is once more upon us, and June, with its roses, rapture, and organdi muslins, has arrived all piping hot on our receptive planet. The country cousins come in clusters for their short six or eight weeks' season; Mayfairian lace window-curtains are hung; Belgravian window-boxes bloom; boudoirs buzz with gossip, and the world wags very merrily in London Town. London, as a matter of fact, *is* the world, and that very comprehensively, during its three allotted months of summer season. The other capitals have each their social span, during which national representatives, with a sprinkling of well-recommended foreigners, make common cause of enjoyment. But in town all four corners of the compass are boxed together for a little space in a perfect maëlstrom of feverish gaiety. Marriages are made, fortunes are spent, and time flies unnoticed through the busy weeks.

So far the whimsicalities of climate have in a measure prevented us from being as exteriorly diaphanous as our souls desired, and Sainte Mousseline has been somewhat discounted by the eternal uncertainties of what each day may bring forth. But if the foreign devil—East Wind—may ever be said to take leave of absence from England, the time for it is surely come when damask roses turn their luscious lips to the sun, and lavender spikes are "coming blue" in the garden pathways. Since syndicates seem, sooner or later, to obtain control of all things sublunary nowadays, might one not be formed to extend this sphere of action, and, by hook or crook, "get at" the Comptroller of the Weather and make it worth his while to fix in his premeditated arrangements with ours? The sum of a century-end mortal's satisfaction would then indeed be complete, and any tax imposed by atmospheric authorities as a *quid pro quo* be paid with the utmost punctuality and despatch.

Alighting on our legitimate subject of fashions, the broad summing up of this season's styles may be set down in two words, and they are microscopic and magnificent. Never have embroideries, lace, painted tissues, and all manner of fine hand-labour been so lavishly employed as now, with results the most splendid. For it is not with brocades and velvets that we now arrive at our superb effects, but rather by the accumulated labour bestowed on simple materials. Take chiffon, mousseline-de-soie, or tulle, for instance, unassuming stuffs enough when sold by the yard, and see how noticeably beautiful they become when overlaid with embroidery or appliqués of lace, or sewn into the million crinkles or tucks that go to make up the fleecy masses of our present toques, cravats, or bodices. The labour expended on these detached morsels of lace with which we overlay our silk or muslin gowns, or the trails of chenille or spangled embroidery meandering over our decorative persons, is immense. Nor is there any doubt that this dainty coquetry of attire adds infinitely to our attractiveness from the eternal feminine point of view. Put the same woman, for instance, into jet bugles and brocade, however well made, and then transfer her into cloudy mousseline, painted, spangled, and deftly draped, and

A FÊTE GOWN OF IRISH POINT LACE.

she might be photographed as two distinctly different types—one of buckram and the other of beauty. To be piquante now-a-days is, therefore, so easy with a good dressmaker that we need scarcely sigh if prettiness does not accompany it.

Touching matters millinery, our climate, damp even on the warmest day, has not been found to agree overwell with the tulle of our universal affections, so its stiffer version now called maline is much in favour with the modistes, and covers the wire foundations of quite nine-tenths of the best hats. A word of advice to women about to plunge into new millinery is this: always have your hair dressed in the latest mode, for hats are always invented to accompany it, strange to say, not it them, and to try to accommodate a new chapeau to a demodé coiffure is a marriage of youth and age that cannot possibly be expected to work satisfactorily. The hair, to be modish, still rolls in a sort of Pompadour pouch at the back, the little knotted locks being caught up with a pretty jewelled pin at top. Many of the smart French hats this season are, by the way, black, the Louis XVI. shape figuring prominently among the favourites. Four or five rich feathers with a trimming of tulle and half-a-dozen roses under the turned-up brim are the distinguishing features of this very becoming shape. Tulle strings are often worn with it. They give a soft surrounding which is very becoming to faces no longer in their first youth, and thus take the place of boas, which, in warm weather, are apt to become somewhat suffocating. Beige-coloured straws are fashionable for morning wear, and a pretty toque which Princess Charles is wearing is of coarse Havana straw, the centre of front being caught up by a large buckle of dead gold, and all round it, falling over the brim, is a flounce of fine white lace. Two rosettes composed of lovely pink roses differently shaded are veiled with chiffonnées of black tulle, and placed symmetrically on each side of the front. In Paris, pansies and roses are the favourite flowers of the month, and are freely used, both in floral toques and in the tulle boas with which the modish Parisienne loves to muffle her dimpled chin. Cherries of wonderful realism are also in the list of things in favour. Indeed, the milliners, acutely clever, have brought in the fashion of trimming their creations with the flowers of the moment, and so compelling women in the swim to renew their headgear continually, according to the blooming of the flowers.

With regard to the long-trained, sheath-like, and very impracticable fashion of our present dresses, I remember hearing an eminent man milliner confidently assert last season that the active life led by all classes nowadays would have such an immediate influence on dragging trains, once their discomfort became felt, that the mode would quickly adjust itself to more utilitarian issues. But that wiseacre had not taken the eternal vanity of women into consideration, and here we all are dragging yards of tissue over dusty Mother Earth, and rejoicing in an untidiness that would at one time, not so very far past, have filled us with shrinking dismay.

Personally, what would most appeal to my jaded faculties at the moment would be an escape from all this endless dressing for luncheons, dinners, afternoon squashes, operas, balls, and the rest, into the quiet greenness of leafy June in country lanes and pastures. But it may not be. "Delia in town" is one person, "Delia in the country" another, and until the "ides" of baking July ring the curtain down, we shall all be fiddling, flirting, and ruffling it with the best in charming but chaotic London.

There is one haven of rest, by the way, in beautiful Connemara — slumberous, sun-haunted, buried in the best that Ireland has to give of exquisite scenery—and that is much—which should be better known to this appreciative if pace-making generation. The very name fills a jaded cosmopolitan with desire, for once destined to complete gratification, since on reaching Recess he finds it the choicest spot in all Connemara. Whether the name is an ancient derivation or a modern happy thought one cannot discover, but Recess, as it is, conveys to everyone who visits it a full and lasting pleasure. As a fishing

centre, it may be said without fear or favour few of the much-advertised English lakes and rivers so well repay the "lazy sportsman"; while from the ordinary traveller's point of view sport and scenery but counterbalance their rival attractions in this Hibernian Garden of Eden. Nor should it be omitted that the new Railway Hotel at Recess is the pivot on which hang all the holiday-makers' well-considered comforts in this connection. Set down in the midst of lovely surroundings, and sheltered from all inclement airs that blow by the maternal Maamturk Mountains, one can here — "the world forgetting, by the world forgot" — best realise the ideal holiday. Lord Crewe, if once more in Ireland, would have no reason to good-humouredly satirise the Celtic idea of innkeeping should his steps lead him and "Lady Peggy" hither, for every modern comfort is here lavishly administered, and the attractive exterior of the Hotel is but emphasised by the up-to-date luxury within. An entire heating system, together with electric light throughout, writing, smoking, billiard, bath-rooms, not to mention a dark room where photographers can develop scenic treasure-trove to their hearts' content, are all in the list of creature comforts. Nothing has, in fact, been forgotten that can add to the rest and comfort of a holiday in one of the favourite nooks of nature; and, either as an after-season resort or as an occasional pick-me-up holiday-place, Recess deserves a prominent position in the list of a busy man's occasional refuges.

By the way, the "Mother of all Parliaments" has at last gone merry-making in Ireland; and Lord Londonderry, as President of the "Irish Tourist Association," has been responsible for a very pleasant holiday, spent by members of the Council, as well as by contingents from the Upper and Lower Houses, in the once distressful country. The drives about lovely Leenane were a revelation to the appreciative Sassenach whose steps may not have previously led him into the beautiful byways of Western Hibernia. It was almost a pity that part of this recess could not have been spent at the hotel which bears that name; but the Parliamentary tourists will at least have gone away with a sufficiently sweet taste in their mouths to induce them, perhaps, to hark back at some future time to the green glories of Connemara. There must have been considerable comparison of enthusiastic notes when the "Lords and Commons" met at Dublin at the finish, as this Irish picnic was split up into several sections, each following different ways of beauty. Everything was admirably managed throughout, the Irish Railway and Steam Packet Companies doing everything that Celtic courtesy and native enterprise could encompass to make straight the paths of the hereditary foe but, one hopes, future friend.

One practical outcome of the Parliamentary visit will, no doubt, be a future influx of reassured Anglo-Saxons, who, finding that Paddy lives in a beautiful country of his own, and is really no longer the man-eating, sharp-shooting monster of modern fiction, so freely diagnosed half-a-dozen years back, will now, without fear, trust themselves and their families by his coast-lines or amongst his mountain trout-streams. Some of the circular tour tickets issued by the Midland Great Western Railway skim the loveliest bits of Western Ireland, and are capital guides for the stranger to follow. One in particular, which negotiates Kerry and Connemara, is a marvel of well-arranged method and cheapness, and if better known, would be one of the most popular tourist itineraries in the British Islands.

In talking of pleasant places to stay at, I am reminded of another, more positively connected with hygiene, however, than the most noted beauty spot. Very close by the classic Weald of Sussex, we come upon a home of rest and hope for the asthmatic patient, which now begins to be known as Wynstay, and is, as a matter of fact, the Weidhaas Institute, which has lately been established in this country for the special cure of asthma. Those who can afford to pay for personal treatment of this most trying complaint should find it worth their while to make a trial trip

among the charming surroundings in which the Weidhaas Institute has been placed.

The eternal question of clothes, weighing very heavily on my mind, sent me off once more to Paris during the latter half of May. All-arrived at this stronghold of millinery, I bearded some of its high priestesses with some such vital questions as to whether crêpe or muslin would ruffle it in the "ides" of June, or whether bonnet-strings would dispute the palm with neck ruffles? For whenever these pregnant points agitate the feminine mind, the remedy is Paris; and to Paris I went.

Muslin seems to have the largest following, but there are many smart modistes who declare in favour of crêpe and cashmere. As a matter of fact, the weather regulates most of these things, and Boreas blowing either hot or cold sends us into one attire or another.

I came away with one chiefly dominant impression that lace still queens it—lace here, lace there, lace everywhere; the season of '99 is a season of lace, muslin, and extravagance generally. Our dainty details seem to consume as many francs as the full equipment, and husbands generally will have, I make no doubt, some bad quarters of an hour when quarter-day comes round.

Meanwhile, the frocks that captivated me most in Lutetia were of painted muslin or chiffon, over under-dresses of the same hued material without pattern. There was a dress of lavender lisse, painted or printed with Neapolitan violets, at odd intervals. This was made up over a couple of skirts of the same diaphanous material. A white crêpe dress painted with cluster roses, and an "India" muslin, with trails of yellow berberis plentifully flanked with lace flounces, were among the items of extravagant fashion which most appealed to my extravagant fancy. And there was also a primrose cashmere at Worth's with scrolls of Byzantine embroidery, for which one might have bartered away all other dearest fancies, and it would still have been cheap at the price.

RAILWAY HOTEL, RECESS, CONNEMARA.

THE QUEEN'S GREAT-GRANDSON HAS A BETTER HEREDITARY RIGHT TO RULE US THAN HER MAJESTY.

1. **MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS** (1542-1587) = Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley (1541-1567).

2. **JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND AND I. OF ENGLAND** (1566-1625).
Married Princess Anne of Denmark (1575-1618).

3. Princess **ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND** (1596-1662), married Frederick, Elector Palatine of the Rhine (1596-1632).

4. Princess **SOPHIA**, her youngest daughter (1630-1714), married Ernest, Elector of Hanover (1629-1698).

5. **GEORGE I., KING OF ENGLAND** (1660-1727), married Princess Sophia of Zelle (1666-1726).

6. **GEORGE II.** (1683-1760), married Princess Caroline of Brandenburg-Anspach.

7. **FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES** (1707-1751), married Princess Augusta of Saxe-Coburg (1719-1772).

8. **GEORGE III.** (1738-1820), married Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

9. **EDWARD, DUKE OF KENT** (1767-1820), married Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg (1786-1861).

10. **QUEEN VICTORIA**
(born 1819).

CHARLES I., KING OF ENGLAND (1600-1649), married Princess Henrietta Maria of France (1609-1669).

Princess **HENRIETTA ANNE**, his youngest daughter, married Philip, Duke of Orleans (1640-1701).

Princess **ANNE MARY** (1669-1728), married Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy (1666-1732) (Her eldest son was the ancestor of "Mary IV." of England). Her daughter was

Princess **MARY ADELAIDE** (1685-1712), married Louis, Duke of Burgundy (1682-1712).

LOUIS XV., KING OF FRANCE (1710-1774), married Princess Mary of Poland (1703-1768).

Princess **MARY LOUISE OF FRANCE** (1727-1759), married Philip, Duke of Parma (1720-1765).

Princess **LOUISE OF PARMA** (died 1819), married Charles IV., King of Spain (1748-1819).

Princess **CHARLOTTE OF SPAIN** (1775-1830), married John VI., King of Portugal (1767-1824).

PEDRO IV. OF PORTUGAL (died 1834).

MARIA II. OF PORTUGAL (1819-1853), married Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg (cousin of Queen Victoria), and became the grandmother of the present King of Portugal. Her daughter is

Princess **ANTONIA OF PORTUGAL** (born 1845), married Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.

Prince **FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA** (born 1865), married Princess Marie of Saxe-Coburg, granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

PRINCE CAROL OF ROUMANIA,
Great-Grandson of Queen Victoria (born 1893).

11. *This table shows the curious fact that*
12. *little Prince Carol of Roumania (who is at once the great-grandson and the third cousin of Queen Victoria) has a better hereditary right to the British Throne than Her Majesty. There are 1172 descendants of Mary Queen of Scots now living. Of these 617 have a better hereditary right to rule us than the Queen, while only 181 people could take precedence of Prince Carol. James VI. of Scotland left a son Charles and a daughter Elizabeth, the "Queen of Hearts." Though she was four years older than her*
13. *brother she had, of course, to take the second place. Now, Prince Carol is descended from Charles I., while Queen Victoria is descended from Elizabeth. Hence it follows that by hereditary succession his right to*
14. *rule us is better than the Queen's. But woman won after all. When England got tired of Charles's male issue, it fell back on his female descendants. They died out, and then England fell back on the issue of Charles's sister, the "Queen of Hearts," whose youngest daughter was the mother of*
15. *George I. "The Legitimist Kalendar" is the Bible of those who still believe in the hereditary principle of kingship.*

I found the Captain and his bodyguard the Corporal, playing backgammon and smoking the horridest tobacco that ever did offend me.

See "Lady Barbarity," Page 298.

LADY BARBARITY.

A ROMANTIC COMEDY.

By J. C. SNAITH.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, the well-known Author of "Fierceheart the Soldier," has chosen the stirring times of the Jacobite Rebellion for the mise-en-scene of this story.

CHAPTER XIII.

I DISPLAY MY INFINITE RESOURCES.

THE morrow was full of anxiety and incident. There was a skirmish with my aunt—a diversion to be sure, but one of peril. There was also my distrust. I was compelled to keep an unceasing eye on Mr. Anthony, on Mrs. Emblem, on the soldiers, on my Lady Grimstone, on Captain Grantley and the document he held, and most of all on my own susceptibilities. There was here plenty of material for mischief. The conduct of the Captain was abominable. Of the six troopers quartered on us, five were despatched at daybreak to scour the surrounding country for the rebel; the remaining one, the Corporal, was retained in the library to protect his commanding officer from the wiles of woman. Never a doubt that Mr. Anthony had spoken true, and that this prudent cowardice had struck my only weapon from my hand. Only one means could save his lordship now—the sacrifice of the poor young fugitive.

I suppose it is the curse of persons of condition that the sword of pride swings above their heads, suspended tenderly on a single hair. The first breath of calumny brings it down. The Government had merely to receive the paper setting forth what was said to be his lordship's part in the prisoner's escape, and ignoring all other consequences, not the least would be the hawking of his name in every filthy print of Fleet Street. It would be extremely difficult to bear. Yet bear it I must, and perchance his committal to the Tower, and divers horrid businesses, unless the lad was betrayed to his enemies at once.

However, I did not consider that harsh alternative. I could not apply it an I would. But something must be done, as the Captain took occasion to remind me. On the evening of the sixth day he sent this polite missive to my room—

"Madam,—To-morrow evening the term expires. Unless the rebel is discovered to me by the hour of six in the afternoon, my duty will compel me to acquaint his Majesty's Government of the whole affair. Madam, I pray you in your own interest to consider deeply of your course, for I am persuaded that you have a knowledge of the rebel's whereabouts. Let me remind you that the consequences must be inevitably of great prejudice to the Earl, your father, if you permit this matter to proceed.—I have, Madam, the honour to be your duteous, humble servant, J. GRANTLEY."

Miss Prue was sitting at my tea-table when I read this; and this keen observer saw me grow red with passion at its contents.

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"From a dear friend, I'll bet a shilling," he confided to a tea-cup.

"Very," says I, crumpling up the Captain's insolence and throwing it in the grate; and added, "Prue, you must excuse me for five minutes; I must see that dear friend of ours the Captain on something of importance."

"The Captain!" says he, all attention.

I was too preoccupied to heed him in any way whatever, and foolishly repaired to the library without troubling to set at rest any suspicion of the facts he might entertain. I found the Captain and his bodyguard, the Corporal, playing backgammon and smoking the horridest tobacco that ever did offend me.

"Your pardon, gentlemen," says I, "and as you are at such an important matter, 'twere best that I withdraw, perhaps."

The Captain put his pipe down and begged me to be seated, while the Corporal, evidently acting under orders, rose, stepped to the door, but did not go outside.

"Sir," I began, "I am come to ask you again to revise that paper. I will not have his lordship saddled with a misdemeanour which he never did commit. 'Twas I that set the rebel free, and 'tis I that will abide the consequence."

The Captain grimly shook his head.

"My dear lady," he replied, "it cannot be. Your father is morally responsible for the crime that hath been wrought in his house against the King. You must either produce me the prisoner to-morrow by the hour of six or submit his lordship to the severe alternative."

"Captain, this is an absurdity," says I tartly; "and to be brief, Sir, your conversation seems extremely like a simpleton's. Produce you the prisoner? Ods, my life, what a folly do you talk! Ask me to produce you the devil, and I shall produce him just as easily."

"Not a doubt about it," says the Captain, laughing at the anger in my eyes.

Before I could retort upon him, my attention was distracted by the sudden opening of the door. To my horror I saw the apparition of the rebel. His mouth was stern, and there was a high sparkle in his eyes. One glance, and I read all the contents of his mind. By some strange means he had discovered the dilemma I was in, and to spare me the inconvenience that I suffered had come to deliver his person up to justice. His purpose was distinctly written in his face.

It was a terrible instant, and only a wonderful decision could stave off fatality. I sprang up and sailed towards him ere he could speak the word that would betray him, and pushed him by main force past the Corporal, and over the threshold of the door.

"Oh, Prue, you prying rogue!" I cried, laughing with a heartiness that was intended to be heard. "You spy, you suspicious wretch, you are dying, I can see, to get an inkling of this matter; but I'll stake my soul that you do not overhear a word."

I had no sooner expelled him from the room with this peremptory mirth than I whispered feverishly in his ear—

"For God's sake do not do it now! Go back to my room, and I will follow and talk the matter over."

Thereupon I boldly rejoined the Captain and the Corporal, and slapped the library door in the face of the prisoner standing on the mat. The suspicions I had aroused by a course so strange must be soothed at any cost. Unlimited lying came greatly to my aid. I ordered the puzzled Corporal to turn the key upon the lady.

"She is just burning with curiosity," I laughed; "but I'll take care she shall not satisfy it."

'Twas a mercy that the Captain's leg was in such a posture that his back was to the door, and though he must have heard sounds of a woman's entrance, and that I was in a flutter of one kind or another, and had been excited to strange steps, he could not possibly have seen Miss Prue, and happily his injury forbade him turning round to look. Again, the Corporal was of such a primitive intelligence that he never suspected anything at all. Finding the Captain as resolute as ever, I took an early chance to quit the arbitrary wretch, and sought the rebel.

His appearance in the library was simple to explain. He had got a hint of my predicament, and to relieve me was ready to sacrifice himself. He was in my room awaiting me. Entering, I closed the door, turned the key and put it in my pocket.

"Would you spoil all, then?" I bitterly began.

"You have told lies," says he in his coarse fashion.

"For you," says I swiftly.

My look caused the deepest tawny to creep into his face.

"You swore upon your oath," says he, "that to harbour me would place you in no danger. Madam, you have lied."

"I shall be glad for you to prove that," I answered languidly.

I should have been inclined to enjoy his anger and his insolence, I think, had there not been a note of warning in his tone that frightened me. That he had made his mind up on this point was very plain.

"I will prove it in three words," says he. "First, I read the paper you crumpled up and cast into the grate. My other information I have pulled out of Mrs. Polly Emblem."

"Oh, the wretched wench!" cries I, and summoned her from my dressing-room immediately.

The fool came as limp as rags, and cowered from my anger pitifully.

"If you please, your la'ship," she whimpered, "'a fairly tore it from my breast. I could not help myself, my lady—'deed I couldn't—that 's a fact."

"You silly trout! I 've a mind to boil you, and that 's another fact. But no, you half-wit! it were better to dismiss you on this instant. Off, you slut! and pack your boxes, and do not offend me with your face another hour."

"Oh, please—please, my lady," sobbed the simpleton, falling on her knees.

"Enough of this, Bab," says Miss Prue sternly, with a fine indignation in her eyes. "Leave the poor creature be. She says she couldn't help herself, and I am here to vouch it. I fetched it out of her like anything, for she 's but a woman, after all. Bab, drop it; do you hear me?"

The rogue slapped his hand upon the table with the grandeur of an emperor. Thereupon I rated her the more soundly for her fault. The miserable Emblem first looked at her champion and then at me in the most piteous manner. Thereat Miss Prue's countenance became a blaze of anger.

"Damn it, Bab," says she, "if you only were a man!"

In the effort to contain her wrath she went striding up and down the room. Suddenly she dealt a vicious kick at a Sheraton what-not inlaid with pearl, that was worth as much as the blood-money on her head, brought it down in pieces, and smashed to atoms a priceless china vase. Then she turned on me.

"Bab, you are a perfect brute!" and then said to Emblem softly, "Poor wench! But don't you fret, my dear, for I will see you are not hurt."

Having delivered his mind thus freely, he strode to the door and tried it.

"No, boy, you don't," says I, and ran to the door the other side of the chamber that led into my dressing-room. Hastily I secured that also, and took the custody of the key.

"Now sit down," I did command him, "for I am to have a talk with you, my friend."

"I hope you will enjoy it," he said, "as it is to be the last."

"Surely," says I, "you cannot have the folly to be resolute in this? Would you yield your life up for a whim? Doth not your very soul turn dark at the thought of death—and such a death?"

I shivered as I spoke, and the lad turned paler.

"No," says he, "that is—at least," he dropped his tone, "I do not think about it."

"You will have to do," I answered, with the slow unction of a priest. "And you so full of lusty youth. Do I not see health sparkling in your eyes? The world must be lovely to you, I am certain. Your heart is fed on sunshine, and the singing of the birds is the only sound you hear. And are there no ambitions in you? Have you never dreamt of glory?"

He turned still paler at this speech, and a sort of grim joy took hold of me when I saw how my unaccustomed gravity was sinking in his mind.

"But you?" he said.

"I am not to be regarded. I have less to lose than you. Life itself in your case; in mine only a new story for the town."

"Do you forget that they can attaint you of high treason?" he replied. "And that would mean a long imprisonment, and you would find it a tedious and very weary thing, I know, for I have tried it."

"High treason—imprisonment!" says I; "these are bogies for a child. Politics are wonderful affairs, but if they can clap Bab Gossiter in the 'Jug' and diet her on bad bread and dirty water, let 'em do it, boy, by every means, and I'll admire 'em for it."

"But if they threaten others?" he replied. "For instance, your papa, the Earl."

"Ho, ho, ho!" I laughed; but in my breast there was no levity. "A peer of the realm!"

"He is not to blame for being that," he answered slyly, "and they will not the less respect him for it, I am sure. And what of Derwentwater, Kenmare, Nithsdale, in the late rebellion?"

Being properly hipped on this, I tried new tactics.

"Ah, I see," says I, "you wish to play at Hero, do you? Want a pretext to make the world ring by your devotion to a lady's little finger. A truce, boy, to these palpable devices."

He coloured high. Ridicule is the sovereign remedy for poetic notions in the young. He merely sniffed my black draught, however, and flung it from him.

"Very shrewd of you," says he, "but I never was afraid of being laughed at."

I turned to Emblem with a frank amazement.

"Go you for a bodkin, girl, and I will prick him with it, for I would fain discover if this child of ours is actually made of blood and flesh. Not afraid of being laughed at!"

Straight I fell into a peal to prove how monstrously he lied. He chewed his lip, and struggled to cover up his very evident vexation.

"Sneer," says he, with anger darting from his eyes, "but my determination's taken. A week ago I swore that a single hair of my Lady Barbara should not suffer for her mercy. And when I make an oath I keep one, whatever others do."

He rose. A glance assured me that he was in an ugly mood of heroism. He held his hand out for the key. I glanced into his face, saw all the muscles in it tight, and his mouth locked in a silence that seemed to render the gravest word ridiculous.

"Oh, come!" I cries; "enough of claptrap. Have I done all this to be thwarted by a child? Do you not see, if you persevere in this proud folly, that the Captain triumphs. And I, a victorious rebel, should find it easier far to endure the Tower than the humiliations of defeat."

"Alas! these palpable devices," he sighed. "But it's the key I want, not trickeries."

Again I had a taste of my impotence with him. Hitherto my lightest whim was a law for the greatest or the meanest; this moment, though, a very beggar defied my imperious command. Nor would he budge from this perverseness. Pretty soon his intolerable behaviour made my anger rise. It was increased when I remembered his utter dependence and his low condition. And yet I took a kind of admiration of him too. He was so bold, so contradictory, so brazenly impertinent withal, that I began to feel there was more in his sex than I had suspected.

"Child," says I, "I am dreadfully enraged with you and with your ways, but," I added musingly, while I read the decision in his face, "do you know I have half a mind to love you for them."

"Pray don't," says he uneasily.

"I have, though. I think you'll make the prettiest man that ever was. You are not a bit according to the pattern. You appear to even have a will, a very unusual circumstance in anything that's masculine. Child," I says, "do you know that I have half a mind to make a husband of you? I

like you, my lad. You are headstrong, but I think you are a charming boy."

I patted him upon the shoulder with an air of high approval. He knit his teeth, and cried in a crimson heat—

"Confound you, woman, I am not your pussy-cat, nor your King Charles' spaniel."

"No," says I; "and that is why I like you. You are so unstrokable."

"The key," says he.

"Understand me, Sir," says I severely. "If I am ever at all tender to a person I become very much his friend and delight to serve him. Now I can best serve you by denying you this key. And while we are on this argument I should be glad to ask you whether there is anything you owe me."

"My life," he answered promptly.

"Very well," says I; "and are you to be so thankless as to throw away that which I have given you?"

"Oh well," says he nervously, and dropped the boldness of his look, "if that is how you put it—but, Madam, for the world I would not have your name imperilled or your father's. Why, 'tis gratitude that makes me so contumacious in this matter."

"Now," says I, "here's something I should like you to reflect upon. I refuse most absolutely to yield up your person to the State. And should you do this of your accord I will not forgive you for it; no, Sir, I will not! And I will not even go to Tyburn to see how prettily you hang. And my vanity will sicken horribly. For in every enterprise I crave to be victorious, and I support a whipping as badly as you do a thoroughly polite behaviour."

"But that paper going south," he put in doggedly.

"Yes, I've thought of that, and it hath occurred to me that if your prayers, Emblem's wit, and my resources cannot play a pretty little trick upon the Captain, the Captain's very wise."

'Twas then Miss Prue did prick her ears up.

"Trick!" says she, "anything daring? Aught with a spice about it? Now, Bab, let's have it!"

"It is my intention to kidnap my good friend Corporal Flickers," I replied.

"Kidnap Corporal Flickers," cries he, in a voice of pregnant admiration. "Why, Bab, your heart is big enough for five. Bravo!"

"At six o'clock to-morrow evening he is to take that paper, ride to York, and catch the London mail," says I. "But he will not get beyond our gatehouse, for everything is to be most excellently planned."

"And you will, perhaps, be wanting my assistance," says he keenly.

"Very probable indeed," says I, to pacify him somewhat, though I did not intend to risk his safety in the matter.

Thus, by fair words, devices, and appeals, he was prevailed upon to sit in peace, and for the present, to let things pursue their courses. Much as I rejoiced in this, however, I was angry with myself for being such a tender sort of fool. For the moment, though, a more instant matter filled my thoughts. Such a nicety of performance was required in this new affair that, fearing the least miscarriage, I directed my personal attention to it. Habiting myself for an evening stroll, I stepped into the heavy bitter night, winter though it was, went softly down the drive, and demanded admittance at the gatehouse door.

William Goodman was the keeper and lived there, a widower, with John, his son, a sturdy six-foot yokel. They made a pair whom Heaven might have created especially for my business. They sat in the gatehouse kitchen at a meal of beef and ale. William Goodman—sly, ancient, lean—was a man of sense, and proved it by being faithful as a dog to the family he had served for forty years. He had only been once before the Justices, and the occasion was when he had cracked the sconce of a man who had contumeliously hinted within William's hearing that my Lord of Long Acre was not so handsome a nobleman as the Duke of Marlborough. After they had received me with the most horrible embarrassment, and Goodman, the younger, had had the misfortune to turn a jug of ale into his lap, I sat down

and explained my mission as succinctly as I could.

"Have you a coal-hole under this kitchen?" I began.

"Yes, my lady," said the elder.

"Exactly as I thought," says I. "And suppose a man was put into it, could he very well get out?"

"Depends upon the man, your ladyship," says the elder, leering like a fox.

"One who did not happen to be a friend of the family," says I, mightily enjoying William Goodman's face.

"He might, o' course," says he with his natural caution, "and o' course he mightn't; but, my lady, if I was betting on it, I should put my money on he mightn't."

"Well, Goodman," says I, "I should like you to understand that I have put my money on 'he mightn't.' Now, there is a certain person to be put into that coal-hole, and out he must not come until I send the order. And let me give you a few particulars."

These were brief and simple. Mr. Flickers must be lured into the gatehouse, sprung upon, taken by surprise, laid in the cellar, and kept there both tight and privy at my pleasure; while I should be pleased if it could be contrived that a blue paper passed from his possession to my own.

"And no unnecessary violence, Goodman. I would not have unnecessary violence for the world. But do you think all this is to be done?"

"Your ladyship can call it done already," Goodman answered. "And what was it, my lady, you thought he called his lordship?"

"Doddering old something, I believe," says I; "cannot take a Bible oath on the exact text of it, but 'doddering old something' is the very synonym of what he said."

"When the pore man falls, I hope as 'ow he won't fall on his head," says William piously, but with a high significance.

"Now, no unnecessary violence," I said; "but I'll take my life that 'dodder' is the word he used."

There was here a question as to the disposal of his horse. It was resolved to convey it to the High Farm, some miles up the moor, the same evening, and hold it there in secret till the time was by for the Corporal's release. And I had such a high regard for Goodman and his son that I did not hesitate to think them the equals of their word. Wherefore I went home to dress in a cheerful mood, and passed a lively evening with my aunt, his lordship, and Miss Prue.

My aunt put me quite remarkably in mind of a ferret held up by the throat. The creature was prepared to bite on the first occasion, only the season was not yet, for to attempt to do so now was to run the risk of having the life choked out of it.

"Aunt," says I, as we sat at supper, "my dearest Prue tells me she must leave us in a day or two."

"Niece," says my aunt politely, "I shall be grieved indeed to forego her charming company."

But here the dowager's steely smile shone out and caught my eye, and—well, I wished it had not done so.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE CAPTAIN'S WIT BECOMES A RIVAL OF MY OWN.

On the fateful morrow the frost still held, and gave no sign of yielding. The Doctor rode over towards noon to attend the Captain's leg. When he left the library I took his professional opinion on both that member and its owner.

"Doing nicely, very nicely," says the Doctor. "Nor are the injuries as serious as we did at first suppose."

"We shall have him about on crutches in a day or two, perhaps?" says I, making a wry face.

"Not this fortnight," says the Doctor, "nay, not this three weeks. This morning, now, he tried to alter the position of his leg, but it was so stiff and gave the poor man such an excruciating pain that he desisted the instant he began."

"I was trusting, Doctor," I replied, "that the Captain would have his heels up for at least a month. A man of his activity would benefit by rest."

"Well, my dear lady, let us think about it," says the Doctor.

"And I believe, Sir," says I insinuatingly, "that you had better stay to dinner while you do"

I never remember a day that took longer to consume the sun's light, or a night more tardy to arrive. At five p.m. the Captain scrawled the information: "In an hour, Madam, unless a particular circumstance prevents it, my report must be despatched." And I was grateful to the Captain's air of mystery for causing me to laugh so. "Unless a particular circumstance prevents it." A little after six Emblem bore me the news that the Corporal was mounted and away. As Goodman was to bring me the result as soon as one had been arrived at, I awaited him in privacy, and was so nervous and excited too, that I preferred to have my supper served there, instead of wearing the mask of my habitual indifference, and sitting down with the family as usual.

Seven struck, but no Goodman came. A quarter-past, and I began to speculate upon miscarriages. But presently, to my relief, I caught the sound of heavy boots ascending, and on his knock I invited Goodman to come in.

"Well?" says I.

"Under lock and key, your ladyship," says Goodman. "'A kicked a bit, 'a swore a bit, when we took him from behind; but we dropped him in, and slipped the bolt and turned the key; his 'oss has been taken to the farm, and I left John, my son, a-sittin' afore the cellar door a-readin' in the *Courier*."

"No unnecessary violence, I hope," says I.

"Not a bit, my lady. But it 's a mercy that there weren't. He turned rampageous like; but John, my son, had got him by the muffler, and my knee was a-kneelin' in the middle of his shirt. We dropped him in the hole, simple an' easy as a child. He might 'a fell upon his nose, but I judge from the crackin' sort o' sound he made, that it liker was his head. But he 'll take no hurt, my lady; no, not he, for that Corp'ral 's the toughest tooth that ever chewed up bull-beef."

"And did you abstract the paper?" I inquired.

"Here it is," says he, and gave it to me with a proud appearance.

I dismissed the honest fellow with a purse and a few compliments on his exceptional ability, which even the best of men are greedy to receive, and gave him some instructions touching their captive's entertainment. You may take it that I never was more complacent in any battle than in the signal victory my arms had achieved in this. The Captain's wit might be considerable, but it was, indeed, a satisfaction to hold the proof that my own resources were, after all, despite my foe's unscrupulosity and keenness, good enough to thwart him. His emissary, his special messenger, his wretched tool, was under lock and key; the dread instrument he had so diligently waved above my head, and had disturbed my dreams with, had not yet reached the Government, but lay upon my writing-table, a prisoner of war. 'Twas a very triumph. I picked up this red-sealed horror and brandished it before the blaze. "The Secretary of State, Whitehall, London." I insulted that elegant inscription in divers ways, but ere I bestowed upon it the crowning indignity of all, its committal to the flames, the whim seized me to read its precious contents once again. Tearing off the cover, I drew forth four precisely folded sheets of foolscap. But directly afterwards, I think a feather might have felled me. There was not a word of writing on them!

What could be the meaning? The packet had been sealed implicitly with a great array of wax; had been addressed in a large, fair hand to the Secretary of State; had been ravished from the custody of Flickers, yet here it was, blanker than my hand.

I was wholly staggered. Presently I plagued my wits for explanations, but no matter how diligent my mind was it could not override the fact that the letter was empty. Later I took counsel of Mrs. Emblem, but she could merely stare and wag her silly head. On her suggestion, however, I resummoned William Goodman.

He swore an oath that this was the only document on the person of the Corporal. When I pressed him on the point he reluctantly admitted that as they barred the door upon the prisoner after the rape of the packet, he called out to them to this or similar effect—

"These dirty doings is all that ladyship o' yours, I know; but harkee! just you tell that brazen jade o' yours the Captain 's not a fool, the Captain 's not, but smart, downright smart, my boys, and laughs at such as her. And tell her she 's welcome to the paper, for it 's not a bit o' use to her, nor to me, nor to the Captain, and she 's welcome to chew it to her supper if she likes; and you can tell her, boys, that the Captain 's laughing at her in his sleeve."

Goodman then withdrew. Turning on Emblem fiercely when he had done so, I cried out in the very extremity of rage—

"Oh, the deep devil! Oh, the cunning, foxy fiend! But, remark me, girl, d' ye hear? I say, remark me, I 'll be revenged upon that Captain as I 'm a female. I 'm resolved upon it, I 'll be revenged. Ha! thou ancient enemy, I 'll have thee yet, and then I 'll twist thee. Ha! I see thee squirming like a lizard in the sun. Thou belly-wriggling snake, I 'll pay thee for it! Eve was not my early mamma else! I 'll correct thee of these Eden tricks, thou worm, thou abominable night-bite!"

It was the pains of disappointment, combined with the keen thought that, after all, the Captain had occasion for his mockery, that whipt me to this transport. The descent from supposition to hard fact was, indeed, most cruel. My pretty schemes, that had been designed to assist young Anthony and show the crafty soldier in a foolish light, where were they now? And the Captain sitting calmly down and laughing to himself at my predicament! Mrs. Polly Emblem had wisely fled the chamber, else I would not have answered for her at that instant.

An hour passed, and I had pulled all the curls out of my hair, and had washed half the powder from my face with weeping, when the door was opened and Mr. Anthony appeared. He looked at me steadily a minute, a deal of criticism in his eye.

"Why, Bab," he cries, "what in the prophet's name 's upon you? 'Tis a new rôle, I see. What in the name of mercy is the part? Are you Niobe mourning for her young, or a pale Jocasta, or a drunken baggage that goes too often to the 'Jug'?"

"Out, rogue," says I, "or I will put you out."

"I see you have already put yourself out," says he. "But what in conscience is the matter?"

"Out, rogue," I repeated. "I will not have your horrid sex intruding on my presence—wretched, crafty, undermining creatures!"

"Faith!" says he; "I 've always said it. Wretched, puling, prying rogues. Here, Bab, I 'll just unslip these petticoats and will resume the breeches of a man."

"Mention that word again and I 'll beat you to a purpose, you insolent slip of beggary."

"Go on, sweet," says he, taking his seat calmly by the fire. "I like it. Your beauty is most monstrous when your eyes blaze. Rat me, if you don't look an accidental angel, darling."

Now, as this audacious rebel sat there laughing quietly in true enjoyment of my rage, I judged it better to restrain it if I could, and tell him of the case. He heard me out with patience, approved heartily of my trick, paid me a compliment on the unscrupulosity of its character, swore I was a cunning one, and so forth; but when I showed him the clean paper with never a written word upon it, he cried: "That beats me!" and grew as thoughtful as an owl.

"Sir Sapience," says I, "I should value your opinion."

"Witchcraft, as I 'm a Christian man," says he. "But that Captain is—well, that Captain is——"

"He is indeed," says I, with a significance not to be conveyed by a mere adjective or noun.

For an hour or more we broke our minds upon this problem. It was the

deepest mystery, and of that provoking kind that makes one unhappy till one has solved it. As it would not profit us to keep the Corporal in durance, I judged it right to take measures to release him. But it was certain that as soon as he was at large my guilt would be published to his officer. Therefore I took boldness for my course, and stepped down straightway to the Captain. I carried the blue papers and the mutilated seal with me.

My enemy was alone. He received me with the courtesy that never failed him; while I, with the consideration that was habitual to me, asked politely of his leg.

"Captain," I decisively began, "an accident of a rather serious sort hath happened to that emissary of yours."

"My soul!" cries the Captain anxiously, "is that so? Pray tell me of it, Madam."

"I will strike a bargain first," says I coolly, and cast the papers down before his eyes.

I think I never saw a man so taken.

"'Ods wounds!" he cries. "How came these in your custody?"

"An accident hath occurred to that emissary of yours," I repeated, and smiled upon his urgent face, "and you shall hear the details of it on condition that you do confess why this packet is a bogus. I can assure you, Captain, that I am burning to learn the reason of this make-belief."

He tried to hedge at this, and get news of the Corporal out of me without giving me the secret that I so desired. But if he considered I was a child in these affairs, to be evaded lightly, he was early undeceived.

"Not a word, not a hint, Sir," I says, "until you have told me why you have furnished the Government with such a short account. And I am persuaded, Sir, that that Corporal of yours is in the least enviable plight."

My reluctant enemy fenced with me a long half-hour, but I was so tenacious of my course, and parried him with such an ease, that in the end I forced him to desist.

"Very well," he said, "I'll tell you, Madam. The fact is I have been trying to intimidate you. There has been a conspiracy between his lordship and myself to frighten you into a betrayal of the prisoner. From the first I have been convinced that you could put your hand upon that rebel if you cared, and, my dear lady, it may please you now to know that up to this instant I have not budged one point from that opinion. I am certain that if you chose you could deliver him up to us to-night. Now we let you read the particular narrative that held my lord responsible, and were at pains to cause you to believe that it was going to the Government for the most obvious of reasons. And as you are aware, we have even thought fit to prolong the farce by sending Flickers southward with a bogus packet."

"This is very fine and pat," says I, "and sounds like a peroration; but under your favour, Sir, I should be glad to examine you upon it. Will you tell me, Sir, on whom the blame will fall? If it's not to be on me, and not to be upon his lordship, who is going to suffer?"

"Yours to command, James Grantley," the Captain answered, with a grave and happy dignity that sat upon him charmingly, I thought. "Does your ladyship suppose that I am a snivel or a cur? Hath your ladyship formed so kind a judgment of my character as to hold me capable of allowing my friends to suffer rather than myself."

This vindication of himself made him appear so handsome and so lofty that I felt that this deep enemy of mine had no right to present so excellent a figure. 'Twas palpable, besides, that he could outmanœuvre me in every way, and was therefore a person to be hated.

"Well, Captain," says I reproachfully, "I trust you do repent of the fever you have thrown me in; of the sleepless nights you've given me; of the visions of the Tower with which I have been beset."

"Evildoers," says he sternly, "must command no sympathy."

"'Tis a hard name, Sir," I says.

"Truth, Madam, is not a courtier."

"Ah, no!" I sighed, and added insinuatingly, "but I have never read the

history of the ill-fated Mary of Scotland without costing myself a tear."

"Had I been the executioner," says the Captain grimly, "there had been no bungling at the lopping of her lovely wicked head."

"My dear Captain, you are perfectly convinced of that?" And I searched the harsh man terribly with my eyes.

He lowered his own a point, and coughed to cover his confusion. I had now to tell the Captain of the Corporal's misfortune. While in the act of doing this, I kept a look-out for his anger, but except for the most delicate little smile that seemed to go crawling round his jaw, his face was as simple and inscrutable as ever

"I think, Madam," says he, "that I should praise the address you have displayed. For the second time you have outwitted his Majesty the King. But pray, Madam, be careful of the third. The third time is generally crucial."

"Do I discover a warning or a threat in this, Sir?" I pleasantly inquired.

"Only the expression of an honest admiration," says the Captain, whose kind smile on this occasion appeared to be dancing round his teeth.

The Corporal was released that evening. I regret that this honest man's opinion of my conduct in this case is not preserved among my archives. I feel sure that had I been able to supply it, it would have won the approbation of the gentle reader.

(To be continued.)

THE TIGER.

NAY, tell me not that belted knight
Is but a foolish dream of yore:
I see him watching in the light
Of every lurid theatre door.
No giant he of trumpet blare,
With mighty mail or glistening blade,
Yet waits he for his ladye fair,
The tiger of the Smart Cockade.

The play is done; she gains the street,
A mazy bunch of silken fluff;
The skirt raised coyly at her feet,
As if the paving-stones were rough.
The tiny tiger clears a way
Adown the passing cavalcade,
And common folk perforce obey
The mandate of the Smart Cockade.

Then, having seen her safe and sound
Within the coach he nimbly locks,
He'll touch his hat, and at a bound
He joins the Jehu on the box.
With folded arms he sits erect,
So that his charge be not afraid;
Right proud to be in livery deckt—
The Order of the Smart Cockade.

But I and such as I must wait
To render service, all in vain:
It either comes too soon, too late,
Perchance is greeted with disdain.
I wish I were the tiger bold
Who watches o'er the haughty maid,
For wheresoe'er her carriage rolled
I'd follow with my Smart Cockade.

J. M. B.

YOUNG PLATITUDE.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

MY friend Platitude—a tall youth of serious appearance and a voice that seems, by some ventriloquial effort, to come from the roof—is gradually obtaining a reputation for shrewd commonsense. People are telling each other that young Platitude has a lot in him, that young Platitude is deep, that the things young Platitude does not know would scarce fill a match-box. I regret to have to state formally that young Platitude is a humbug.

He is an Oxford-made youth, and I think he must have remained in the oven there a little too long, for all the Oxford characteristics have been burnt into him, and will, I fear, never be chipped off. He went straight to a Teaching Centre in the East End when he first came down, and I shall never forget the wise air with which he presided at a series of lectures on Paleontology for the Working Classes. (The place was not really in the East End, being, in fact, but a hop, skip, and jump from the Bank; the working classes came to it by underground train from Sloane Square.) He had little to do but to blink warningly at the people who came in late, and to make a few announcements at the end, but these things he did with such a fine air of superiority that people held their breath when they met his eye.

"Have to 'nounce,'" he said once in his head voice after a lecture, "that the—er—usual Tharsday meeting will take place——"

Here he turned over some notes on the table and dropped his pince-nez and readjusted them. Everybody craned forward with eagerness to listen to his important pronouncement.

"On Tharsday next," he said impressively.

He tired of the Teaching Centre after a while, and took rooms in an old Inn off Holborn. He told me that he regarded the lower classes as to a certain extent low, and added that he thought journalism required a new note. He also said that newspaper writers had got into a groove, and being there—well, there they were, don't you know.

"What the public wants," said young Platitude, in a burst of great confidence, "is something new. Mark my words."

He was kind enough to show me his first efforts in journalism. They included a brief article called "Town and Country": in this it was pointed out that there were differences between town and country, in that towns invariably had a larger population and more houses; a short story entitled "A Mistaken Marriage," that I seemed to have read before, and a four-thousand-word sketch called "Wit in the Olden Days." This latter he thought of

sending to *Punch;* the other two he wanted the *Times* to have.

"Guvnor takes them in," he said as excuse for this weakness, "and if he likes them he'll be—er—gratified. What?"

I gave young Platitude no advice, because I knew it was better that he should go through the mill of experience. Later I learned that he had called at Printing House Square with his manuscript, had insisted upon seeing a sub-editor, and the sub-editor had given a frank opinion. Platitude told us that the sub-editor was not a gentleman.

His opportunity came when a friend of his father's, then editing a weekly review, sent him a parcel of six books to notice. I shall never forget young Platitude's air as he sat down to undertake this work. He took three days to complete it, and called into my rooms on the third evening with the result.

"Rather think," he said, with a faint suggestion of relaxing his wooden countenance, "rather think I've done some deuced good slates."

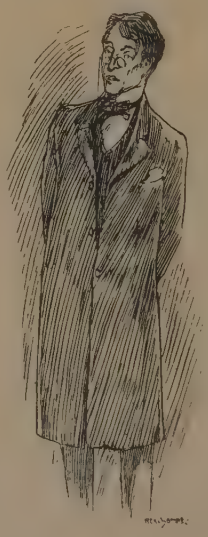
It is always interesting to read acrid criticism (of other people's books), and I took up the slips of paper with the joy of anticipation. Poor young Platitude!

"Mind you," he urged, as I went through them, "if a man thinks a book's bad, a man ought to say so. When a man thinks a book's good, why then a man ought to say so too."

But Platitude had not said so. What he had said in regard to *this* book was that greater pains would have improved it; in regard to *this*, that the good parts of the book were commendable, while the inferior parts were not commendable; of *this* he had said that no doubt it would meet a long-felt want, always supposing that that long-felt want did really exist.

"Rather smart, aren't they?" said young Platitude. "What I mean to say, they're straight from the shoulder. Nothing people like so much as hard hitting."

He took the slips off without waiting for an answer. A few days afterwards he told me that he feared he had been too outspoken, for the weekly review had not used them; he mentioned rather bitterly that most papers were edited by their advertisement managers, and that there existed no place in journalism for a man with opinions of his own. This is the oddest thing about young Platitude. He really believes that he is a reckless iconoclast; has really convinced himself that he is a thinker of the most daring school, that he is one leading men ingeniously and without allowing them to become aware of the fact. To a meeting the other day in a Grosvenor Square drawing-room for the purpose of urging marriage reforms upon the thoughtless natives of the recently discovered country called Barula, Platitude was taken by a delightful young lady. Young Platitude found himself called upon to move a vote of thanks to the chair.



"If I may be allowed to make suggestion," said young Platitude, in his earnest, impressive way, "it is this. That our scheme of—er—reform should not be too large and not be"—here he paused—"and not be too small."

The noble Lord in the chair, in seizing upon this invaluable suggestion, complimented Platitude on his acumen, adding a phrase about old heads on young shoulders; the delightful young lady gave him a smile of reverence mixed with affection.

And this is where young Platitude scores.

A DUEL—OR MURDER?

By MAJOR MARTIN A. S. HUME.

IN 1712 England was in full reaction against the Whigs. The Tories were in power, Marlborough had been recalled and disgraced, the Jacobite Duke of Ormond had replaced him as commander of the British Army in the field, and Lord Treasurer Bolingbroke was making separate terms with France, leaving our allies in the lurch; and, as was fervently believed by the Whigs, endangering the Hanoverian Protestant succession. But mistrust turned to fear and indignation when the Queen, late in the year, appointed James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, the leader of the Scottish Jacobites, her Ambassador in France. He was a man of mature age and somewhat dissolute life, of haughty, overbearing demeanour, but of fiery courage; and had married one of the two coheiresses of the Earl of Macclesfield, whose vast estates—most of them originally obtained from the Fyttons by forgery—were in dispute. The other coheiress had married the reckless rake and fire-eater, Lord Mohun of Okehampton, who was an ardent Whig, and whose long Chancery suit with the Duke had further embittered the enmity aroused by political and religious differences. But both noblemen were sick of law and the lawyers, and efforts were made by the Duke to bring the suit to some sort of conclusion before he departed to his post in France.

In pursuance of this desire the parties met at seven o'clock in the evening of Thursday, November 13, 1712, at the office of Mr. Orlebar, one of the Masters in Chancery. One of the witnesses examined in the interests of Lord Mohun was an aged man named Whitworth, who had been formerly steward of the Earl of Macclesfield. His memory was impaired, and he seems to have contradicted something he had said a year before. The Duke, who stood by, made a disparaging remark upon his truthfulness. Lord Mohun, as was not unusual with him, had been drinking freely, and flared up with a retort that the witness was an honest man, "and has as much truth as your Grace." To this outburst Hamilton only answered with a haughty stare, and no more was said on either side. But the words, slight as they were, brought about one of the most savage duels of modern times, and a tempest of party rancour which raged unabated for many months.

Mohun appears to have gone from the Chancery office to a Whig friend of his, General Macartney, at White's chocolate-house, to whom he complained of the Duke's overawing and intimidating his witnesses. They had another appointment, he said, on Saturday, and he was afraid they could not meet peacefully unless some sort of prior arrangement was arrived at; and he did not wish to cause scandal by a quarrel in the Chancery Office. Would Macartney go and obtain some explanation from the Duke? The General avers that he endeavoured to pacify Mohun, and begged him to let the matter alone, or, at all events, to go to supper at their favourite tavern, the Queen's Arms, in Pall Mall, where he hoped it would be forgotten. But after supper, Mohun was as determined as before to obtain some explanation from the Duke, and Macartney promised to see the latter; still in hope that a peaceful arrangement might be

made. At supper with Mohun, besides Macartney, was Colonel Churchill, a kinsman of the great Marlborough.

The next morning, very early, Mohun visited Macartney, who expressed a hope that he had come to withdraw his request of the previous night. But on the contrary the nobleman begged him to go at once to Hamilton, in the coach then waiting at the door, which he did. Mohun himself, after a short stay in his own house in Marlborough Street, then paid a visit of half an hour to the Great Duke at Marlborough House. There, said the Tories afterwards, Hamilton's death was planned; and Mohun, the offending party, was persuaded, against his will, to send a challenge to the man whom he had offended. There does not, however, appear to be the slightest ground for this assertion, except Mohun's depression when the meeting was arranged.

In the meanwhile Macartney was seeking the Duke of Hamilton. He was not at home at nine when the General first arrived and left his name, and was deep in conference with Bolingbroke when the General went a second time at eleven; as he was still on a third call by appointment shortly afterwards, Macartney says he did not intend to go again, but went to dinner with Mohun and others at the Globe, in the Strand, and afterwards to the play. In the course of the afternoon, however, he learnt that the Duke's secretary, Gavin Mason, was seeking him; and then, at Mohun's request, he again went to see the Duke, who received him civilly. While the General delivered Mohun's message, the Duke replied that Mohun had insulted him, and that he (the Duke) had gone out early in the morning seeking a friend to send with a challenge, but had missed him. When he learnt that Macartney had called, he had guessed that he came from Mohun, and had therefore refrained from sending until he had heard what he had to say; but now that he was there, he (Macartney) might tell his principal that he would meet him when and where he pleased. The General asserts that he reasoned and remonstrated that a hostile meeting was surely unnecessary, and so forth, but haughty Hamilton was not to be appeased, and peremptorily told Macartney to carry his message. The General, hoping still for a peaceful issue, begged to be allowed to talk the matter over with the Duke's friend.

"Well," at last replied the Duke, "come in an hour's time to the Rose Tavern, and I will bring my friend, and you can discourse on't."

Macartney only gave Mohun a part of the Duke's message, and the two friends wended their way to the Rose, in Covent Garden, to attend the Duke's appointment.

In a few minutes his Grace entered the tavern, now dressed in rough riding-clothes.

"You see," he said, as Macartney entered the room alone, "I have come *en cavalier*."

"Yes," was the reply, "but I hope it is on some other gallant occasion, and not for the affair we spoke of."

"No," said the Duke, "it is for our business; *je suis pret à tout*."

When the General expressed his regret, and said he hoped to have had an opportunity of discussing it quietly with the Duke's friend, his Grace opened the door and called, "Jack, come in," and there entered a gentleman in scarlet and gold. The moment Macartney's eyes fell upon him he knew that a peaceful issue of the quarrel was out of the question, for the Duke's kinsman, Colonel John Hamilton, of the Scots Guards, was an old enemy of his in the regiment, and more than one quarrel had already taken place between them. There was no more to be done now but to fix upon an hour for the meeting. The Duke was impatient, and it was settled that the parties were to fight, as early as the winter daylight would allow, the next morning in Hyde Park, contemptuous glances between the seconds portending the probability of two encounters instead of one taking place.

That evening Mohun supped again at the Queen's Arms with the Duke of Richmond, Colonel Churchill, Sir Robert Rich, and others; and at midnight Macartney came and took his principal to the

Bagnio, in Long Acre, to pass the night. The servants at the Bagnio testified that Mohun was sad and unquiet, and the Hamilton party subsequently made much of this, as proving that the Marlboroughs and the Whigs had forced him into the duel against his will.

Whatever may have been Mohun's feelings in the matter, the Duke was eager enough for the fray, and at six o'clock in the cold, dark winter's morning was astir, and sent his footman to Colonel Hamilton with a message that he was coming to him at once. Before the Colonel could finish dressing his noble kinsman was awaiting him, in such a hurry that the second had to finish his toilet in the coach.

In the meanwhile Mohun and his second had started in a hackney coach from Long Acre, and arrived at the park before their adversaries. When they approached the lodge, as it was called, a refreshment-house to the east of where the Ranger's grounds now are, they alighted, and sent their hackney-coachman to the lodge to order some burnt wine, while they walked on. Soon the Duke's coach came up, and Hamilton asked the hackney-coachman where were the gentlemen he had brought, and was told they had walked on. The Duke's servants were ordered to drive on to Kensington, while he and his second followed their adversaries, whom they saw in the distance. At that early hour there were but few people in the park; but the servants, and even the hackney-coachman, were now convinced that a duel was intended. An alarm was given, and the lodge-keeper, a gardener or two, and the hackney-coachman set off to prevent the meeting if possible, whilst at the same moment the Duke's steward, with servants and a surgeon, appeared on the scene.

The combatants were only just in time. They leapt lightly over the dry ditch and low hedge into the nursery grounds, and the Duke rapidly threw aside his cloak, whilst Mohun discarded his dark surtout. Hamilton afterwards deposed that the Duke turned to Macartney, and said, "Sir, whatever happens you are to blame for this"; but as the two seconds tell diametrically different stories of what happened in the next few moments, neither account can be accepted unquestioned. What is certain is that the keepers and servants were only about forty yards distant when the peers drew, and they all agree that the combatants threw themselves upon each other with savage fury. There was no skilful thrust and parry, but wild lunges and grapplings, in which Mohun was thrust through the stomach and groin over and over again; and fell on his back with the Duke's sword through his body, whilst he grasped the blade with his left hand. When he fell the Duke fell forward, partly upon him, bleeding terribly from a great gash in the right leg and a terrible cut which severed the tendons and artery of the right arm. The seconds had drawn and closed at the same time as their principals. Hamilton, in parrying a violent thrust from his opponent, had been wounded with his own sword in the instep, and then they seem to have grappled and seized each other's swords, Macartney claiming to have disarmed Hamilton, whilst the latter held his adversary's weapon by the blade. Macartney averred that when the spectators arrived on the scene the seconds were thus locked; but the keepers agree that Hamilton and Macartney, with their swords in their hands, had run to help the two fallen peers before the spectators reached them. The swords of the seconds were given up to one of the gardeners, Hamilton's blade being clean, while Macartney's was bent and bloody twelve inches up from the point. The seconds, with the help of the keepers, raised the two noblemen, who, it was seen, were mortally wounded. Mohun whispered to Macartney that he was dying, and in a few minutes he breathed his last. The Duke, supported by Hamilton, the steward, and others, could but stagger a few yards towards the lodge, where a surgeon's assistant was waiting, and then, unable to proceed, sank down and rapidly bled to death from the severed artery in the arm.

The Duke's coach had not gone far on the road to Kensington before it turned

back, the servants suspecting mischief, and met General Macartney moodily walking away from the scene of the duel, blood being noticed upon his grey waistcoat. He fled to the coast, and thence in disguise to Belgium, while Colonel Hamilton remained in hiding in London. But though he forebore to prevent Macartney's escape from the park, he told his story before his own flight, and soon all Britain was ringing with the news that the Duke of Hamilton, the Queen's Ambassador to France, one of the greatest men in the land, had not been killed in fair fight, but had been foully murdered by his opponent's second, as the result of plot between the Whigs and the Duke of Marlborough. The Government made the most of it to blacken their political opponents. A meeting of the Queen's Council sat at the Cockpit in Whitehall and examined all the witnesses; and Colonel Hamilton offered to surrender unconditionally in order that his testimony might be taken. The Council sat until after midnight on Friday, Nov. 21, and a proclamation was issued offering a reward of £500, supplemented by £300 from the Duchess of Hamilton, for the discovery of General Macartney, the assassin.

Colonel Hamilton swore before the Council that when the noblemen fell at the same moment that he had disarmed Macartney, he threw away both swords and rushed to the Duke's assistance. "As I was raising up my Lord Duke I saw Macartney make a push at his Grace. I immediately looked whether he had wounded him, but perceiving no blood, I took up my sword, expecting he would attack me; but he walked off, and just then the keepers came up."

The surgeon, at the inquest, deposed that the Duke had a wound which would have been necessarily fatal, apparently dealt from above, as described by Colonel Hamilton, who said that Macartney reached over his shoulder to deal the treacherous thrust to the wounded man. The wound entered the left breast and slanted downwards and slightly forward.

Macartney, from his safe refuge on the Continent, protested against the charge, and the Whig pamphleteers in vain argued and pointed to all the evidence of spectators as proving that each second attended to his own principal, and that the keepers arrived on the spot almost at the same moment as the seconds ran towards the fallen noblemen. Why, urged Macartney's friends, did not Colonel Hamilton at once denounce the General as a murderer, and prevent his escape, if he really saw the foul blow dealt? And when they were asked how it was that Macartney's sword was stained with blood twelve inches up from the point, they replied that it was doubtless stained by the blood on the ground, when one of the gardeners tried to break it, or, perhaps, from the blood on Lord Mohun's body. None of the eye-witnesses saw Mohun shorten his sword, but they were excited and running, and he might have done so without its being noticed. The position of the combatants, moreover, after they had partly fallen, was contorted: they were grappling with each other and writhing upon the ground, the Duke being uppermost; and the strange character and direction of the wound might have been accounted for in this way. But the rehabilitation of a gallant soldier from a shameful aspersion had to wait until the political aspect was changed.

When the Tory and Jacobite fever was past, and the Hanoverian succession assured under Whig auspices, General Macartney came and surrendered to his trial for murder. Colonel Hamilton's story broke down under cross-examination, and was not supported by eye-witnesses. General Macartney was acquitted of murder, but found guilty of manslaughter; as usual, he claimed benefit of clergy and escaped punishment. He was high in favour of George I., was restored to his rank in the Army, given command of a regiment, and led the Dutch troops to fight the rebel lords who raised the standard of the Pretender in the North; all of which proved to the Whigs that he was a gallant soldier who had been cruelly wronged, and to Jacobites—as long as they remembered the matter at all—that he was a Whig murderer who was receiving a handsome reward for his crime.

POLO IN INDIA.

From a Picture specially painted for "The Graphic" by Thomas J. Wright.

THE WORLD'S SPORT.

POLO IN ENGLAND AND INDIA.

By H. S. D.

SO far as Europe is concerned, the game of polo is an institution of less than thirty years' existence, and yet in that short time such strides has it made that not only has it established itself in public favour all over the British Empire, but also extended its magic influence to America, Australasia, Africa, and many parts of the continent of Europe as well.

In truth, it is a strangely fascinating game, not only to the players but also to the spectators, and, always excepting cricket, there is no such engrossing and exciting game to watch as a good match at polo. In fact, to all those who care much for horses, it must always have an even greater interest than cricket, seeing that, in addition to the skill shown by the human players, it affords a splendid exhibition of the speed, courage, and cleverness of that most charming little animal, the high-class polo-pony. Quickness for a short distance is, of course, an absolute necessity for any pony who aspires to be in anything like the first class, but in addition to this he must also be handy, bold, clever, and thoroughly staunch in a scrimmage. As for his rider, he must, before he be considered to have thoroughly learnt the game, combine in himself those rare qualities of good temper, submission to discipline, quickness of observation and decision, and self-control, which no other game or sport in this world is so well calculated to teach its votaries. To all real horse-lovers there must be always ten times more pleasure in anything done on horseback than on foot, and to these what joys there are in racing for the ball on a fast pony, in riding off an adversary on another who fights out a hustle like a bull-dog, and then in the final combined rush of the whole side, ending with the long and toughly fought-for capture of the enemy's goal! To the spectators, perhaps, the greatest charm lies in watching that scientific combination, interchange of places, and mutual support which in modern polo are absolutely necessary to every team aspiring to be of any worth. Indeed, the game, as it is played to-day, is as different from what it was when it was first introduced into this country as anything could possibly be, and I will endeavour in this short article to trace briefly the various stages through which it has passed in its progress to the present high position which it holds among the sports of this Empire.

As most of my readers will know, polo was introduced into this country from India about the year 1869, and the first match of which there is any record in England was played in that year between the 10th Hussars and the 9th Lancers at Hounslow. As, however, it had already been the national game of India, from the days of the Mutiny at least, it will perhaps be more in accordance with the fitness of things if I first say a few words about it as it is played in the country which may justly be termed the home of polo. I might write a great deal about its

introduction into India from Thibet, Kashmir, Afghanistan, or wherever it may have been, but as modern polo is my theme at present, and few people care to read about what happened hundreds of years ago, I will content myself by saying that it is a game of purely Eastern origin, which appears to have been played in Persia in the year 600 B.C., and eventually drifted into British Indi There is little doubt that it was first played in British territory by the Cachar tea-planters about the time of the Crimean War. The first European polo club was that started by Captains Sherer and Stewart in 1859 in the district just mentioned, from which it spread, first to Calcutta, then all over the Punjab and the North-West Provinces, and eventually throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan. The English army in India naturally took to the game warmly, the 10th Hussars and 9th Lancers being among its most enthusiastic promoters, and it was chiefly due to the efforts of Captain St. Quentin, of the former regiment, that during the great camp at Delhi in 1876 matters were put on a properly organised basis, regular rules drawn up, and the Indian Inter-Regimental Tournament resolved on. This was most successfully inaugurated at Meerut in the following year, when the final tie was played between the two regiments just mentioned, and won by the Lancers. From that day to this, polo in India has gone on increasing in popularity and importance, until at the present time the supreme ambition of almost every subaltern in that country is to be in his regimental polo team, and the first aim of every regiment is to win the tournament. There is no doubt that polo enjoys many advantages in India that are denied to it in this country. Ponies are more plentiful, cheaper, and easier to train, the grounds are faster and truer, and the game is easier to play in that country than in this. It is, of course, equally true that our English ponies have more speed than those

STRINGS OF PONIES MAY BE SEEN WENDING THEIR WAY TO THE "MAIDAN," LED BY WHITE-CLOTHED "SYCES."

played in India; and yet, as a rule, the game is faster there than here, which is no doubt due to the ground. Then, again, polo can be played all the year round in India, and at certain times of the year it is the only recreation possible. In fact, in the hot weather most Indian stations are like cities of the dead, until, in the comparative cool of the evening, long strings of ponies may be seen wending their way to the "maidan," led by white-clothed "syces" carrying polo-sticks, the regimental band marches on to the polo-ground, and the station "mem-sahibs" drive up, attended by their favourite cavaliers of the hour, to watch the polo, drink cooling drinks, and talk the customary scandal.

The usual ponies played in India are Arabs, country-breds, "Walers," and English. Of these English are undoubtedly the best of all, but there are very few of them. Next come the Australians, which are mostly of a very good hard stamp, combining many of the virtues of the English pony with better legs and feet. Country-breds are of very varying quality, some being real good ponies; but these are usually full of English or Arab blood, and are the rare exceptions, the ordinary country-bred being about the softest-hearted and most evil-tempered beast to be found anywhere. Arabs, on the contrary, are bold, staunch, and enduring, with more weight, bone, and substance than country-breds, though with less speed than the English or Waler pony. They are such sound, sensible animals, however, and so easy to train and ride, that it is a real pleasure to have anything to do with them. In fact, polo is as much the national game of India as cricket is of this country, especially as, in addition to the fact that there are nearly ninety English polo clubs in that country, there are also in these days quite a number of native clubs, several Rajahs having polo clubs of their own, and keeping highly paid professional players to teach the game.

DHOKAL SINGH'S HARD HITTING.

The Maharajah of Cooch Behar is well known alike on the polo-grounds of India and England; while the Jodhpore princes are keen followers of the game, and few of those who were in the habit of attending the matches at Hurlingham and Ranelagh during the last "Jubilee" summer will have forgotten Dhokal Singh's hard hitting and vigorous riding.

As has already been stated, polo was introduced into this country from India by the 10th Hussars in the year 1869. In the days of its infancy the game was a slow dribbling affair, played by eight players a side on very small ponies. It has passed through many developments since then, its earliest improvements being a reduction in the number of players to five a side, and the introduction of regular polo-sticks. The brothers Peat next appeared upon the scene, and to them is due the credit of having been the pioneers of hard hitting, and galloping ponies. It is to Mr. John Watson, however, more than to anyone, that the game owes its present scientific combination and organisation, while Mr. E. D. Miller and his brother are at the present time not only the best-known exponents of the game in this country, but have also done more than anyone has ever done before to reduce the training of big galloping blood ponies to a fine art. If anyone be inclined to doubt this, let him go to Springhill, near Rugby, where the brothers Miller reside all the year round, except during the London polo season, when, of course, they are to be found at Ranelagh, and which is also the headquarters of the all-conquering Rugby Polo Club. There he shall usually see some forty or more ponies in all stages of their education, from the raw recruit, in most cases just arrived from Ireland, to the finished and accomplished tournament pony. This change, however, is not effected in a day, or by any haphazard methods. On the contrary, it entails weeks of careful and scientific training, both in the Springhill riding-school and on the practice-ground, before Mr. Miller's pupils are thought perfect enough to play in a game even, whilst it is only the best of these who, after a long additional period of practice, become tournament ponies. One of the principal characteristics of all Springhill-trained ponies is their perfect handiness, the result of their careful training in the riding-school, in which they all have to take their turn, the raw material and the finished article alike. I have dwelt somewhat on the subject of Springhill, because in the first place the Messrs. Miller have shown there what can be done by the perfectly trained pony, and in the second because there are few well-known ponies at the present time which have not at some period or another been to school there. In addition to all this, Mr. Miller never buys any but big galloping blood ponies of the right sort to train, and so it is hardly to be wondered at that, at the sale which took place in the Springhill riding-school about this time last year, some twenty-odd ponies made an average of nearly 300 gs. apiece, after the most sensational bidding ever seen at a sale of this description. So much for training the polo-pony. Now for his rider. To become a polo-player a man should be a fairly good horseman, and have had his eye more or less educated by such games as cricket, rackets, etc. The two best qualities he can bring to the game are coolness and command of temper. The two first steps he must take are to buy a suitable pony, and then to learn to hit the ball. When he has learnt how to do this in the correct form, he may be promoted to playing in a game, where he will learn the science of polo. To an ordinary onlooker polo may appear to be merely a haphazard medley of ponies—a cloud of dust, and bad language, as I have heard it described by a lady. To the instructed observer it is a scientific combination in which each individual player has his own place and his own duties. As this is not exactly a treatise on how to play polo, I will not weary my readers with a description of the different kinds of strokes to be learnt, or the individual duties of the four players, who are termed first forward, second forward, half-back, and back. If, however, I were asked to give a few words of advice to a beginner, they would be

these: Hit hard, hit straight, and ride hard. The mysteries of combination and the interchange of places he will learn only by practice. The fact that the list of polo clubs occupies several pages of the "Polo Register" is sufficient proof of the extraordinary progress in general popularity made by the game during the last few years, and which as yet shows no signs of abating. The principal English clubs are those at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Rugby, to which should be added the Freebooters, who have long been a power in the land, and have from time to time won all the principal tournaments in England and Ireland, whilst the season just beginning will witness the opening of two more—namely, those at Wimbledon Park and the Crystal Palace. Polo owes not only its birth in this country, but also most of its early progress and its present popularity, to the British Army, and the Hurlingham Inter-Regimental Tournament is now one of the principal functions of the London season. The Subalterns' Cup, too, is a prominent feature in the Ranelagh list of tournaments; whilst the All Ireland Regimental Challenge Cup is eagerly competed for. As already stated, the 10th Hussars and the 9th Lancers were the principal pioneers of polo in England, and they have each won the Hurlingham Inter-Regimental Tournament on several occasions. The 7th Hussars, too, have always been a good polo regiment, and the 5th Lancers have won the tournament on no less than four occasions; while for the last two seasons the hard-riding, hard-hitting team sent up by the Inniskilling Dragoons has carried all before it under its able captain, Major Remington, although they were hard pressed last July by the perfect combination of the 13th Hussars' team, which had been worked up to an almost machine-like accuracy by its incomparable back, Captain MacLaren. There are at the present moment some fifty-six polo clubs in the United Kingdom, and these are now being added to by the creation of the Hooton Park Club at Liverpool and the London Polo Club at the Crystal Palace. There is no doubt that this last will do much to popularise the game among the general London public who are unable to obtain admission to Hurlingham and Ranelagh; and it is equally certain that polo is destined to become as popular and almost as general a game in England as it has long been in India.

MR. E. D. MILLER.

A REMARKABLE TIGER-HUNT.

By CAPTAIN R. G. BURTON, Indian Staff Corps,

Author of "Tropics and Snows: a Record of Travel and Adventure."

With Illustrations from Photographs by Lieut. C. F. Dobbs, Indian Staff Corps.

MANY of those who live at home at ease, and whose acquaintance with foreign lands is limited to the information derived from books, some of which contain stories of wonderful import and more than doubtful veracity, doubtless imagine that it is a comparatively common occurrence for wild beasts to find their way into towns and villages which are more or less remote from their native jungles. Certainly wild animals commit extensive depredations on the flocks and herds of the villages situated in the heart of the forests they infest. Tigers and panthers, in such localities, will not infrequently enter the precincts of hamlets in the dead of night, and sometimes even in broad daylight, in search of prey, whether human or otherwise, but the man-eater is exceptional. Such occurrences I have met with during a long residence in India and during considerable peregrinations in wild and remote parts of the country, where the jungles were infested by the *feræ naturæ*. But that a tiger should enter a cantonment, and take up a position in a garden attached to a vacant house, and this at a distance of many long leagues from the haunts of such animals, is a novelty quite unprecedented in my experience with these animals, or in the experience of anyone I have met with. Had I heard such a tale a month ago, I would not merely have regarded it with a certain amount of distrust, unless very well authenticated, but I would have looked upon it as a story only worthy of an Eastern De Rougemont. Yet such an unusual occurrence took place on Nov. 18 last, in the cantonment of Jalna, one of stations of the Hyderabad Contingent, in the dominions of the Nizam. Jalna is now occupied by one native infantry regiment only, but that it was formerly a place of considerable importance is testified by the remains of old barracks and regimental lines which abound in the place, and by the many tombstones in the cemetery, which mark the last resting-places of those who have died here in exile. Among others there is a memorial to a young officer who was destroyed by a tiger some ten miles from the station during the early part of the present century, but these animals have been unknown in the vicinity for many decades past.

Jalna is, moreover, notable as having been taken by a detachment of Wellesley's force shortly before the battle of Assaye, while that famous and decisive action itself took place only twenty-eight miles north of the cantonment. The station itself is picturesque and well wooded, being planted with fine trees, for whose welcome shade we have to thank our predecessors. The country around is a howling desert — an almost treeless wilderness, where water is scarce and the country generally is characterised by stretches of bleak and arid plain and ranges of gaunt and stony hills.

Such, then, is the scene of the story I am about to relate, so it will be seen that the adventure to be narrated took place amid sufficiently interesting surroundings. In India we have but a short twilight, and after the sun has sunk out of sight in the west it grows rapidly dark. In November it is quite dark soon after six

o'clock. It was after a long, hot day, just when I was thinking of going out for a short walk, that at about five o'clock a gardener came to tell me that there was a panther in the compound or garden of the vacant bungalow where he was employed, which was situated about fifty yards from my house. I received his statement with a certain measure of incredulity, knowing full well that the native of India is prone to exaggerate, and thinking that the man had very likely seen a wild cat of one of the larger species. There are, however, some panthers in the vicinity of the station within a distance of some seven or eight miles, so I took my rifle and went to the place, accompanied by Lieutenant A. R. Burton, of my regiment, and several men, including my orderly, Shaik Karim, a Mohammedan of the Deccan. On arrival at the place indicated, we cocked our rifles and looked carefully round, but could see nothing; nor could my orderly, whom I sent up a tree, distinguish any wild beast. The garden contained a considerable amount of undergrowth, including some thick hedges and a large patch of long grass, in which the animal might have found concealment. We then went to the far side of the patch of grass, telling the men to walk through it, and so drive out any animal that might be there. We had scarcely posted ourselves when, with a rush and a roar, a tiger, not a panther, bounded over the hedge in front of us, and disappeared in the adjoining garden. The whole thing was so sudden and unexpected that it was impossible to fire a shot, even had it been advisable to do so. But to shoot at all would have been dangerous. We were surrounded on three sides by houses, while on the fourth side, within a short distance, the band was discoursing sweet music, the ladies of the station were playing tennis, and a party of officers and men was engaged in a game of hockey, in complete ignorance of the tragedy that was being enacted close to

THE UNOCCUPIED COMPOUND WHERE THE TIGER WAS LYING UP.

The cross marks the spot where the orderly was mauled.

them, for the roar of the tiger was drowned by the strains of the band. And tragedy there was. Shortly after the disappearance of the tiger a man came up to say

THE ORDERLY WHO WAS WOUNDED BY THE TIGER.

This photograph was taken nearly a month after the event, but nevertheless shows how deep the wounds were.

that Shaik Karim had been mauled by the beast. The intelligence was scarcely credible, but the man had, indeed, been seized and badly bitten in the upper arm, whilst a long, deep wound in his back testified to the sharpness of the tiger's claws. The beast must have seized him for a moment in passing. The wounded man was borne off to be attended to, and a cry was raised and taken up on all sides that a tiger was afoot. People scattered in all directions—some seeking safety in flight, although a place of safety was somewhat difficult to find, for no one knew where the tiger was, and they might rush into his jaws, while others went to fetch their rifles. It was some time before order was restored, and the front cleared as far as possible. A number of officers assembled, and we proceeded towards the place where the wild beast had last been seen, taking with us the bull-terrier Sal, who belonged to Lieutenant Burton. It was now getting dark, and we could not see the sights of our rifles, but we expected that the animal might charge and so give us a close shot. Sal ran on ahead, and after some barking, turned the tiger out of a hedge, and the beast galloped across us followed by the dog and a general fusilade. In the darkness it was difficult to shoot straight, and the bullets did not take proper effect, although the creature was evidently wounded. It now took refuge in a thick part of the hedge, whence neither our near approach nor the barking of the dog was successful in dislodging it. It had by this time become quite dark, and we were reluctantly obliged to abandon the pursuit.

Next morning found us on the spot at daybreak. Blood was discovered, proving that we were right in the supposition that

BACK VIEW OF THE WOUNDED ORDERLY.

The deep mark in his back was made by the tiger's claws.

the animal was wounded, whilst tracks at water in a nullah about a mile from the station showed the direction he had taken. However, a long search in the grass and

other cover in the nullah failed to bring the beast to light, whilst tracking was impossible owing to the hardness of the ground. The animal was not heard of for five days, but, knowing the nature of the beast, I waited in expectation of a catastrophe. An unwounded tiger is a comparatively harmless animal, avoiding man instinctively, but when wounded he becomes at once the most terrible creature in the world, and will kill

THE DEAD TIGER.

any living thing that approaches him. On Nov. 23 my forebodings were terribly realised. On that day I was riding through a village some five miles from Jalna, when information was given me that a labourer employed in scaring birds in a field of millet close by had been attacked by a wild beast. I saw the man, who was terribly wounded and died two days later, thus being less fortunate than Shaik Karim, who was now, three weeks after the event, well on the way to recovery, and quite out of danger. Then, in company with Lieutenant Lane and other officers of my regiment, who were with me, I proceeded to the place where the man had been seized, and there found his turban and shoes, and footmarks of the tiger. The surrounding country was covered with crops and long grass, and we failed to discover the beast by nightfall. Next day a drive was organised, and we beat a large extent of country without result, although a dragging hind leg, shown by the footmarks, proved that the animal was badly wounded.

The tiger had now become a danger to the country. He had apparently been without food for many days, and might take to man-eating. The villagers were afraid to go to work in the fields or to leave the precincts of their habitations after nightfall. On Nov. 26 I started out to hunt him down, accompanied by Lieutenant Lane, a native officer, and some men of my regiment, not forgetting to take the good dog Sal. That afternoon I found old marks of the tiger at water about two miles from camp, which we had pitched some seven miles out, but the tracks could not possibly be followed on the hard and

stony ground. A tiger, and especially a wounded one, must have water, and it was a knowledge of this fact that enabled me to take up the tracks next day at a pool three miles farther on, and eventually to trace the beast into a deep, narrow ravine with steep banks. Out of this Sal and the men drove the tiger, who made off into the main valley, where he took refuge in some thick bushes. Now the gallant dog came to the front, and attacked the beast in its lair, being severely wounded in the encounter. Still, Sal was keen for the fray, and, covered with blood and wounds, again went into the bushes before she retired exhausted from the fight. The tiger now refused to move, although showers of stones were thrown into the cover. It was already beginning to grow dusk in the valley where the final episode of the drama was being enacted. The beast must be killed or it would again be lost under cover of the darkness. Therefore we decided to go into the bushes after it, and, after a prolonged search, we there discovered it, and put an end to its existence by a well-directed volley. The dead tiger was carried to camp by the delighted villagers, who were now able in safety to resume work in the fields. The animal had been shot through the hind leg on the first occasion, but the wound looked healthy, and would probably not have proved fatal, at any rate not for some time, so that he would have been able to continue his depredations. To the good and brave dog Sal are due the principal honours of the chase. But for her, some of our party would probably have met with death or injury. As I write she lies before me *in extremis*, and I fear that the gallant beast will not see the light of another day; but she will not be forgotten by those who owe so much to her pluck.

THE BRAVE LITTLE DOG SAL.

The photograph was taken the day before she died of the wounds received from the tiger.

[*N.B.—The dog Sal must have succumbed to her injuries, as the photograph given above has the following note written at the back: "Taken on the day before the dog died."*—EDITOR.]

HOW MARTIN HUGHES FOUND MANOA-LAND.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

THE days were the days when England built up her greatness out of a grain of ignorance, a bushel of courage, and an all-pervading leaven of restlessness. Without the first not even the other two would have given her stomach and impulse enough to have faced the forces of Spain at home and in the West. Without the second the other two had shaped but little of the world's history; and lacking the third, the heart of England had never flung itself beyond seas, seeking out El Dorado, Manoa, and all the gilded shadows of the age, and finding in the shadows something of a biding substance.

Compound of all three, as became his age, was Martin Hughes, shipwright, of the Port of Rye, in the County of Sussex.

The comfortable lie disposed of at Patay, Formigny, and Zutphen, the last at the expense of England's Marcellus, that one Englishman, by reason simply of being an Englishman, was the equal of two Frenchmen, three Spaniards, or five Portugee, was to him an article of faith, wherein may be seen the grain of ignorance helping to build up the greatness.

Though the Armada had come and gone these seven years, those midsummer days were fresh enough in memory to set a seal on such a faith; and God-fearing man as was Martin Hughes the elder, the story of the long Channel fight had lost nought in the telling, whether in the odds to be overcome or in the dogged courage that overcame the odds. 'Twas God Almighty fought for England, and a right thing, too, seeing that England fought for God Almighty; and in coupling the one with the other, he spoke in all honesty and reverence.

Of the traditions of these days Martin Hughes the younger was bubbling full, and when all 's said and done it was wholesome meat on which to feed both mind and spirit. In such simple faith men drew the nearer to their God, and held the honour of their country shrined the higher since the one and the other were interwoven. The Little Englander of these latter days would in those have had a shorter shrift than rope, and more hands to hang than hearts to pity.

The seven years were years of packed life; years of defence, attack, strength, growth, development; and with the years Martin the younger grew, knitting into his fibre the loves, the hates, and the restlessness of the age, but chiefly to fear God, revere the Queen, and hate the devil and the King of Spain. And with the knitting of the sterner stuff came, as has come in all generations, the knitting of those softer loves, those hopes, those fears which make or mar the man, even as the sterner do the nation.

Then, as now, craftsmen worked by families in a single groove. It was enough that Martin Hughes the elder had been a shipwright, that Martin Hughes the younger should be a shipwright also. And in like fashion, it was a thing of nature that a father and son should serve a father and son generation by generation, if the kinship of fellow-craftsmen in those days could be called servitude.

Since the York and Lancaster days there had always been a Ned Barriscote and a Martin Hughes, master and servant, until at length it now had come that the entail of craft-kinship was broken, and there remained only a Martin Hughes and a

Mary Barriscote. In such a case the problem of life hath a holy, a gracious, and a natural solution, and Martin Hughes had willingly found a dearer and a yet more ready servitude, had not one of Drake's men fared round by Rye and spoilt it all.

It was the time of beating up recruits for that last unhappy venture of a venturesome life, and the restlessness of the age was in Martin Hughes but as so much tow waiting a spark and puff of breath.

Both came from tarry Peter Morgan, Able Seaman, and still more able liar, in the service of Admiral Drake. The spark was a jeer at the stay-at-home lads who, when Spain's back was broken, hung off from snapping her neck too, and the puff of breath stirred in every windy tale of the piled-up ingots, unstrung pearls, and outlandish jewels hidden away south of the west for the first searcher to find. Oh, the wonder of the things Peter Morgan had, just by a hair's breadth, missed the seeing!

As the magnet draws steel, so does gold draw a man; and when Peter Morgan told of El Dorado, Manoa, and their fellows the glittering fables of the day, Martin Hughes laid down axe and chisel, and swore he'd face Manoa-land, though he sought until he died.

His mind made up and closed tight as wax against argument, he naturally, manlike, set to work to prove himself in the right. Rye was no longer the Rye of old days. Trade had slipped westward there to Portsmouth, aye, and still further, round to Plymouth. That was Drake and Hawkins's doing, and now Drake must be made to pay for Drake. All of which as to the trade, Mary knew full well. "But," quoth she, being a shrewd lass, "will it not slip away the faster, you being gone? Such a thing is hard to hold in a woman's hands."

Then Martin, being more nimble with his hands and head than with his tongue, shifted ground, talking "Peter Morgan" as if it had been Martin Hughes's own thought.

"A shame," he said, "now Spain's under heel, not to crush the life out once and for all. Leave her another five years and it's a second Armada we'll see sweeping up the Channel. Cut off supplies and so starve her, and England's safe."

"Aye, aye," said Mary, "and who put that fine thought in Martin Hughes's brain? Not Martin Hughes, I'm thinking." Which, while it was not argument, showed that Mary Barriscote had a shrewd head on her shoulders, and could go cruelly to the truth for all her love, or, perhaps by reason of her love, that being a fashion of woman. "Well enough to singe the King of Spain's beard at Nombre de Dios; but who's to fend the maids at home from the bruisings of the King of Spain's fists?"

"Tut, lass," said Martin, out of his point of cardinal faith. "What England's done England'll do again, though Drake, Hawkins, and Martin Hughes be beyond seas. And 'tis but a year, or two, or three, and the gold of Manoa'll pay for all."

Whereat Mary did what she should have done at the first, and fell to crying quietly behind her fingers. "And how am I to live at home without you a year, or two, or three, aye, or all my life; you being dead beyond seas? Tell me that, Martin Hughes?"

Now when a woman cries softly as if the tears came slowly from the heart, the nobler and honester the man the heavier the gentle tempest smites him, and there are but two ways of meeting it: annihilate the lesser storm by a greater, a veritable tornado against a midsummer outbreak, and be a brute in your passion; or fly for shelter until the skies are clear. What could Martin do but say—

"The Lord forbid, lass. Ha' done with weeping; we'll say no more of it," and then show how he thought no more of it by spending the next three hours tramping Rye beach in a more evil temper than Martin Hughes had ever dreamed lay in Martin Hughes. No man knows how dear a thing is to his heart till the hope of it is crushed out.

The seven days that thereafter crept so wearily far from one another's heels were days of heaviness. The burden of death is ever a heavy one, whether that which lies dead is hope, honour, ambition, or

Mary fell to crying quietly behind her fingers.

any other of the passions men are play-things to, or that love which hath been life itself. And so the days were days of heaviness. Then, Martin Hughes coming upon Mary Barriscote stitching hard at garments which were certainly none of women's wear, suspicion was added to this burden; and, like a fool, he bore the heart-break for a full day, then spoke out, asking bluntly and with scant grace what things these were.

Now women's ways are truly hard of comprehension even to a man in love.

"What of this?" said Mary, stitching the harder. "Nay! how could a man go west with Drake without a woman to look to him first, and you with neither mother nor sister to set you on your way in comfort." Upon which, for neither rhyme nor reason, but to show, I suppose, that the comfort went not all westward, she flung garment, thread, needle, tape, and what-not all on the table, and her head on top of the heap, and broke out a-crying.

"But," said Martin, and because that restlessness was in his bones, and, like a fool, he knew not which way the good lay, and there he stopped.

"But," said Mary between her sobs, "if Manoa-land lie not for you here in Rye, then go westward with Drake and seek it. What joy to me to hold you here fretting your heart out. It 's only a year—or—or two years—or—or three, and—oh, my God! I would Philip of Spain had choked Peter Morgan ere he came here." And the weeping that came now was no quiet weeping, but a passion of grief under the shadow of bereavement.

And now the wind was from the other quarter. It was Martin who, honestly enough on the surface, would have nought of Manoa, and Mary who, out of naked misery, open and hidden, would have nought but Manoa.

"Better love me and go," said she, "than bide and fret till fret breed resentment, and resentment hate. Better a three-years sorrow than a thirty-years canker." And in the end, Martin, being the weaker of the two, for all his talk, went westward with Drake, full at the last of Manoa and its riches, and by that much, as well as by reason of his coarser fibre, the less stricken at the parting.

In any case, it is the woman who bides at home who suffers. With the man, the new world and its importunities fill the blank; but the woman, hourly face to face with the beggary of her happiness, her loss, and her silence, finds no such easy comfort, and for her the world grows dark.

But it is not with Mary and her over-late, barren repentance of her wilful sacrifice that we have to do, a repentance that is the reaction of loneliness when the grandeur of abnegation shows poor and grey. Self-sacrifice is so magnificent and endurable until the consequences come! Nor yet, indeed, with Martin Hughes in that weary journey westward, now tempest, and now a drifting calm, with its grievous check at Grand Canary, and its none too joyous rendezvous at the Admiral's old anchorage. A journey of dissension and disaster, overshadowed first by the death of old John Hawkins, weary enough of life after his seventy-five years of this world with its buffets to spirit as to body, but never weary of fighting the Queen's battles. Sad hearts they were, every one, on that small fleet of twenty-six sail when they laid the grand old sailor to his rest off Puerto Rico.

Thence to La Hacha to a barren conquest, on to Santa Marta and Nombre de Dios, whence Martin tasted the flavour of Spain and the new world for the first time in Baskerville's ill-fated expedition up the Chagres. Thence across the Musquito Gulf to the deadly paradise of Escudo de Veragua, sowing the seeds of pestilence in every breath drawn in the glory of the luxuriant undergrowth. Within a month of laying Hawkins to rest the shadow had loomed yet deeper, and Francis Drake himself, the brain and soul of the attack, had passed away.

A mighty funeral, that which bowed all hearts with sorrow that December day off Porto Bello; and a fitting procession it was which swept downward through the depths with England's best sea-warrior, a procession of battered war-ships and Spanish prizes, and flung across the face of the waters rolled the pall of smoke from

the Spanish forts as they went up in flame, a fiery sacrifice to the manes of the dead.

A voyage, truly, of disaster and death, but with which, after all, we have little to do, seeing that this is a story of the finding of Manoa, and not of the losing of heroes.

It's a far cry from Porto Bello to north of the Mexican Sea, and to tell how Martin Hughes and eight of the nineteen who adventured with him fared on their way would fill an hour to the full and yet leave overmuch untold. The marvel of the tale being not so much that they lost eleven men in winning their way, but rather that nine set foot on the coast.

A war-worn nine they were, and worn by more battles than those fought with the Spaniards. Their own element, the sea, had dealt savagely with them, battering into desperate state the boat wherein they had made their adventure. Disease had grappled them almost from the first, choking two, and even now held three hard by the throat. Hunger had laid close siege, starving two more into the quiet submission of death. Thirst and thirst's near ally, tropic heat, had fought on the side of Spain and slain one by the way.

Of the other six, five had death dealt out in open warfare, and of the sixth it were better not to ask too closely, for, like as not, the Inquisition would tell no truths pleasant to be learned.

Thus the nine were war-worn and spent in spirit when, as near as they dared to San Jose, they faced away from the waters. Their clothing was in rags, their bodies gaunt with privation and sickness, their stubborn tenacity of spirit strained to breaking. Hitherto the journey had been, at the worst, coastwise and by salt water. Now the beloved sea was a thing of the bygone, and for the first time there came a real counting of the cost, and with the counting came discord and disruption.

"Manoa is over-far," said some, "and no man knoweth where it lies. What matter that we set out to seek Manoa if we find instead El Dorado, and with it the better prize. Gold of the one weighed as heavy and shone as bright as gold of the other. Drake himself—God rest him—had shifted a worse plan for a better before now; why not they?" As all the world knew, El Dorado lay clustered round the Lake of Nicaragua; but where was this Manoa? A far cry to El Dorado, forsooth! Well, at the worst it was for the most part a cry over a sailor-man's natural home, the bonny sea, and not a cry over the Lord alone knew what desperate chances of swamp, forest, desert, plain, or mountain as was the cry to this Manoa. Better take ship again and fare west.

So for one grievous day there was a bitter strife. "Better the swamp and all the rest of it, and I grant the risks," said Martin, "than that accursed back track to the San Juan River." If of twenty men hard fed and with their lives whole in them eleven died on the outward journey, how many, such as they were now, shadows in strength and spirit, would live through the return—plainly, none. Or worse, live they might until it pleased Spain to send them to heaven in a chariot of fire. Better the savagery of the unknown than the tender mercies of Spain.

"No El Dorado for me," said Martin. "Manoa I vowed I'd seek, and Manoa I'll find if I die for it. The plan hath cost overmuch for a shift at this time of day, and if I die, please God I'll die as becomes a man, and not in some filthy Spanish prison." As for the where, Manoa lay north and west—more north than west, maybe—and another hundred miles or two of a tramp would be of small account at the journey's end when the gains were reckoned up: Manoa for him. So again there was bitter strife, and that day Englishmen had well-nigh done Spain's work one upon the other.

In the end, seven took to their crazy boat once more and fared south by west again, nor were ever heard of in this world, and two—Martin Hughes and tarry Peter Morgan—broke their way into the woods, supremely certain with the calm assurance of post-Armada men that the looting of Manoa to their advantage was but a question of discovery.

Positions had shifted with Martin Hughes and Peter Morgan. While on salt water the latter had to lead, and Martin obeyed

like a good sailor and an honest Englishman, seeing that of the two Peter Morgan was the better versed in seaman's craft. Now, with the blue sea behind their backs, and neither one nor other knew what before, it was Martin who, as the bolder spirit, the more sanguine, and the more determined, led the way. To say truth, had it not been for a certain shamefacedness, Peter Morgan had joined the seven who fared seaward. But as evils thickened upon them, his conscience grew burdened with the thought of Mary Barriscote and the useless mischief wrought by his prating tongue. So for very shame's sake he clung fast to Martin.

A pathetic expedition it was, and forlorn enough when reckoned by any other measure save that of ignorance and courage, in both of which they lacked little. For weapons they had stout hangers, and each a Spanish knife in the waistbelt, and each a musket with more of rust than ammunition. For clothes they had but rags.

It had been about the new year when they thrust out from Porto Bello; since then the moon had waxed and shrunk many a time, and now all count of days and weeks had long been past, nor, thenceforward, for years to come did Martin Hughes reckon time except by seasons and sorrows, and of both he lost count.

And then Martin Hughes was left to seek out Manoa-land alone.

The story of the early struggles may be left aside for the present; some day they may be worth the telling. Their record was the record of dogged perseverance and uncommensurate gain. Nay, worse, of no gain at all, since the end was no nearer for the labour. Then the day came when Peter Morgan, for all his remorse, would fain have turned back and braved even the Governor of Nombre de Dios himself for the sake of the sea washing the coast. But Martin would none of it, and in the main Martin was right.

"Nay, man," said he. "We've faced nor'-west by north over-long to make a back track. The sea's as near before as behind; mayhap nearer by scores of miles. To turn back is to give up hope, and here hope is life; but, what's more to the purpose, we came after Manoa-land, and to Manoa we'll fare, and nowhere else."

Not once, nor twice, nor thrice came the conflict, and each time the masterfulness of Martin Hughes overbore the other till the day came when the elder man laid himself down under the compulsion of a still greater masterfulness than that of Martin Hughes, for Death hearkens to no man's Nay.

It was the early summer-time, when the nights were warm and starlit, and the days bright with the quick fulfilment of a new life's promise; and saving for the weight of the hand laid upon him, Peter Morgan was at ease.

The grip tightened slowly, for it was the simple weakness of nature that was the strength of death, but for all its slowness both men knew that the grip tightened daily. At no time these months past had there been much talk between the two. Their daily present had had but little of comfort. Even from Martin's expectation the glamour of Manoa had at last faded, and so the future held but little of good. Once Peter Morgan had rambled back to the past, Rye beach, the swirl of the Rother, and bonny Mary Barriscote, till the bitterness of Martin's heart broke out so that he roundly cursed the other between his teeth, and bade him be silent for a fool.

Therefore it came that they talked but little. But as the grip tightened and the face of death was reflected in the face of the living, Peter Morgan spoke—

"Martin, lad, get you east again when all's done wi' me. Manoa-land's a fool's errand to seek after wi' love left behind. Get you back to bonny Mary Barriscote, and the Lord forgive me that I brought you from her, for a dying man sees more than a living."

He found six copper-skinned Indian warriors sitting round him.

Whereat Martin grit his teeth together and held the other's hand the firmer, saying nothing, though in his heart he thought the bidding easy enough, the doing none so easy.

"Aye, a fool's errand wi' love behind, and all my doing. Yet, I'm not so blind but I know if it were to do over again, and the Admiral bid me win ye west, win ye I would, knowing all I do, for needs must that Admiral Drake ha' his way." Then he sighed and mumbled to himself of Drake's old sea-fights, with growing intervals between his babble, till he turned his face to the darkest part of the cave where he lay, and was silent, and, to Martin, dead—but that his hand kept its grip.

The day had worn into greyness beyond the face of the rocks, when suddenly Peter Morgan turned his head.

"Hist!" he said, "it's callin' me, it's callin' me, the whish o' the waters, the whish, the whish, and the wrastle; God's music o' surf an' swirl. I never held wi' the text, 'An' there was no more sea.' A poor thing the world an' God's sea blotted out; but it's there, praises be, for I hear it beat. An' Drake's a-sailing it, aye, an' Hawkins an' Gilbert." He struggled up on his left arm and held out his right, listening. "God be thanked for the sea in the world to come, an' it's callin', it's callin', it's callin'. Come aboard, Admiral Drake. Come aboard, Sir, come abo——" and then Martin Hughes was left to seek out Manoa-land alone.

Waking up nine mornings later, he found six copper-skinned Indian warriors sitting round him, and scant as had been the time since Morgan's death, the sound of human voices, for all that he understood them not at all, reconciled him to the slavery that followed.

Thenceforward he was the servant of a wandering tribe drifting north or south, east or west, with equal indifference, and without plan; kindly treated, yet guarded in such a fashion that there was no escape, even had he desired it. Of Manoa, when he came to know their tongue, he heard neither hint nor rumour, nor was there aught of gold, or indeed of any metal, in all the tribe's poor belongings. Yet for all the silence, servitude, and discouragement, the stubborn heart of the man clung to the fulfilment of his quest.

If there had been but a broken record of time in the past there was none now, and the days followed each other as shadows. Little by little the Indian life grew into Martin Hughes, and, after a sullen fashion, he was content.

As months passed, skins and clothing of woven grasses took the place of the rags linking him to those dim days beyond the Musquito Gulf, and in all outward show he was Indian. Of simple needs, nature's common supplies were ordinarily sufficient for all wants, but once there fell a drought that withered up the fruits and drove far afield both bird and beast to seek for water. Needs must that Manitou be supplicated, and with all haste the tribe sped eastward, and day by day grew fewer and more gaunt as thirst and hunger struck the weak and sickly from their ranks. Day by day they tramped on, halting for none, child, chief, or woman, till of a sudden a glint of fretted lights broke through the trees, and Martin Hughes's Indian heart leaped in an English breast at sight of the sea—leaped, and leaped again to see not two furlongs from the beach a stout galleon with the red cross of St. George flying bravely at the foremast.

The years went to the winds and Manoa with them, and before five minutes were passed, Martin Hughes was plunging through the surf with all his heart aflame at the thought of England and the sight of England's flag.

We may leave untold the regeneration of a Sussex Englishman out of a Western savage, and tramp into Rye town with Martin Hughes in the dusk of a December afternoon.

The world moved more leisurely then than now, and as he tramped down the village street it was to find nothing so changed as himself. Except for life, death, and men's growth, Rye was as Rye had been. That none knew him was small wonder, since who would recognise the lad of twenty or but little more in the sorrowful-faced man of worse than two-score, and to none he told his name.

The Queen's Good Hope Inn had long changed to the King's Crown, but there was still the old gossip in the porch even in the gloom of a winter's evening.

"A supper and a bed? Aye, an' welcome; an' he could pay for it. These were troublous times, and there were many rogues about—as when were rogues scant and the times not troublous? No offence, but there were over-many loose-bred sailors from foreign parts flung on the country, to live as they best might out of y' see, but she 'll know. Born and bred, and lived every inch of her life in Rye town. Oh, aye, I have them now. There was but one left, a lass, and things went crooked with her, not one year but five or six. Things drift, y' see, with none but a woman to see to them. She was sore put to it, poor soul, to keep soul and body in health. Aye, aye, so 'twas. She married Phil Hargraves there, Hastings way, and God grant they have no trouble to-night, for the house lies ready to the

Martin Hughes was plunging through the surf with all his heart aflame.

honest folks. A dozen, roaring drunk, had passed Hastings way not an hour gone, and God grant some poor innocent suffered not before morning. Gold pieces? That's another story, master. Good pay makes sure welcome. No offence, but a man must look after his own.

"Changes in Rye town? Aye, aye, changes enough. Ship-building? Nay, that had drifted west, and was like to drift faster since the sea was silting up the old harbour-way. What name was that? Barriscote? Barriscote? Barriscote? Mistress, a sailor-man's seeking Barriscotes. I'm none so long here myself, hand of such a crew as I told ye on. A sailor-man himself, Phil Hargraves, and one who had picked the Don's pocket to a pretty tune, if all were true folks heard; and aye, aye, there was that other story of a bribe in the hand whereby a Spanish prison swallowed a ship's company to Hargraves's profit. Lies, no doubt, though the story had a curious fashion of cropping up if 'twere all a lie. If they lads who passed were by chance some of them who had saved their skins, why Hargraves is four miles out, and not a soul for woman or bairn to cry to. God save the man! Was he mad, craving supper and then fleeing the

house in such a fashion? An ill-looking rogue and well rid of."

Into the darkness, Hastings way, Martin Hughes was swinging at a man's pace, with no very clear thought in his head but that the blacker the darkness and the colder the night, the better for him till his brain got time to think.

That Mary should marry, that he had schooled himself to expect, or thought he had, since there is none a man can so easily deceive as himself, but now the blunt truth in plain words was like a grip on the throat, choking back the life. Marry, and for bread, while he, who should have been her man, tramped the Indies seeking Manoa and finding nought. Curse; curse whom? Himself, who else, and on through the blackness of the wintry byways Martin Hughes tramped, wrath and self-reproach shredding the good of life to pieces with every thought of the past, the present, and the days to come.

Presently his hearing, long trained in the New World's forest silences, caught the sound of voices seawards down from the road, voices held in check, and yet to an alert ear like Martin's, voices with a menace in them.

A stretch of pasture, broken by blurs of thickly set leafless trees, lay down to the left, and beyond them a darker and more solid curve told of pine, fir, and such-like shelter timber drawn across the west. As he paused, listening, it came upon him in a flash that hereabouts lived the Mary Barriscote that once had been, and hereabouts was the rabble of mischief set upon doing the devil's work.

Schooled by his woodman's instinct, Martin Hughes shirked the pasture and plunged into the black shelter of the pine belt, and swiftly, soundlessly skirted round behind the house which lay hidden somewhere in the darkness. Presently the loom of it came against the sky, and Martin Hughes crept from the shelter and picked his way to the stout back doorway facing seawards.

From the front came the babble of many voices in careful importunity. A demand, the silence of an unheard reply, and a demand reiterated again and once again.

"Hargraves the traitor, Hargraves the traitor!" therein was the burden of the demand varied with curses and hard words. Piecing together a word to a word, a sentence to a sentence, Martin Hughes told himself a tale of greedy treachery these many years gone by, a slinking into hiding of the traitor and a hunting down by unrelenting vengeance, and now at the last it was "Hargraves or Fire."

From the silence between the gusts of passion, passion the more deadly from the cool intent that curbed it back from its own frustration by overmuch anger, from the silence Martin judged that Hargraves was absent, and that Hargraves' wife and children were there alone to bear his sins' weight thrust upon them. After a Spanish prison, vengeance is vengeance, and there is no room for nicety as to whom it falls upon. Hargraves' wife and Hargraves' bairns must pay for Hargraves. Hargraves' wife to them, Mary Barriscote to Martin Hughes, and so Martin knocked softly on the oaken panel, knocked softly again and again.

Presently there came a voice from within, Mary's voice—"Burn an ye will, you murderers of children. Philip Hargraves is out of reach."

"Hist!" said Martin, "hist, Mary."

Within, could he but have seen it, the woman fell a-trembling. Not that she knew the voice, but he called her Mary, and in her despair it seems as if God were nearer than she thought.

"Softly, Mary, lass; softly now, these devils are all to the front. Down with the bar and make no noise."

"And who——?"

"It's Martin Hughes come home, Mary Barriscote, and down with the bar before all's lost."

"Ye lie, Martin Hughes is dead."

"My God, Mary woman, will you slip the bar, they're tramping this way."

An instant's pause, the jar of a bolt shot back, the creak of a heavy bar turning on its pivot, and none too soon the door was opened and shut with Martin within.

Back against the wall shrunk a woman but little like the Mary Barriscote of a score of years gone by. Old and worn in

A moment's scuffle, a fall, and the soft thud of hurrying feet upon grass, then silence.

the face, and seeming older and more worn for the play of shadows from the rushlight thrust in a sconce five feet away.

From the room above came the fretful wail of an infant in pain or terror, and more than all the score of years the cry of the child came between them.

Without a word Martin Hughes crushed out the rushlight, and in the darkness turned again to the door, now shaking under the buffets of those without.

"Get you back," he said to the woman, "back to your children, and leave me to handle this affair. Only, first, them they seek is——?"

"Away!"

"Aye, away; that settles it. Back then to the children!" And a shadow crept into the darkness, and presently the wail was hushed.

With all his strength Martin Hughes smote the door with his clenched fist, and at the stroke within the buffeting from without ceased, and a voice cried—

"Trapped, y' fox! Come out an' die like a man if there's aught of man in you. Three minutes now, or we'll burn ye out."

And Martin Hughes answered back—

"Two words to that. A house on fire's light enough to shoot a man by, aye, an' two or three or four. Four lives in here, four lives with you. It's an even score."

"Ye hound! ye traitor hound! The thought's like ye. Kill wife an' weans to glut your slaughter—that's Phil Hargraves."

"Fool's talk," said Martin; "there's room for terms, an' you know it."

"Terms? Aye! Well, then, come out and die like a man, an' we'll lay no finger-touch on wife or bairn."

"Stick or stone—ye swear it," cried Martin.

"We swear it," the voice answered, and on the heels of the words there was a hubbub of hoarse shouts binding the pact.

Back in his socket the rusty bolt was shot, the oaken bar creaked once again on its pivot, and framed in the grey of the doorway Martin Hughes stood looking out into the night.

From the outer darkness came a snarl of execration; the sudden loom of three, four, five grey shadows, a moment's scuffle, a fall, and the soft thud of hurrying feet upon grass, then silence.

Slowly the floorway just within the door was thrust up, and from a cellar a man's white face peered out at a darker shadow prone and black against the shadows of the night.

When all's said and done, the Land of Manoa was none so far from Rye.

THE STORY OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

In which the Progress of our unpaid Citizen Soldiers, whose Centenary will be Commemorated by the Prince of Wales's Review in Hyde Park, is told

By J. M. BULLOCH.

THE Prince of Wales can always do the appropriate thing: and certainly the First Gentleman in Europe could do nothing more appropriate than in passing under his review the Real Gentlemen-at-Arms; for the Volunteers, whom the Prince reviews in Hyde Park on the eighth of July, deserve the title better than the exclusive little bodyguard of the Sovereign, who emerge only on great State occasions, and are paid by the Privy Purse. I call our citizen-soldiers the Real Gentlemen-at-Arms because the Volunteers are the Knights of Loyalty (and Labour). They are the men who swing the hammer in mighty foundries such as Vulcan never dreamt of; or they sit from ten to four on an office-stool, like Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., in his pre-Admiralty days; or they wield the brush and palette. In short, they are gentlemen in everyday life and soldiers on parade, and therefore are they the real Gentlemen-at-Arms.

THE REVIEW OF THE VOLUNTEERS BY HER MAJESTY IN THE QUEEN'S PARK, EDINBURGH, ON AUGUST 7, 1860.

The Volunteer force, like all English institutions, is an evolution of a national characteristic, based on one of the central facts of feudalism which created the citizen-soldier as against the purely professional fighter. The evolution to the Volunteer

GEORGE III. REVIEWING THE VOLUNTEERS IN HYDE PARK ON JUNE 4, 1799.

as we know him has been very slow indeed, and the present force has struggled out of nothingness in spite of appalling

BANK OF ENGLAND LIGHT INFANTRY (1799).

official discouragements which seem simply incredible after the lapse of forty years.

The first Volunteer corps that this country saw arose in the reign of Henry VIII., who granted a charter in 1537 to the "Fraternity or Guylde of St. George, Maisters and Rulars of the Science of Artillary, rehearsed for long bowes, cross bowes, and hand gunnes." That "Fraternity or Guylde of St. George" is with us still, in the shape of the Honourable Artillery Company; so that London has the right of the great review, in that it produced the oldest Volunteer corps in the world. The Boston Artillery, of course, are an offshoot.

After all, however, we must date the modern Volunteer movement to the year 1779, when it was called into existence by the attitude of menace from foreign countries, coming at a time when the Regular Army had been allowed to drift. In 1779, Ireland was threatened by invasion from France and Spain, and at once 40,000 Protestants in the North sprang to arms to face the foe. The momentary danger passed, but the necessity for defence increased with the difficulties in France following the Revolution of 1789 and the rise of Napoleon, who became a menace, increasingly insolent, to the whole of the United Kingdom. It is a far-off story now; so far off, indeed, that one finds it difficult to realise the Reign of Terror that Bonaparte managed to instil in this country in the early years of the dying century. Let me take one example at my very door. On July 28, 1803, the Vestry of St. Clement Danes—in which goodly parish this magazine is published—convened a meeting to take measures

THE ST. JAMES'S VOLUNTEERS IN 1799.

against the "powerful and ambitious enemy, who aims at Universal Dominion,

THE PRINCE OF WALES (AFTERWARDS GEORGE IV.) AS COLONEL OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY IN 1800.

and the destruction of all civilised nations." The virile vestrymen resolved—

That we are willing to co-operate with our fellow-countrymen in every exertion, and to submit to every privation, that may be found necessary to defend ourselves from a daring and inveterate foe, who, disregarding all the known and acknowledged customs of war, has threatened to destroy every man in arms, has promised the pillage of our cities to his soldiers, and to exterminate the name of Britain from the number of nations.

Similar meetings were held throughout the country, and between 1794 and 1804 successive Acts of Parliament were passed, providing for the administration of a Volunteer force, which by 1805 numbered 129,165 men, of whom 70,000 were Irish. For a time enthusiasm ran high, and the Volunteers were the pets of the country. Take, for instance, the ballad called "The Volunteer Boys," which was sold throughout the country in 1801. to be sung to the tune of "Let the toast pass"—

Hence with the lover who fights o'er his wine,
Chloe's and Phillis's toasting;
Hence with the slave with whimper and whine
Of ardour and constancy boasting;
Hence with love's joys, follies and noise,
The toast that I give is the Volunteer Boys.

Nobles and beauties, and such common toasts,
Those who admire may drink, Sir.
Fill up the glass to the Volunteer Hosts,
Who never from danger did shrink, Sir.
Let mirth appear, and every heart cheer,
The toast that I give is the brave Volunteer.

It was under these circumstances, then, that George III. reviewed the Volunteers in Hyde Park on June 4, 1799, that being the great occasion which is to be commemorated this month, when his great-grandson, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, reviews the Volunteer troops. The review was held in honour of his Majesty's birthday, for he had been born sixty-one years before and had borne the crown for

Photo. by Gregory, Strand.

A SERGEANT IN THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY AT THE PRESENT TIME.

eight-and-thirty years. At that time London could muster 15,000 Volunteers (to-day the number stands at 35,000), of whom only 8193 (7352 infantry and 841 cavalry) paraded in the Park (against the 30,000 that will gather on July 8). They began to arrive at five o'clock in the morning, and within three hours they had all assembled, being drawn up in three columns, commanded respectively (on the left) by Lord Heathfield (the son of the famous soldier and the last of his race); in the centre by Major-General Ludlow; and on the right (which contained by far the greater number of corps) by Major-General Doyley; while the cavalry occupied a different part of the park. On the left, the Honourable Artillery Company, which received his Majesty with a royal salute, occupied a prominent place. The centre column (which faced the north side of the park) included the St. James's and the Temple Corps, while the East End and suburban Volunteers formed the right column. His Majesty was accompanied by five of his sons—namely, the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), who appeared in the uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company, the Dukes of York, Cumberland, Clarence (afterwards William IV.), and Kent (our Queen's father).

From an old Print.

A LONDON SCOT IN 1860.

Photo. by Gregory.

OFFICER OF LONDON SCOTTISH IN 1899.

The King took up his position on the elevated part of the park, and eight thousand five hundred muskets fired three times in his honour. A contemporary account of the great scene tells us that—

> After the forming, the whole line waived [*sic*] their caps in the air and gave three hearty huzzas; which, joined to the sound of military music striking up at the same moment and the various expressions of joy from the spectators—even the female part of them—by the waving of handkerchiefs, is said to have drawn tears from their gracious Sovereign.

CLERKENWELL CAVALRY, 1798.

After so much enthusiasm you might think that the Volunteers would have become an established fact. Not so. Waterloo and Wellington settled Napoleon in 1815. France was driven for the nonce into a corner. England, in her old insular way, became indifferent to danger, and the Volunteer force faded and was disbanded, with the exception of the cavalry, which remains with us still as Yeomanry. Then once again France became threatening; and several strenuous souls began to be alarmed; among them Sir John Burgoyne (whose only son was drowned on board H.M.S. *Captain*) and the aged Duke of Wellington. Burgoyne, indeed, was not to be silenced, and on Jan. 9, 1847, he received a remarkable letter from Wellington, who piped the plaint of our defencelessness. Referring to the chances of invasion, the Duke said—

> Do we suppose that we should be allowed to keep, could we advance such a pretension, more than the islands composing the United Kingdom—ceding disgracefully the Channel Islands, on which an invader had never established himself since the period of the Norman Conquest?
>
> I am bordering upon seventy years of age passed in honour.
>
> I hope the Almighty may protect me from being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to arrest.

The Duke, who died in 1852, was not to see his contemporaries roused; but he had not spoken in vain. His letter was followed in 1852 by a pamphlet from the pen of Sir Charles James Napier—the brother of the historian of the Peninsular War—entitled "A Letter on the Defence of England by Corps of Volunteers and Militia, addressed to Members of Parliament." It will give you an idea of the primitive character of Sir Charles's advice if I quote one passage which is absolutely characteristic of the somewhat scurvy treatment which was meted out by the military authorities to the Volunteers until within a few years ago. Addressing his imagined Volunteers, Sir Charles wrote—

> As to dress: for you, gentlemen, the *red is not necessary;* you are defending your country, and your moral feelings want no moral stimulus. . . . For you the best dress would be your own shooting-jackets [he had the country squire in his eye] and leather gaiters.

Nothing was done at the moment, while the difficulties of defence increased. The situation in France became more uncertain, and at last the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. in December 1851 roused Englishmen, and the first offer of a citizen

Photo. by Gregory.

QUEEN'S ROYAL WESTMINSTERS AT THE PRESENT TIME.

army was accepted by our Government in February 1852. The first corps formed was the 1st Exeter and South Devon, which was ready in 1852, the idea being due to the late Sir J. C. Bucknill, F.R.S. (the father of the new Judge), who at that time was Superintendent of the Devon County Lunatic Asylum at Exminster. Besides that, we had several affairs of our own in hand, which drained England of her Regular troops. In 1852 we were fighting the Kaffirs at the Cape. The years 1854-56 kept us busy in the Crimea. In 1856 we had to fight the Chinese, and in 1857 we had to face the Mutiny. An endless series of pamphlets pointing out our danger appeared, and on May 9, 1859, the *Times* came out with Lord Tennyson's stirring lines—

Form! Form! Riflemen, form,
Ready, be ready to meet the storm;
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen, form!..
Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen!

THE SIX-FOOT GUARDS.

Three days later the Secretary of War wrote a letter to the Lord Lieutenants authorising the formation of Volunteer corps. The conditions for service were not inviting, for the Government did not contemplate bearing the expenses of the citizen army. On the contrary, the Volunteers had to arm and clothe themselves, pay for military instructions, and bear the whole expense for the privilege of defending the country, so that every man who enrolled was to be out of pocket of £8 a year at least. That is the official administration all over; and yet within a year 119,000 Volunteers — nearly all of them from the very well-to-do classes — sprang to arms as if by magic; which showed, as many another movement has since demonstrated, that the heart of the country was alive to danger even when the official skin was too dull to feel the pin-pricks. On March 7, 1860, the Queen held a levée, at which 2500 officers were present. On June 23 she reviewed 18,450 Volunteers in Hyde Park, of which London supplied 13,266. Her Majesty, who left Buckingham Palace in lovely weather about four o'clock, was accompanied by the King of the Belgians, in the uniform of an English Field-Marshal, and by the late Princess Alice and Prince Arthur (now Duke of Connaught), then a boy of ten. The Prince Consort rode on one side of her carriage, while the Prince of Wales (who was then scarcely nineteen) rode on the other. The Queen inspected the troops, who marched past (in two divisions of eight brigades) headed by the Mounted Rifles of Huntingdonshire, under the command of the Duke of Manchester (the husband of the present Duchess of Devonshire and the grandfather of the present Duke). Not far behind them came the Schools of Art, while the 32nd Middlesex, or Six-Foot Volunteers, led by Captain the Hon. T. Bruce, closed the rear of the opening brigade. The size and height of the members of this corps drew much attention, and their "noble appearance" was increased by their handsome

uniform of scarlet with black facings. "These sons of Anak," quoth the contemporary chronicler, "were greeted with

1ST SURREY MOUNTED RIFLES, 1860.

universal applause." The artillery brigade followed, and then came the first infantry brigade, led by the Duke of Wellington (the son of the Iron Duke). In the Artists Corps, who occupied a place in the third brigade, "Captain Millais marched by the side of Full Private Holman Hunt." How out of date it all seems! On Aug. 7 her Majesty paid a visit to Edinburgh, where she reviewed 22,000 of the newly enrolled Volunteers.

Thus the movement started well in point of numbers and enthusiasm; but much remained to be done. Indeed, as an efficient military weapon, the Volunteers were as yet in an exceedingly crude stage. To begin with, the unit for training purposes was the company, the battalion being recognised only for administrative purposes. Again, there was the anomalous condition of the Volunteers being a self-supporting force. The authorities at the War Office remained lukewarm on the point as long as possible, but gradually their hand was forced. After a time, Volunteering ceased to be a fashionable foible of the fops; but it did not die. The ranks were filled by working-men and others, to whom the matter of expense was out of the question. So a Royal Commission, appointed in 1862, had to reconsider the whole question of cost, and in 1863 an Act was passed by which the Volunteers could be called on when invasion was threatened. When George III. was King, the call-to-arms was made obligatory only as soon as a fleet appeared off our coasts; but the advent of steam had changed all that in the interval.

Since that day the Volunteers have pushed to the front, slowly but surely. They were put on a more satisfactory basis by the Territorial rearrangement of 1872-81. The first time the Volunteers were manœuvred with the Regulars was at Salisbury Plain in 1872, while Viscount Ranelagh (who commanded the 2nd South Middlesex from 1860 to his death in 1885) organised the now popular Easter Manœuvres. Lord Elcho created the National Rifle Association (the Queen firing the first shot at Wimbledon on July 2,

THE METROPOLITAN LIGHT HORSE, 1860.

1860), and Colonel Harcourt started the artillery meeting at Shoeburyness. A further step to render them effective in the field was their equipment with great

coats in 1886; the equipment of the artillery (in 1888) with field-guns, instead of the stupid old fort-guns; while in 1892

From an old Print.

LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE IN 1860.

machine-guns were given to the infantry, and the same year saw the Volunteer decoration for twenty years' service

Nothing, however, showed the sterling qualities of the force so much as the great review which the Queen held in Edinburgh in 1881, when 40,624 men stood the ordeal of a drenching day of rain as if they had been to the manner born. The Regular soldier could no longer declare (as he had been inclined to do) that the Volunteer force was a pretty toy. And so the Volunteers have grown, until their numbers have come to rival the Regular troops as follows—

	Effectives, 1898-99.
Volunteers	232,711
Regulars (Home and Colonial)	146,864
Militia	118,221
Yeomanry	10,191
Indian Army	214,928

When you consider that about a fifth of the Volunteers change every year, you will see what an enormous number of trained men England now possesses. During the last forty years the Volunteers have just doubled themselves in point of numbers; but in point of efficiency they have made very much more progress.

And yet the highest efficiency has certainly not been reached. What the final evolution of the Volunteers may come to it is impossible to say with any accuracy. More will be demanded of them; it is highly probable that they will yet be officered to some extent from the Regular army. The time may, indeed, come when in place of actual conscription—which is entirely against our genius as a people—the force of public opinion on the great question of defence will induce every able-bodied youth to serve in the Volunteers.

In any case we have reason to be gratified at the progress of the Volunteers, and the First Gentleman in Europe should feel proud on the Eighth of July, as

Photo. by Gregory.

LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE AT THE PRESENT TIME.

he passes under review the battalioned Gentlemen-at-Arms whose predecessors drew a tear of joy from his great-grandfather on the same spot a hundred long years ago.

ROSE AND CHRYSANTHEMUM.

VI.—LOTUS-SAN.

By CARLTON DAWE.

Mr. Dawe is well known for his stories of Japanese life. He wrote "Kakemonos," "The Bride of Japan," and "Yellow and White."

LOTUS-SAN stood upon the headland that guards the entrance to the Bay of Nagasaki and dreamily gazed away to seaward. Above her hung the clouds in pearly clusters: the sun, sloping away westward, filled the air with a delicious warmth, and illumined with a broad sheet of light its pathway to the ocean. Here and there sped the white gulls, occasionally startling the still air with a hoarse caw: the junks, like birds of a monstrous growth, whipped round the headland and glided like sentient beings into the smooth water of the harbour. And the sun saw and smiled upon the labours of men, and lit the eyes of Lotus-San with wonder and beauty.

And yet it was none of these things that held the girl's eyes riveted to seaward, though the great, sweet scene had a mighty influence of its own. Away to the south she had seen a cloud of smoke, which at first fluttered like a ribbon on the horizon, and this she had watched and watched until that ribbon, woven in the mysterious loom of the gods, had taken unto itself a black and prodigious shape, which spread like some uncouth monster across the sea.

But presently Lotus-San guessed the meaning of that dark cloud, and as she watched, the topmasts of a steamer peeped up behind the hill of sea. Then, like a thing feeling its way, higher and higher it climbed the hill, until it stood upon the very summit, and she saw its masts and its one big funnel, and the white line of foam which rose before it as if to check its progress. But on it swung, straight on for the headland upon which she was standing, the distance lessening rapidly between it and her. Now she could even distinguish the flag that flew aft. It was the red English flag, the flag that flew from so many vessels down in the bay. Presently she almost fancied she could see the men hurrying hither and thither upon the decks; then from the red funnel there issued a thick cloud of smoke, which hung like a curtain upon the sea. Instinctively she closed her eyes.

When she opened them again, the smoke, fading away in the distance, had risen before the sun, and a filmy, golden haze greeted her eyes, totally transforming the face of the waters. The ship, too, had rapidly drawn near, and as it passed beneath her, her face filled with melancholy, and instinctively her hand went to her breast. For of a sudden, unknown to her, as it were, a chilliness had crept into her heart: with the fall of the anchor, which she almost fancied she could hear, she shuddered, and then turned wearily away.

Time after time she had seen the ships come and go, a wondering curiosity following them on their way, a strangeness as of awe filling her for those who go down to the sea in ships; but never had the coming or going of any vessel so strangely affected her as the advent of this monster with the red funnel. Her imagination trifled with it until it became a part of her. From her home on the hillside she searched the bay for that red

funnel. She watched the sampans come and go, dreaming, dreaming.

Her mother found her beside the gate, and was much struck by the strange new look of her daughter's face.

"What ails thee, child?"

But the child answered not, because she did not know. With a weary smile she turned away, and the mother, wise in her generation, shook her head and imagined things. And still the thoughts of Lotus-San reverted to the ship with the red funnel, and in her dreams that night she stood once more upon the headland and saw the smoke-belching monster sweep grandly up out of the sea, glide through the narrow entrance to the bay and drop anchor. And the sound of the rushing cable smote a chill on her heart, and she awoke, frightened, and peered up trembling into the night.

Now the orchard of Otoko, the father of Lotus-San, was famous throughout the whole of Nagasaki. It nestled on the side of the hill amid the quaint roofs of the pretty houses, and commanded an extensive view of the town and the bay. There it was the wandering tourists toiled upward to drink tea and eat fruit, and as often as not pretty Lotus-San attended to their wants. And it so happened that on the day following the arrival of the red funnel boat, two strangers presented themselves at Otoko's orchard and begged permission to eat and drink. And Lotus-San, who was in attendance, brought them tea in quaint little cups without handles, out of which they drank with excellent Oriental gravity.

Lotus-San was in attendance.

She knew by their talk that the men were English, and but for a certain easy familiarity of manner might have been

father and son. The one was young, tall, fresh of face and shapely of limb, which was displayed to full advantage in a knicker suit; the other was short, thick-set—the average middle-aged man with a beard.

Of him Lotus-San thought little; but the younger man was exceedingly good to look upon. Though she had but stolen a maidenly glance at him, she carried away with her an impression of blue eyes and fair hair, and a smiling mouth that showed white teeth. And then, her eyes wandering towards the bay, they became riveted upon the ship with the red funnel, and of a sudden her hand went to her breast, and she felt a chill, like a revelation, at her heart. Strange—strange; but as she watched she saw the ship climb the hill of sea once more, and again heard the ponderous cable rattle through the hawse-pipes. With a start she awoke from her dream. The strangers were calling.

Once more she stood before them, but this time she was no longer the *musumé*, the waitress, but a woman with a secret, a secret ill-defined, no doubt, but to her one of much moment. At all events, it robbed her of her ease, brought the blushes to her face, and a fluttering to her heart. Though she never once turned her eyes towards the younger man, she felt the intensity of his gaze, just as one who lies upon the grass with shut eyes will feel the sun burning his eyelids.

Neither spoke Japanese well, but the younger man, who spoke least, talked most. But him Lotus-San ignored, and confined her remarks to the elderly gentleman with the beard. Elderly gentlemen with beards are so fatherly. Young men must be kept in their place.

They wanted some cherries. Could she get them any? Decidedly. She would go at once and pluck them.

"I will come and help you," said the young man.

"Nonsense," said his companion.

Lotus-San bowed low and departed, but from out the corner of her eye she caught a glimpse of the admiring face of the young man. It was all very strange, this new sensation, these confused thoughts. Why should her heart palpitate so freely? Why should thought make her face and neck burn?

As soon as she had disappeared the two men turned and interrogated each other with significant glances. The elder man had a pair of quizzing eyes, and as he looked at his companion he stroked his beard, an action which seemed to add a singularly penetrative force to his scrutiny. By the almost imperceptible smile which played about his face, it was evident that he was fairly well acquainted with the idiosyncrasies of a certain young gentleman.

"Eh, Bob?" said the younger of the two, accompanying the exclamation with a nod towards the orchard.

The beard wagged slowly. "Pooh!"

The young man sprang to his feet with a laugh. He had seen that beard wag before: it was not the first time he had heard that contemptuous "pooh." Bob was a good sort, anyway. Dear old Bob!

"I believe that silly girl has forgotten our cherries," protested the young man. "I'd better go and hurry her up."

"I would if I were you," replied the old man dryly.

Again the beard wagged, but this time unmarked by smiling eyes. The young man had taken his companion at his word. Having looked forward with no little pleasure to the fruit, he was not inclined to forego the sensation of eating it.

He discovered her in the far corner of the garden, perched upon an impromptu pedestal in the shape of a box, struggling hard to reach a cluster of delicious-looking fruit. For some moments he stood watching her vain efforts to clutch the bough: then with a smile he advanced.

When she saw him she blushed still more deeply, and looked about her with a pretty timidity which appealed to the young man's imagination. Beside the box lay her little straw sandals; the clean white *tabi*, or socks, which enclosed her feet, appeared to him but large enough for a child. Dainty little feet were hidden, he doubted not—feet as dainty as the rest of her dainty person.

Seeing her embarrassment, and knowing the cause of it, he begged she would permit him to help her to descend from her precarious position. He held out his hands, and, after a momentary hesitation, she let him take hers. And here the adventure did not quite end, for as she leant forward his hands glided round her waist and she felt a pair of strong arms encompass her. Perhaps, but it might only have been her fancy, something in the nature of an embrace followed. At all events, it seemed to her that long after all danger was past he still held her close to him, and that his embrace was of a singularly warm and protecting nature. Indeed, instinct bade her free herself, and she accordingly began to struggle.

He was wise in experience, if not in years, and he at once apologised with a profound grace. The box was high, the position extremely dangerous. He would have been absolutely inconsolable had any harm befallen her. Poor Lotus-San! The harm was yet to come.

Blushing and stammering charmingly, she succeeded, though not without some difficulty, in getting into her sandals, and that effort accomplished, she stood indecisive, knowing not whether to run or stay. But Fulkes, the foreign devil in question, was a young gentleman of some knowledge and perception. The recollection of that embrace had apparently vanished from his memory. It was a thing of the moment, unavoidable, but now forgotten. He did not even betray by a look the thought that was rioting in his mind. Timid as a fawn, this dainty little creature might have dashed off at the first signal of danger.

He discovered her in a far corner of the garden.

"Hold your *kimono*," he said. "I will gather the fruit for you."

"But, Excellency——" she protested.

"Nay, nay, it is my wish, little flower. I am tall—see!" And he held his arms above her, and truly to her he seemed great and beautiful as a giant; and she

thought how tenderly those great strong arms had enfolded her, and she wondered at his gentleness.

But in the meantime he had sprung upon the box, and the fruit being well within his reach, he began to pluck it, and slowly to drop the cherries one by one into her *kimono*, which she had spread out for the occasion. And as each cherry fell he looked at her and smiled, and she, encouraged by the geniality of the white giant, smiled up at him again.

But when the cherries were plucked he stood upon the box and thoughtfully regarded the quaint little figure beneath him, and something very like the shades of irresolution chased each other across his face. Into his eyes crept a strange softness, and the curves of his mouth grew serious. And Lotus-San, who had watched him with an intentness which a vain man might have considered complimentary, let her eyes fall before his concentrated gaze. When she saw him again he was standing beside her; his blue eyes were sparkling with laughter, the serious curves had disappeared from his mouth.

He gallantly escorted her back towards the house, where the middle-aged gentleman with the beard had been left all this time in solitary state; but not more than half of the journey had been accomplished before the two came to a standstill. A gap in the garden disclosed a pretty view of the harbour below, and Fulkes, stopping for a moment, pointed towards the red-funnel boat.

"You see that ship, Lotus?" He had already learnt her name, and in a decorous manner had duly complimented her on its prettiness.

"Yes," she cried. See it! She had seen it day and night—waking, dreaming—ever since it first climbed that hill of sea to the southward. But she trembled, nevertheless, at the question, and looked more like a lotus than ever.

"It arrived yesterday from Hong-Kong."

"I know."

"You know?"

"I was on the bluff. I watched it come up out of the sea, a strange monster belching clouds of smoke."

"Curious," he said. "I was on board."

It was more curious than he imagined. Lotus-San's underlip trembled, and her heart grew chill as with a deadly fear. If he had not been watching the bay so intently he might have noticed the sudden pallor overspread her face. As it was, she had somewhat regained her normal colour when he looked again.

"Yes," he repeated, "I was on board her. It is rather strange that we should meet thus, Lotus-San."

Strange indeed; and yet she felt that it was not so very strange. Why? She could not say. Only it was not wonderful that she should meet someone who had come by *that* ship.

"She sails to-morrow for Yokohama direct," he continued, the tone of his voice being well calculated to arouse one's curiosity, even though the information was not of a paralysing nature. Yet the girl turned a white, eager face to him as she said—

"You go?"

"I was going," he said; "but since I have seen you, Lotus-San, I am not sure."

"Your Excellency means——"

"That I have seen you, Lotus-San, and that I think Heaven is nearer Nagasaki than Yokohama."

* * * *

The middle-aged gentleman with the beard waited patiently for his cherries. As Fulkes had said, or thought, Bob was a good sort, philosophically phlegmatic. The sun created a drowsy atmosphere, the cheroot burnt well, and the cane chair in which the philosopher stretched his comfortable bulk bore him without complaining. But cigars will burn low, and dreams end, and too much green tea is not good for the digestion. Besides, even the patience born of philosophy, like all things human, is born but to die. Bob didn't get excited, he didn't even swear, but his patience gave out. With deep regret he dragged himself out of his comfortable chair, stretched himself, yawned, looked at his watch, and then ventured out

into the orchard. Those cherries must be getting cold, he thought.

He discovered Fulkes and Lotus-San in one of the quietest and most delightful spots of the garden. Their attitude did not surprise him. He knew Fulkes, he knew youth—he knew himself. There was not the slightest reason why the girl should blush, and hang her head, and try to look ashamed. Her mother had done the same before, her own daughter would undoubtedly verify the truism that history repeats itself. There was nothing in it all—nothing. Why on earth should Fulkes look embarrassed? This was painful—and serious.

"What about those cherries, Fulkes?"

"A thousand pardons, old chap," cried the culprit, laughing just a little stupidly. "But I believe we've eaten them all."

"Um!" was the grim reply. Then he looked at the girl. "Rather pretty, Fulkes."

"Rather!" echoed the young man. "Why, she's lovely!"

"Pooh!" said the philosopher. "Where are my cherries?"

* * * *

The red-funnel boat was to sail at daybreak on the following morning, and that evening the philosopher discovered Fulkes going ashore with his baggage.

"What's this?" said he.

"I'm not going round to Yokohama just yet."

"Oh!" exclaimed the philosopher. "Cherries?"

"No—not altogether. I find that I needn't be back until the twelfth. The P. and O. boat will just fit in."

"Um," muttered the philosopher once again, "you're a fool."

The young man smiled. Fool! Lord, it was heavenly fooling!

When, on the following morning, he looked through the gap in Otoko's orchard, the red-funnel boat was nowhere to be seen. He smiled complacently to himself, and then turned to greet Lotus-San, who came through the perfume of the orchard towards him, a new and wonderful light in her eyes. Presently he forgot all about the philosopher and the ship with the red funnel.

The days passed merrily in Otoko's orchard. The gardener himself was a struggling man of business; his wife was a shrewd woman who loved the sight of money, who did not look askance at presents of silks and jewels. And this young foreigner was generous in the extreme, and Lotus-San was a dutiful daughter—one who fully recognised the obligations of filial piety. The wife of Otoko had visions of an age of ease.

As for Fulkes, he took up his abode in Otoko's house, and was received with all the honour which accompanies a big purse. It might be foolish or it might be wise—it all depends on the point of view. Fulkes took one view of the situation, the gardener and his wife another. If each was satisfied, there is nothing more to be said. The Japanese loves money just as much as his Western brother. At any rate, the weather was delightful, the orchard was at its best, and Lotus-San seemed the loveliest flower there. Fulkes passed whole days with her in the sweet-scented air. The sunshine and the odour of flowers crept into their blood, into their brain. Lotus-San awoke from the girl to the woman, and took unto herself a finer air, a fuller dignity. Yet she was as a child in his hands—a piece of clay ready to be moulded to his will. Of her he might make what he chose, whether for good or evil. The thought of such responsibility often made him pause. It deepened the furrow between his eyes: caused him many heart-searchings.

He was but an ordinary man, she a native woman. In the Far East men do not set women on a pedestal and pretend to worship with fear and trembling. No doubt it is wrong of them, but they don't. Fulkes had lightly entered into this compact, believing that he could as lightly break it off. But in a few days the girl had become a woman, and the woman serious. Intuitively he guessed that before he came her life had been a blank. He had filled it, opened wide her eyes, awakened the dormant soul. The sparkling of the

eyes, the glad flushings of the cheeks, the thousand-and-one things he noted, all told him what he had become to her. And his brow contracted still deeper in thought, and he was more than sorry that he had not gone on to Yokohama with the philosopher. It was always the same old tale—make love and ride away.

But the parting was bitter—bitter as death. He hesitated long, fearing for her, liking not the task; but when it could be no longer avoided, he told her gently what had to be. Though she must have known that sooner or later it had to come, while it was yet in the distance it was but a vague, shadowy sort of terror. He had said, "To-morrow I must leave you, Lotus-San," and that to-morrow descended instantly like a chilly cloud and smote upon her heart. She did not cry, but she hung cold and lifeless in his arms; and all his tender words, all his warm kisses, could not bring back the colour to those pallid cheeks.

"It will be long before my lord returns?"

"Nay, I know not," he answered falteringly. "Perhaps."

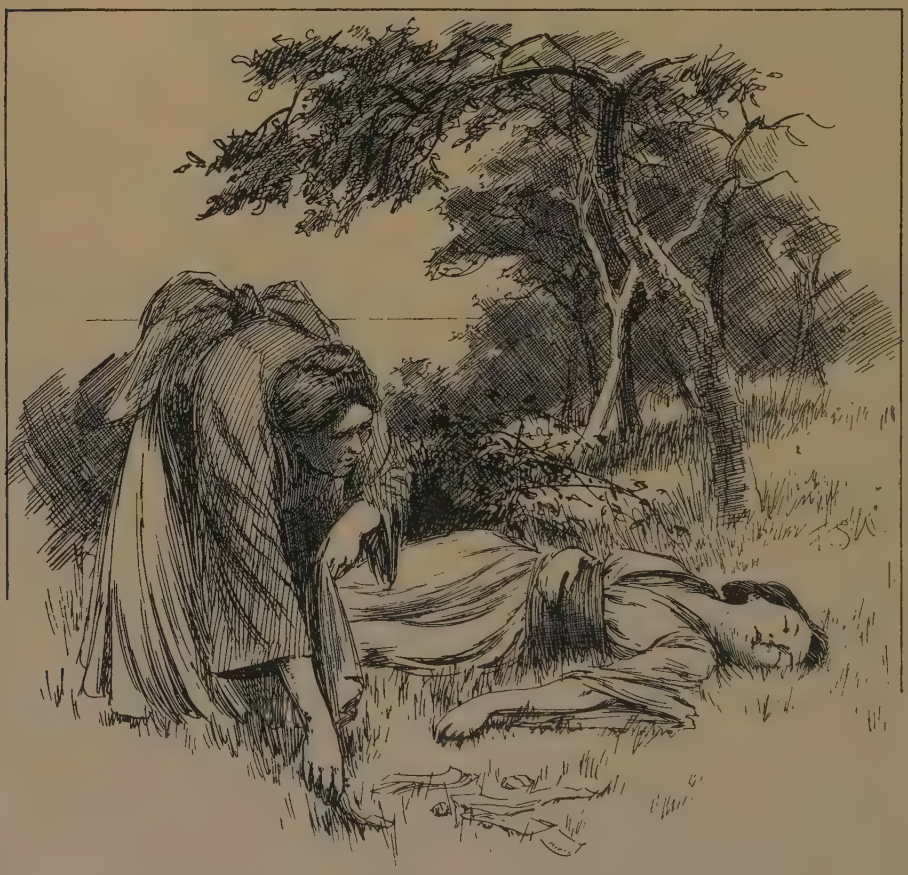
"But he will return—tell me, O my lord?"

He could not tell her, even though he knew it would be the more honourable thing to do. He was sorry for her, and his sorrow made him weak.

"I will come back," he said.

The look of gratitude she turned upon him made him feel the most miserable cur beneath the sun. He pressed her face close into his breast so as to hide her eyes.

"My lord is good," she murmured. "I will wait."



The wife of Otoko found her daughter lying senseless.

"It may be long, Lotus-San."

"What matters it? My lord has said he will come. I shall wait in night watching for the sun to burst."

"And should it never burst?"

"I shall know that my lord has gone to

"I am coming—I am coming."

the *hakaba* [cemetery], whither I shall quickly follow."

"But should I forget you, Lotus-San, what then?"

Her frank eyes made him feel still more contemptible.

"How can my lord forget?"

From the gap in her father's orchard she saw, as one might see in a dream, her lover's ship steal across the bay and out into the ocean, and yet she sat exactly in the spot where he had left her an hour before. The worst of the parting had taken place the previous day. A few hurried words, a kiss, and he was gone. In her lap he flung a big roll of bank-notes, also some jewelled pins for her hair, some trinkets for her wrists. "It will soften the blow," he said to himself. "She is sad now, poor little woman, but in a month I shall be forgotten." But if he could have seen her sitting there, the

jewels and the money untouched, unnoticed, he might not have freed his conscience so easily.

Some time after, the wife of Otoko found her daughter lying senseless by the gap, and beside her were the trinkets and the money, which the good mother secretly appropriated before attempting to restore consciousness to her daughter. Then Lotus-San was borne within doors, where she lay ill for many weeks, the ceaseless moan upon her poor, pale lips, "My lord, O my lord!"

But he came not, and though youth triumphed it left her but the wreck of her former self. "She will die," the people said; but she knew she would live if she could only see him.

One after the other the days dragged painfully along. Each night she went to sleep with the half-expressed hope, "To-morrow — perhaps to-morrow." It was always to-morrow—the day that never comes. Many and many an hour she filled the gap in her father's orchard, watching—a pitiful picture. One day she saw the red-funnel boat come in, but it brought no one for her. Nothing ever came for her. The world was a blank—dead.

Other sorrow came to her when her people told her that she would mother a half-breed, and they taunted her and made mock of her until her life became unbearable. And yet, in a desperate sort of way, she was secretly glad. "When he knows it, he will come," she said to herself. "It is mine—and his! Ours, all ours! O my lord!"

But he came not.

One day a man from the British Consulate presented himself before her.

"You are Lotus-San," he said, "the daughter of Otoko?"

"Yes, Excellency."

He pressed a roll of bank-notes into her hand. She drew back astounded.

"Excellency!"

"It is from him," he said. "He has not forgotten."

Her poor face flushed vividly. A cry of exultation sprang from her lips.

"He is coming?"

The man's face fell.

"I cannot say. Perhaps."

It was always that dreadful word—"perhaps."

"He is dead?"

The pitiful look of anguish smote him to the heart; yet, sad as it was, he almost wished he could have answered in the affirmative.

"I know not. Only this I know—he will come no more to Japan."

She was not certain that she heard aright, or that she rightly understood. And though long after he had gone she still pondered over his words, she could only distinctly recollect that last utterance—"he will come no more to Japan." It beat into her brain, it chilled her heart, it filled the world with darkness. He would come no more! Never again would she glow in the sunshine of his smile, feel the touch of that dear arm about her shoulders, listen to the loved accents of his voice! All was past—all was gone. There was no sun in heaven, no light in the world; life had died with him. For since he would come no more, he must be dead, as nothing but death could keep him from her. And so she brooded over the thought until it became a reality, and his sad, pale face looked up at her through the infinite depths of sea.

* * * *

Once more she stood upon the headland that guards the entrance to the Bay of Nagasaki, and looked away to seaward; but this time no ship with a red funnel broke the perfect line of blue. All was still and calm, and as she looked down into the sea the old vision came back to her, and the sad, pale face of her beloved seemed to beckon her to him.

"I come," she said. "I have waited long, O my lord, and life has been heavy and void of light. But the night is past, the day is come. Open wide your arms, my beloved. I am coming—I am coming——"

* * * *

The startled seagull gave a hoarse caw as it beheld the body of Lotus-San cleave the still waters.

A MODERN SAMSON.

By HENRY MARTLEY.

"KITTY, my dear," Aunt Mary said in the course of the evening of my arrival in town from Oxford, "I want to ask you to be particularly careful about something. I want you not to laugh at Robert."

"Is there anything very serious the matter with Robert, then?" I inquired.

"Oh, no; nothing at all serious. At least, I suppose it is serious, and I hope it is," Aunt Mary answered. "It's a secret, but, of course, everyone knows it. Robert is in love."

"Naturally," I said. "He's been in love these seven years."

"He has," Aunt Mary agreed. "That's why I'm so anxious about it. We've had so much trouble with Robert. He seems to have no sense at all about these matters. Even at school he was very nearly expelled for falling in love with a young woman in a confectioner's shop, and there was that photographer's girl at Oxford that cost us so much money, and—dear me! there have been so many of them, haven't there?"

"There have," I said. "I have been at different periods the unfortunate recipient of his rhapsodies about most of them."

"That is the worst of Robert," my aunt continued, "he is so very good that he believes in anybody. It would be almost better in some ways if he were not quite so good—not better, perhaps—no, I don't mean better, but more convenient, though perhaps I oughtn't even to say that. But, at any rate, I do hope we are at an end of our difficulties now. She is a very nice pretty girl, quite the kind of girl I should have chosen myself, though I did hope he might have married you, Kitty——"

"Thank you, Auntie," I said, "but I never shared the hope."

"Very likely not," she ran on. "I'm not surprised, but you see you know all about Robert, and if he gets engaged to any other girl she may be so shocked to hear that he's been engaged so often before, and then some of the other girls are enough to annoy any girl. I can only hope and trust that Miss Miller may have sense enough to see that they were only boyish follies, though if I had found out that your uncle had been engaged to a girl like that photographer girl, I am not at all sure that I would have married him. Robert's sure to tell her too, because he's so foolish and has such romantic notions about honour and all that."

"Who is Miss Miller?" I inquired.

"She's a daughter of a barrister," my aunt explained, "a very clever man, who practises in the Divorce Court. I should have liked it to be any other court, because it can't be good for any man to spend all his time in a place like that. It must in the end have a bad influence on the character, and these modern doctrines of heredity are so funny, though I daresay she was born before he'd practised very long."

"And is the engagement imminent?" I asked.

"I hope so," Aunt Mary continued. "Robert doesn't generally take very long to get engaged when he falls in love, but then it's easier to get engaged quickly to a girl in a photographer's shop. My

own opinion is that even that nursery governess, who was a very good, respectable girl in her way——"

"Don't let's discuss those unfortunate episodes," I suggested. "What is she like?"

"Oh, she's a charming girl," my aunt explained, "and as far as I can see she likes Robert; but then she's got beautiful blue eyes, and I always think girls with eyes like that are flirts. It may be prejudice. But I can only hope for the best. He's at a dance to-night, where he hopes to meet her. She dances beautifully, he tells me, though some of these modern dances seem to me only romping and scarcely even nice."

By the subtle train of thought which governs my aunt's mind, she traversed the kindred subjects of American dances, bicycling, bicycling on Sunday, Ritualism, vestments, the latest fashions, birds in hats, her canary, her dog's health, and influenza. I went to bed without being much the wiser about Miss Miller, of whom I desired to learn more. My cousin Robert was a rather nice boy, except for his unfortunate habit of becoming engaged to the most impossible young persons, and I should have been very glad to see him safely married.

The next morning he came down early to breakfast. That might mean excess either of joy or despair, but a glance at Robert's countenance revealed the fact that it meant despair of an acute type. The gloom with which he refused any food was positively Byronic, and when subsequently, overcome by fleshly weakness, he ate two eggs and a large quantity of grilled bones, he did it with a touching air of martyrdom. He was too deeply dejected even to pour out his confidences to me, and I saw him retire with an armful of Browning to the smoking-room, where he spent the rest of the morning. My aunt was much distressed, and her morning discourse embraced the topics of suicide, consumption, its cure and its causes, and therein of excessive smoking; thence of fires, fire insurances, litigation, the muzzling order, what we are coming to, servants, and her young days.

After lunch my aunt suggested to Robert that he might take me out for a walk, and he did so resignedly, in awful silence, only broken by spasmodic commonplaces, delivered manifestly by sheer will-power. We turned into the Park, and he viewed the giddy throng in a spirit which appreciated its own agony adequately. Several times he said bitter, bitter things.

All at once I noticed him start and put on a ghastly smile. I concluded that the object of his affections was in sight, and, as I followed his gaze, I saw two ladies in a victoria talking to a man by the railings. One of the ladies was a pretty girl, and the man was a tall, strikingly handsome man. Robert took off his hat with an air of excessive nonchalance and we passed on.

"Kitty," he said in a hollow voice, "we must go home."

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"I'm — I'm not feeling well," he stammered.

"Who was that very pretty girl?" I inquired innocently.

"Her name is Dorothy Miller, and she is the only girl I have ever loved. That's all," he said in tragic tones.

"Oh, is that all?" I replied with some amusement.

"Can't you see what I'm suffering?" he went on. "I'll tell you what has happened when we get home."

"Control yourself. Be calm," I said with the utmost gravity.

When we reached the house, he took me into the smoking-room and began his tale of woe with some prefatory remarks about our long friendship and his fears that I might think him absurd and unmanly and mawkish. I assured him that nothing was further from my thoughts. Then he began his narrative. Having expatiated for a while on the perfection of Miss Miller (she shared all the qualities which her predecessors had enjoyed), he recounted how for a while he wooed her with diffidence, but hope. Afterwards, in an evil day, the tall handsome man, whom I had seen, had crossed her path. "An ass," he said, "a silly, conceited ass named Wonziloe."

"Wonziloe?" I answered. "I know a Miss Wonziloe. It's not a common name, but I don't suppose he's any relation. She is a singularly hideous girl."

"To give him his due," he said bitterly, "he's handsome enough to look at, but he's not worthy of her, Kitty, he's not worthy of her. I shouldn't mind so much if he deserved her."

"No," he said decidedly. "I could see from her manner that she did it on purpose. I suppose she wanted to let me down kindly and quietly."

"Or," I suggested again, "she may have wished to make you appreciate her properly. If a girl knows her business——"

"Certainly not," he said, even more decidedly. "Dorothy is not a girl who

When we reached the house, he took me into the smoking-room and began his tale of woe.

"No," I agreed, "of course, that would be quite a different thing. But why are you in such despair?"

"They're always about together now, and last night," he explained in a climax of sorrow, "she cut one of my dances and danced with him."

"Perhaps it was a mistake," I suggested comfortingly.

knows her business. She may be carried away by the glamour of that confounded fool Wonziloe, but she is not a coquette. Oh no, it's quite plain, only too plain."

"So you're going to retire gracefully?" I inquired.

"No," he replied; "it's hopeless in one way, but I shall try to save her from that confounded idiot."

He babbled for a while longer, and I left him in dire dejection; but while we had been talking, an idea had been wandering round my mind. It was a mere whimsical notion at the time, but two days afterwards it took further shape. We all went to a dance together, and Miss Miller and Mr. Wonziloe were there, too. Robert accompanied us, full of his disinterested plan of saving her from the base adventurer's clutches. I studied the situation with interest. I did not agree with Robert that Miss Miller was a girl who did not understand her business. She appeared to me to be playing Robert and Mr. Wonziloe off against each other rather skilfully, though it seemed a shade of odds on the latter. My special attention, however, was directed to him. He certainly was an unusually handsome man, and a handsome man is not a common occurrence, nor, whatever people may say, unappreciated by girls; but the oftener I looked at him, the stronger my idea grew. Early in the evening I had been introduced to him, and I was engaged to him for a dance later on. After two or three moments of that dance I became certain that my suspicion was correct. He was Ethel Wonziloe's brother. I questioned him on the point, and he admitted it with some hesitation and then passed hastily to another subject. The case was clear.

Ethel Wonziloe is a friend of mine at Somerville, and is the plainest girl I know. The odd fact is that she has lovely eyes, a faultless complexion, pretty hair, and a fine figure, but then there is her mouth. It is a mouth beyond description. It is not even grotesquely ugly, but just irredeemably, hopelessly repulsive. Properly speaking, it is not even a mouth at all, but just a gap of cavernous proportions and irregular shape, with long gaunt teeth below it. Children refused to kiss her. I have seen men in a tramcar at Oxford gazing at her with eager admiration while she has had a wrap on over her mouth, and then, when she has removed it, turning away almost in anger. And I felt perfectly certain that Mr. Wonziloe possessed that mouth too. Feature for feature he and his sister were the same, except that a big moustache covered his cavern. Like Samson his strength lay in his hair. I probed him with allusions to his sister once or twice further, and his uneasiness confirmed my conclusions.

* * * *

"Robert," I said, as we drove back and Aunt Mary dozed, "have you ever seen any of Mr. Wonziloe's people?"

"No," he replied sulkily, "I haven't, and I don't wish to."

"I want a new bicycle," I added after a pause.

"I 'll give you one for a birthday present," he replied. "What kind would you like?"

"I was not begging, Robert," I said, "but supposing I took the trouble to remove Mr. Wonziloe from your Miss Miller's path?"

"Kitty," he said apprehensively, "you're not thinking of going in for him yourself, are you?"

"Don't be a fool, Robert," I answered severely. "But about the bicycle?"

"If you could only save her," he said, "I would give you five hundred bicycles."

"One will be enough, thank you," I answered.

"What is it, Kitty?" he inquired mysteriously. "Have you found out—do you know something about him?"

"I do," I said.

"Something dreadful?"

"Something very hideous, Robert."

"Kitty," he said, "you must not write an anonymous letter. I disapprove of anonymous letters?"

"Good heavens!" I said. "You're beginning to reek of melodrama, Robert. I shall tell you nothing more till it's over."

He pestered me with asinine conjectures during the following morning, but I refused any enlightenment. In the afternoon I went to call on Ethel Wonziloe, whose address I fortunately knew, and found her at home. After discussing other things for some time, I mentioned that I had met her brother at a dance the night before.

"Did you?" she said, somewhat grimly. "Yes, Henry goes to a good many dances. I do not."

"Of course," I replied; "there's a considerable demand nowadays for men who can dance."

"Oh, yes, of course," she answered with rising indignation. "What did you think of Henry?"

"He is," I said, "a wonderfully handsome man."

"He is not," she replied wrathfully. "Nothing of the kind. He is really as plain as I am."

"My dear Ethel," I protested.

"Oh, I know I'm plain," she said, "and it's no use pretending that I am not. I sometimes shudder at myself. At a very early age I contemplated myself carefully, and since then I have never been seen to smile when I could help it. And Henry was just the same till he grew a moustache."

"You surely don't blame him," I suggested.

"You don't understand why I'm so disgusted with him," she explained. "We used to go about everywhere together, but since he's had that moustache he's afraid to be seen with me. Mother is so proud of him that she backs him up, and I hardly go anywhere now. I have to sit at home, while he goes about pretending that he's a handsome man. Sometimes he even avoids me in the street. I have no patience with him. Why can't girls grow moustaches too?"

"I really don't know," I said.

"That moustache of Henry's," she continued vindictively, "is a mere cloak for hypocrisy and selfishness. Some day I shall contrive to cut it or burn it. Do you know, he's destroyed every photograph taken of him before he grew it?"

"How very deliberate!" I murmured.

"He'll probably marry some unfortunate woman," she went on, "who will never discover the truth till it's too late, and then her life will be wrecked by the knowledge of what's behind that moustache. And I shall be sent abroad till the wedding's over. Poor papa! I wonder what he would have thought of his mouth being hushed up like this."

She expatiated on her grievances for some time. Finally I left her, under promise to come to tea with me at Aunt

"She cut one of my dances and danced with him."

Mary's on the following Tuesday. I knew Miss Miller was coming on that day, and I waited events with equanimity. Robert was exceedingly angry when he heard that I had invited anyone of the hated name of Wonziloe to the house, but I hinted that this was a part of my plan. Then he relapsed into the notion that Ethel was being summoned as a witness to testify to the real character of Mr. Wonziloe, and I sent him out under this impression.

Ethel arrived first, and I settled her down in a good strong light which would emphasise her features. Miss Miller came soon afterwards, and I introduced Ethel as Mr. Wonziloe's sister. Then I watched the process of disillusionment with amusement. It was a moment or two before the truth began to dawn on Miss Miller. She gave a little start and gaxed fixedly at Ethel. Ethel laughed, and Miss Miller shuddered. Then the latter shifted her chair on some excuse, and took another long look. This seemed to strengthen her fears, and she scarcely joined in the conversation. She could do nothing but

Miss Miller could do nothing but gaze covertly but steadfastly at Ethel.

gaze covertly but steadfastly at Ethel. When Ethel eventually departed, she stayed on and talked for a while of indifferent matters. Then she said a little nervously—

"Have you known the Wonziloes long?"

"No," I said. "Ethel is at Somerville with me. That is how I got to know her."

"It's odd how different she is from her brother, isn't it?" she suggested.

"Different!" I exclaimed; "I should have thought they were the image of each other."

"Their eyes are very like," she admitted, "but then their mouths rather alter their faces."

"Poor Ethel!" I said, with a brilliant flight of imagination. "She has to put up with the Wonziloe mouth. It's been in the family for generations, I believe. It's an odd family. The men all grow big moustaches and the girls die unmarried. One of Ethel's uncles intended to be a clergyman, but the Bishop objected to moustaches, and he had to take to another profession."

"How — how very unfortunate!" she said lamely.

"It's an awful heirloom!" I added.

"Perhaps they don't all have it—perhaps some of them take after their mothers," she suggested.

"Never," I said firmly. "There's not been a single instance of it for hundreds of years. Ethel was telling me about it the other day. And sometimes it's caused the most dreadful unhappiness when wives have only found out about the Wonziloe mouth after they were married."

"Oh!" she said. "Yes, it's very interesting. I'm afraid I must be going now."

Robert returned in a state of unhealthy excitement.

"Have you told her?" he inquired.

"Yes," I said.

"And did she believe it?"

"It was something," I said, "which speaks for itself."

"Do you think it's all right to—to expose a man in that way? It seems rather—it might seem rather underhand."

I suppose Miss Miller's attitude was convincing.

"We have done it in the sacred cause of duty," I answered.

"Oh, yes, of course," he agreed.

"Now, if you had not abandoned all hope yourself it might have appeared merely personal spite," I went on.

"I'm not quite sure that I have abandoned all hope," he said. "There may be an off-chance, you know."

"But, Robert," I protested, "you can't possibly go on now. You've allowed me to—to rake up these things about Mr. Wonziloe, and you must not allow my conduct to be open to misconstruction, indeed you must not."

"But—bother it all, Kitty—you didn't tell me this before. Do you mean that it's all over—that I've got to give her up because of something Wonziloe's done? I—I decline to."

"Weren't you doing all this for her sake?" I inquired.

"Yes—in a way—from one point of view—yes, it was mainly for her sake," he said; "but at the same time——"

"Robert," I said, "you're a fraud. Now I'll tell you what really did happen."

I told him, and he regarded me with blank disappointment.

"I don't suppose it will make any difference. A girl doesn't mind much what a man's mouth is like."

"Doesn't she?" I said. "Very well. I've done my best for you."

"Then do you think," he asked, after a pause, "that I ought to propose?"

"It's not an uncommon proceeding if you wish to marry a girl," I said.

"I—I must think about it," he murmured, and disappeared.

He remained in a condition of doubt, but I suppose Miss Miller's attitude was convincing, for in a day or two he came in a state of delirious joy at his seventh and final engagement.

TO A SIX-YEAR-OLD DANCER.

YOU rave of Taglioni's art,
Or gay Otero's luscious dance,
Or Katie Seymour; or, perchance,
To Letty Lind you've lost your heart?
To two or three you half incline
To grant the glove!
Or does your mantelshelf enshrine
Miss Mabel Love?

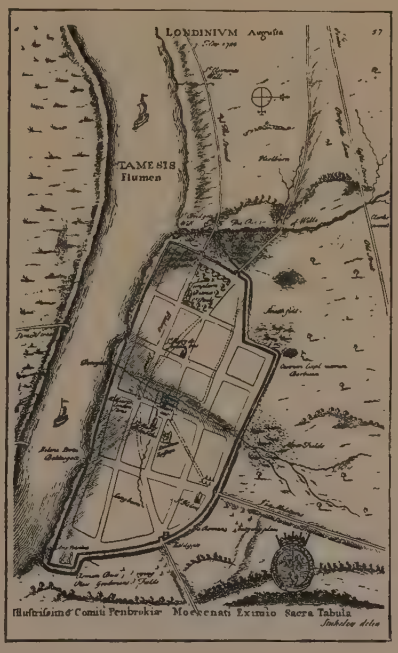
My danseuse never has been billed,
And yet methinks her twinkling feet
Have made her little circle beat,
And half a hundred lovers thrilled.
The gaping gallery never sees
Her in burlesque;
You could not buy her charm, though she's
So picturesque.

She knows not of the lurid lime,
The footlight or the batten's glare,
Nor how the shirted stallites stare
Through glasses at the tinselled mime.
Her stage is but the nursery floor,
And all her tricks
Are childish; for Miss Pinafore
Is only six.

J. M. B.

THE GROWTH OF CITIES.

THE study of the rise and progress of cities is always fascinating, more especially when it is pictorially illustrated. This latter, of course, can be satisfactorily accomplished only in the case of the great colonial and American townships which have achieved their mushroom growth since photography was invented, so that we may see the then houseless tract of land and the now busy city reproduced side by side, and feel sure that we have before us the real contrast. The quaint old prints, however, which represent the former state of the older cities here described, if not photographic, are from the accurate hand of the skilled topographer, and the general outlines may be traced for the most part in the cities as revealed by the modern camera. To begin then with the greatest, let us briefly sketch the changes that have gone to the making of London.



ROMAN LONDON.

LONDON.

The reputed date of the foundation of London is 43 A.D., when Aulus Plautius was governor of Britain. The Celtic name, Lyndon, however, probably implies that "a fort above the lagoon" already existed, "dun," signifying "strong place on a hill," and lyn, a pool. The hill in question was that now crowned by St. Paul's Cathedral, and the water which gave it strategic importance was the broad estuary of the Lea eastward and the river Fleet westward. The Roman city soon became of commercial importance, "famous," says Tacitus, "for its many traders and its stores of commodities." Our plan of Roman London shows the comparatively insignificant area the city occupied: a line from what is now the Tower to modern Ludgate, and another from the river to Moorgate, giving its dimensions with tolerable accuracy. For hundreds of years it grew not at all, but in the thirteenth century it met Westminster, the houses built along the Strand having passed the village of Charing. In the sixteenth century the nobles seeking escape from the City found the Strand a convenient site for their London mansions. In the reign of James I. the notable additions were the parishes of St. Clement Danes, St. Giles-in-the-Fields, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Clerkenwell, Shoreditch, Whitechapel, and Bermondsey. Hackney,

Islington, Lambeth, Newington, Rotherhithe, and Stepney were next added. Under William III. the aristocracy again moved westward, Soho and Golden Squares resulting from the migration. The year 1720, or thereby, saw the rise of Hanover and Cavendish Squares. Mayfair as a residential quarter dates from the earlier portion of the reign of George III. Tyburnia and Belgravia are of the present

Taking the accurate census of "Registration" London from 1801, the growth of London population has been as follows—

1801	958,788	1851	2,362,105
1811	1,138,746	1861	2,803,847
1821	1,378,853	1871	3,253,785
1831	1,654,870	1881	3,815,544
1841	1,948,293	1891	4,211,743

In 1891 the population, including Greater London, was 5,633,806. The decade of

Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

VIEW OF LONDON, 1899.

century. Greater London, as we know that irrepressible monster, is the creation of the last generation. The area in acres of County Council London was, in 1891, 75,442, that of Greater London 443,421.

As to population, all records previous to those of the present century are doubtful.

About	1377	the estimate was	35,000
,,	1590	,, ,, ,,	160,000
,,	1661	,, ,, ,,	460,000
,,	1694	,, ,, ,,	530,000
,,	1701	,, ,, ,,	674,000
	1738	,, ,, ,,	726,000

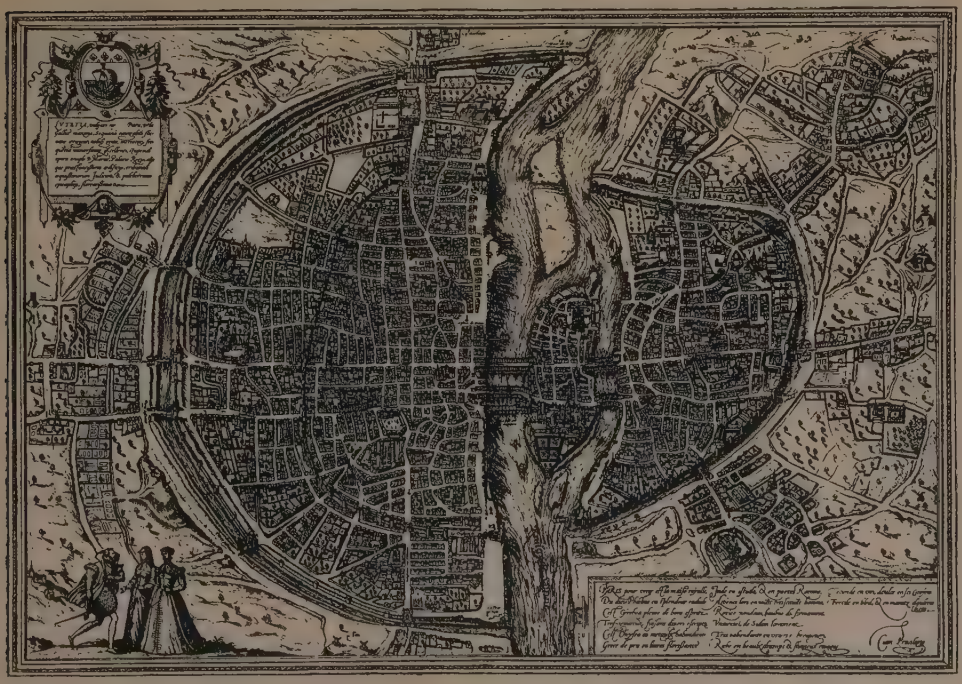
most rapid growth was that of 1841-51, the increase per cent. being 21·24. From 1811 to 1821 the increase per cent. was 21·09, being the second greatest advance during the century. In 1896 the population of "Registration" London was 4,411,710, or an increase of 4·74 for the five years from 1891. This would presage an increase by 1901 of about 9·48, against 10·38 for 1881-91. The area of the Metropolitan Police District, exclusive of the City, is about 688 square miles. From 1849 to 1897, 633,615 new houses had been

built. In the latter year 6090 buildings were in course of construction.

PARIS IN 1899: PANORAMA OF THE BRIDGES.

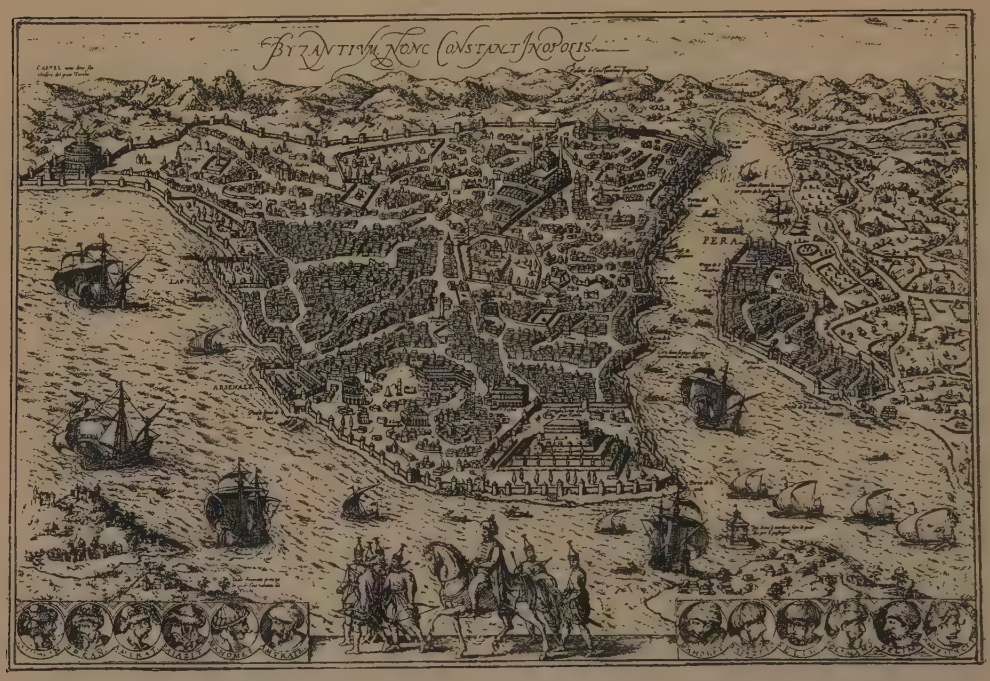
PARIS.

In the time of Julius Cæsar, Paris, or Lutetia, the headquarters of the Parisii, was a mere collection of mud huts. There, in B.C. 56, Cæsar convened the delegates of the Gallic tribes, and the place first assumed importance. In the fourth century the name Parisia or Paris was generally applied to the city, which two hundred years later was chosen by Clovis as the chief seat of government. Few cities have been so hardly used by fate, but with singular good fortune Paris, after every misfortune, has found a devoted restorer, who has more than compensated for her disasters. From the tenth century, when Hugh Capet made Paris the capital of the French monarchy, her increase was



PARIS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

rapid. During the succeeding two hundred years she doubled her size and population. Between 1180 and 1223, under Philippe Auguste, she gained Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, and the University. Philippe surrounded her with a wall and flanking towers, outside which he erected the castle of the Louvre. The wars of Henry V. and Henry VI. of England were disastrous to the city, but the improvements of Louis XI. followed and left Paris better than before. The struggles of the Valois again retarded her progress, but close upon these came Henry of Navarre, who inaugurated a scheme of extension which was consistently developed by his successors Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. Under the last-named sovereign the old ramparts were converted into public walks or boulevards. The storms of the great Revolution prepared the way for the vast improvements begun by the First Napoleon, who added lavishly to the magnificence of Paris; but even when the Third Napoleon began the reconstruction of the city it was still backward, as the times went. Paris was pierced by two great thoroughfares running north and south and by one running east and west. An abundant water-supply was introduced, trees were planted, and the city became a garden. The boulevards were completed, and in 1867, the year of the Great Exhibition, Paris was the most splendid city in Europe. But once more disaster was at hand. The close of 1870 saw the fair city beleaguered by a foreign foe; the summer of 1871 saw her disfigured by the hands of the vandals of the Commune. Under the Republic, however, this Phœnix of a city has risen to yet greater splendour than she ever possessed. Her progress in point of population is given in the following table—



CONSTANTINOPLE AT THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

1292	216,000	1851	1,053,000
1553	260,000	1856	1,174,346
1718	509,000	1861	1,696,741
1784	660,000	1881	2,269,023
1817	714,000	1886	2,256,050
1831	786,000	1891	2,448,000
1841	935,000		

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople, founded in 330 A.D. by Constantine the Great on the site of the ancient Byzantium, consists of two parts—Stambol, the Turkish quarter, and Christian Constantinople, which includes Pera, Galata, and Top-hâna. These are separated by the Golden Horn, a creek five miles long and half a mile wide at the entrance. Stambol occupies practically the same area as the original city. This is proved by the old walls of stone and red brick, built by Constantine and restored by Theodosius.

Fire has repeatedly swept over Constantinople, robbing it, perhaps, of beauty, but performing a beneficent office in that kennel of Eastern uncleanness. The old streets are now few in number. Better, if less picturesque, thoroughfares, with houses of brick and stone, have grown up, but there is still a sufficient remnant of Oriental life to make Constantinople interesting to the eye, if unpleasant to another organ. Galata, the mercantile quarter, dates from 1216, and was originally a Genoese colony. Its old wooden houses have given place to stone buildings. Pera is the diplomatic and fashionable quarter. The chief sight of Constantinople is the Mosque of St. Sophia, originally a Christian cathedral, dedicated by Constantine to the "Eternal Wisdom." The exterior is of no account; but the interior, despite the vandalism of time, the Turk, and the tourist, is still a marvel of Byzantine art. The population of Constantinople is estimated at 875,000.

CONSTANTINOPLE: LOOKING ACROSS THE GOLDEN HORN FROM PERA.

NEW YORK.

New York, the chief town of the United States in point of population, wealth, and commerce, was in 1621 a Dutch settlement. The site was discovered by Henry Hudson in 1609. Until 1647 the place bore its Indian name, Manhattan. It was

then called New Amsterdam, and in 1664, on being seized by the English, was renamed New York. Its growth has been steady. The length of the modern city is sixteen miles, the width four and a half miles. Its population has been the greatest in the United States at every census. In 1790 the number of inhabitants was 33,100; in 1892, 1,801,000. In 1895 the police census gave a total of 1,850,000. In 1894 a referendum vote resulted in favour of the early union with New York of Brooklyn, the cities on Long Island and Staten Island, and other large areas. When this union is accomplished, the population of Greater New York will exceed 3,000,000.

CAIRO IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CAIRO.

Cairo, the largest city of Africa, and second in the Turkish Empire, is being rapidly transformed by Western influence. The modern city stands on the remains of four distinct cities. The first was founded in 641, by Amr, the Mohammedan conqueror of Egypt. This town, El Fustat, or the Tent (from Amr's encampment), stood near the Roman portion of Babylon. The other towns were El 'Askar, El Katai, and El Kahira, from the last of which the present name of the city is derived, the Italians corrupting it into Cairo. In Old Cairo, chiefly famous for its Coptic churches, remains of the earliest city are still visible. In the twelfth century Saladin extended the walls and built the new Citadel. As in London, so in Cairo the course of the old walls can be traced by the names of the ancient gates. Between the north and east walls the quarter from the Gate of Victory to the Citadel is still purely Oriental, and here are the best remains of Saracen art, the latticed windows, the fountains, schools, and mosques. These mediæval treasures are, however, vanishing surely through the combined influence of the collector, neglect, and European ideas. Since the time of Mehemet Ali, Cairo has extended westward, and European villas and palaces

have sprung up between the old city and the Nile. The new quarter, Ismailia, has broad, tree-lined avenues, and every accessory of a Western city. The population of Cairo is 375,000.

ALEXANDRIA.

Alexandria dates from 332 B.C., when it was founded or enlarged by Alexander the Great. Under the Ptolemies it was the commercial centre of the world and the chief seat of intellectual activity. It had then a population estimated at upwards of 500,000. On the discovery of the route by the Cape of Good Hope, Alexandria declined, and recovered its importance only in 1819, under Mehemet Ali. It has once more become a factor in the world's life, and has a population of 319,766. The town stands on an isthmus, and partly on a small artificial peninsula between the old and the new harbour. This unites to the mainland the island of Pharos, which gave its name to the famous precursor of all lighthouses, the pharos of Alexandria. The modern lighthouse, destroyed in the bombardment and rebuilt, stands almost on the same site.

MONTREAL.

Montreal, the largest city of Canada, was founded by Maisonneuve in 1642. It stands on the south-east side of an island formed by the junction of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence. The early settlers were hardly pressed by the Iroquois Indians, who devastated the island up to the palisades of the town, and in 1660 almost exterminated the inhabitants. In 1722 the feeble stockade was replaced by a bastioned wall and a ditch. In 1760, after Wolfe's victory at Quebec, the city was surrendered to the English. Since then it has progressed steadily to its present high commercial, social, and intellectual development. The modern city is about four miles long and two wide, and so little crowding is there in its scheme of building that Montreal seems to stand embowered in pleasant gardens. The population in

MODERN CAIRO FROM THE CITADEL.

1891 was 220,000. In the last thirty years its commerce has nearly trebled.

MELBOURNE.

On June 18, 1836, there were thirteen buildings on the site of Melbourne. Three

MELBOURNE IN ITS EARLY DAYS.

were weatherboard, two were slate, and eight were turf. From these humble beginnings has arisen a cathedral city, with an area exceeding 6000 acres and a population, estimated on Dec. 31, 1897, of 451,110. Melbourne is thus the most populous city in Australasia. Its public buildings are held to be the finest

MODERN MELBOURNE FROM THE POST OFFICE TOWER.

in the world for a city of this size. The annual value of property in Melbourne is £15,000,000 sterling. Two claimants contend for the distinction of having founded the great colonial capital: John Batman and John Pascoe Fawkner. As the question has never been satisfactorily settled, it may be as well to divide the honour, regarding Batman and Fawkner as the Romulus and Remus of Melbourne. The city was called after Lord Melbourne, who was Premier of Great Britain at the time of the foundation.

CAPE TOWN.

In 1652 the Dutch East India Company took possession of the land skirting Table Bay. There they built a port and established dépôts to supply their passing ships. In 1796 the Cape was captured by the English, but was restored to the Dutch in 1803. In 1814 it was formally ceded to Britain, and with that cession begins the wonderful growth of the Cape Colony. The capital, Cape Town, is now nearly two and a half centuries old, but it has not many relics of antiquity except the Castle, which was saved from demolition by public sentiment. In Strand Hoop and Bree

CAPE TOWN IN 1754.

Streets, old Dutch mansions may be seen, but the great thoroughfares have been almost entirely transformed, Adderley Street showing the most marked transformation. The town possesses two cathedrals; a fine public library and museum, given by the late Sir George Grey; Government House, an unpretentious

Photo. by Wilson.

CAPE TOWN.

VENICE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

edifice; fine public gardens; and an observatory. There are delightful suburbs. The increase of population since 1875 is as follows—

Pop. 1875, 33,239
„ 1888, 60,000
„ 1891, 83,898

VENICE.

Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, though fallen from her ancient pride, is still a considerable city, second to Trieste alone among the trade centres of the Adriatic. Commercial and political considerations apart, Venice, with her unrivalled art treasures, is still one of the wonders of the world. Modern Venice stands on some 120 islands in the Lagoons of Venice. The islands are separated by 120 canals, spanned by nearly five hundred bridges. The city was founded in 810 by the inhabitants of the adjacent mainland, who were driven to seek refuge in the islands of the lagoon by the invading Lombards. The foundation of St. Mark's was contemporary with that of the city. In the fifteenth century Venice had attained the height of her power, and held empire over the neighbouring mainland of Italy, the Ionian Islands, Crete, Istria, Dalmatia, and Epirus, her outposts extending to the Caspian, the Black Sea, Syria, and Northern Africa. Assailed, however, by the Turk on the east, and by the Pope, the Empire, and France on the west, she was gradually stripped of her possessions. The Republic existed until 1797, when the French crushed it and gave the Venetian territory to Austria. It was held successively by Italy, France, and Austria until 1848, when the Venetians revolted. In 1866 Venice was annexed to the new kingdom of Italy. The population in 1881 was 134,800; in 1893, 160,400.

VENICE OF TO-DAY.

JERUSALEM.

The modern city of Jerusalem measures about two and a half miles in circumference, and is enclosed by walls of hewn stone. The wall dates, generally speaking, from 1534, and is pierced by four principal gates. The famous Jaffa Gate, it will be remembered, was cleared away on the occasion of the German Emperor's recent visit. On the western side, beyond the walls, a suburb is growing up rapidly. The aspect of the streets is mean and sombre. The splendours of the Temple have given way to the Mosque of Omar, dubiously impressive as to its interior, but noble in its exterior outlines, so that Mount Moriah, on which it stands, may still claim the dominant building. The population of the modern city in 1891 was 41,300, of whom 25,000 were Jews.

JERUSALEM ABOUT 1550.

GENERAL VIEW OF MODERN JERUSALEM.

HONESTY.

The Catacombs of S. Calixtus.

HERE were they carried from the cruel shock
And tumult of fierce death to the kind ground,
In these still chambers far from light or sound
At peace from hands that strike, from tongues that mock.
Women and children, lambs of Christ's own flock,
Whose souls a martyr's victory has crowned,
Here, after torment and strong anguish, found
Rest for their bodies in this quiet rock.

Here on these shelves poor tortured frames were laid
By those who loved them, weeping yet in joy.
Well knew they that no tortures could destroy
Those who for Christ had met them unafraid.
Not dead, but past all earthly storm and strife,
They sleep the sleep whose waking morn is Life.

H. B. VAISEY.

Rome, April 1899.

A CHURCH THAT HAS A STATION BENEATH IT.

The Vicar gave way to the Engineer, who took up the floor of the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, supported the whole structure on steel girders, and then dug a shaft over 100 ft. deep into the earth to meet the electric trains from the Monument.

WHEN that saintly soul, the Rev. John Newton of Olney, was made vicar of St. Mary Woolnoth in the City of London exactly a hundred and twenty years ago, the theory of Hell as a mysterious bottomless pit running towards the centre of our globe was still held tenaciously by many good people in these islands. Indeed, to the venerated vicar himself this materialising of the universe was quite a reality, for he wrote of an earthquake—

Although on massy pillars built,
The earth has lately shook.
It trembles under Britain's guilt
Before its Maker's look.

Doubtless Mr. Newton pictured Hell for his parishioners in St. Mary Woolnoth as a chasm yawning beneath his beautiful temple. To-day the chasm has opened, for beneath the church a mighty pit, 110 ft. deep, has been dug. So far from being a hell, however, it will be a little heaven below to the teeming thousands of London folk who are compelled to travel daily from Suburbia's wildernesses of yellow-brick villas into the heart of the town, where the merchants congregate and sell their wares before an eager crowd that hails from every corner of the world; for the electric railway has burrowed its way from the Monument right underneath the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, in its (ultimate) destination to Islington and the Angel.

Photo. by Bassano, Old Bond St.

THE VICAR OF ST. MARY WOOLNOTH (REV. J. M. S. BROOKE).

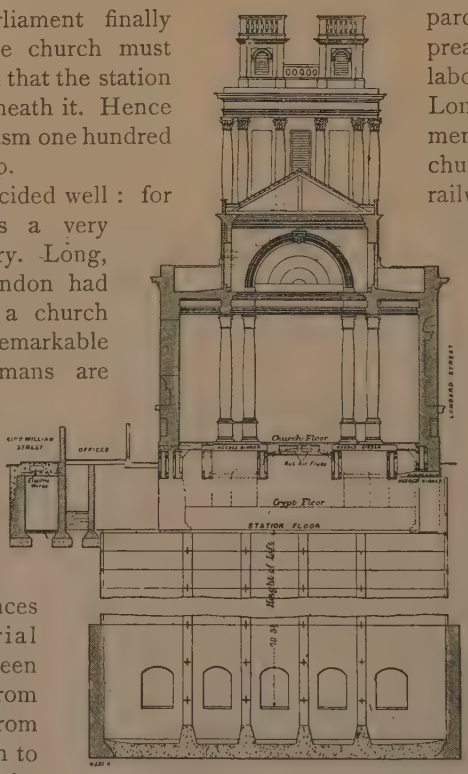
You may have passed the church for months without knowing that busy beavers were working far down beneath your feet. You may have crawled on an omnibus from the Mansion House without ever thinking that the engineer was working slowly in the depths of the earth below, threading his way in darkness and dreariness from the river to Moorgate Street. Yet the hoarding that surrounded the church for months has betokened strange things, stranger than anything the Reverend John Newton could have dreamt of, for, "although on massy pillars built," his church has been handled as if it were a house built by a child of wood-blocks on a nursery floor.

When the City and South London

Electric Railway, which runs from Stockwell to the Monument, decided to extend its system northwards, it became necessary to build a new station. The foundations of the Monument made it impossible to tamper with the ground in that neighbourhood; so the promoters resolved to erect their station at the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth. For a time it was proposed to demolish the church, and replace it by a station. But, from one cause or another, Parliament finally decided that the church must be left intact, and that the station must be built beneath it. Hence that yawning chasm one hundred and ten feet deep.

Parliament decided well: for the church has a very interesting history. Long, long before London had a Lord Mayor, a church stood on this remarkable site. The Romans are believed to have built their Temple of Concord there, for coins, pottery, and other reminiscences of the imperial legions have been found there from time to time. From that period down to the present the site has been dedicated to religion. The Saxons are believed to have worshipped there. The Normans took up the tale, and so on the story went till the Great Fire of 1666, when the church was gutted. Wren tried to restore it, but nothing he could do could save the church from falling to pieces. So in 1716 his clever pupil, Nicholas Hawksmoor, began building a new church (the present structure), and laboured over it for eleven years.

The church, which is quite square, is a remarkable structure, and has been an object of the critics' admiration for many a long year: notably its curious tower, which reminds you of St. Sulpice, in Paris. The Rev. John Newton aforesaid was buried in the vault in 1807, while his father, the ex-slave-trader, is commemorated by a tablet, as having once been an infidel and libertine, who was "by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy." Hence London would have lost a sacred memento of the past had the church been replaced by a railway-station.



THE STATION BENEATH ST. MARY WOOLNOTH.

This shows how the bustling station and the lifts leading down to the electric railway below will lie beneath the worshippers in the church above. (Reproduced by the courtesy of the editors of "Engineering.")

The difficulty has been obviated in a very ingenious way—by securing the entire structure on iron girders and then driving a shaft through the floor to meet the electric line from the Monument, far below. The congregation was given a long holiday, the organ and pews were stored away, the fine mural decorations were covered with matchwood, and Mr. Brooke, the vicar (and historian) of the church, gave way to curates in the persons of Sir Benjamin Baker, Mr. David Hay, and Mr. Basil Mott, engineers, and Messrs. Mowlem, contractors. Then the floor was taken up, beneath it being the crypt (which was cleared some years ago of bones and bodies stacked up in coffins). Outside the building a little churchyard had to be cleared. Thousands of bones were removed, being replaced in black boxes and conveyed to a cemetery, where they were reinterred in decent burial-ground beneath an ingenious epitaph by the vicar (who, by the way, began his career as a soldier). Then the supporting of the structure on

girders — in technical language, the "underpinning" — began in earnest.

This proved a difficult and a delicate task, for the church is really two structures—a square within a square. The central square consists of four groups of three columns each, bearing the greater part of the roof, of about 400 tons. The pillared portion forming the central square had first to be supported, and then the outer wall had to undergo a similar operation. In order

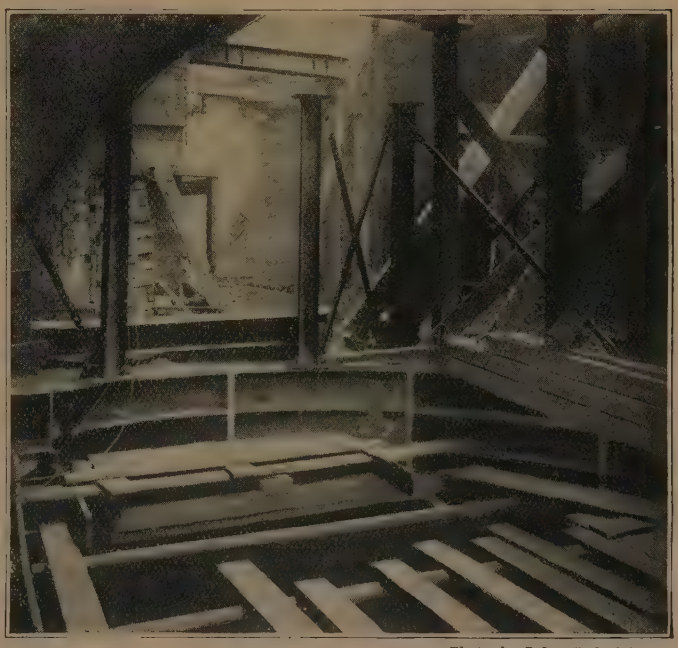


Photo. by Bolas, Oxford Street.

THE YAWNING SHAFT WHICH RUNS 110 FT. DOWN BENEATH THE CHURCH.

Photo. by Bolas.

INSERTING THE GIRDER WHICH SUPPORTS ONE OF THE WALLS OF THE CHURCH.

UNDERPINNING THE LOWER PART OF THE SHAFT IN BRICKWORK.

bit of eighteenth century jerry-building, the base of each column had been faced with steel joists so as to keep the rubble from falling through between the "needles." And so carefully was this done that the columns behaved just as if they had really been "massy pillars," for they did not budge a hair's-breadth during the art of threading.

The outside square was underpinned somewhat differently. to support the smaller square, four huge steel girders, each 53 ft. long and 25 or 30 tons in weight, were arranged in pairs on each side of the columns, resting on steel piers built into mother earth. Smaller girders—or "needles," as they are called—were then "threaded" through the base of the columns, so as to rest at each end on the heavy beams. This was a ticklish task, for, to the astonishment of everybody concerned, it was discovered that the bases of the columns were not "massy," but were made up of small stones, faced with a solid enough looking skin of stones from six to nine inches thick. In order to overcome this deceptive

Photo. by Bolas.

HOW THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY WOOLNOTH LOOKED WHILE THE STATION WAS BEING MADE BENEATH IT.

The Lombard Street wall was pierced at intervals of five feet, and threaded with needle-girders fixed on the inside to the bottom of the main girders supporting the columns. Then a sufficient part of the inside of the wall was cut out to allow a big girder to be inserted, and beneath that a strong blue brick foundation-wall was built. In the case of the Lombard Street wall, two big girders were placed so as to support the whole masonry. Thus the church is supported on seven girders altogether, and is probably more secure than ever it was before.

The rest of the operation was comparatively easy. A huge hole was dug beneath the church, widening out (as it passed below the foundations) beyond the actual walls of the church. The shaft consists of five parts, the sides being lined with cast iron and brick. In each of these parts a lift runs up to the station, which is right beneath the church on the level with the bottom of the new foundation-wall — that is to say, fifteen feet below the level of the street. A booking-hall has been excavated right beneath the street in the front of the church.

And so when worshippers in the church are listening to the vicar or kneeling in their pews, electric lifts will be running up and down from the bowels of the earth. And the 'buses will surge on overhead past the Mansion House, as if nothing was happening a hundred feet below, where the tunnels will swarm with a restless throng of travellers. Indeed, so far from the engineering operations being considered a desecration, the church will not be reconsecrated.

Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

A COMMON SCENE AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Beneath this, the busiest corner in the world, electric trains are running merrily on their way from the Monument to the new station at Moorgate Street.

CARMELA.

By IRENE VESPRI.

The author is a native of the parts of Sicily about which this story is written.

IS there anywhere a lovelier bit of coast-line than that part of the Sicilian shore which stretches from Messina to Catania?

From the Straits themselves, where, 'twixt the two long rows of sunny hills, the Ionian and Tyrrhenean waters mingle, now white and foaming, now a deep azure with whitish streaks here and there marking the under-currents, to the rugged lava-rocks near Catania, frowning down on the waves which dash against them and leave a shining streak of salt in every hollow, is there a spot which is not beautiful?

Here, smiling slopes covered with almond-trees and orange-gardens right down to the bright shingle, beyond which the sea stretches northward to the low-lying purple cape of Calabria. There, some jagged cliff, with its grey olive-trees and bluish hedges of prickly-pear, jutting out little pointed offshoots far into the sea. Here again, a quiet little inlet, laughing in the sun, almost hidden by its crown of greenery; and there the stark-naked Cyclopes, eternally staring at the snows of Etna. And on the hills which rise in sunny majesty round this hoary king of theirs, and smile into the blue mirror at their feet, wide stretches of vine, or patches of bright green corn-fields, little knots of olive or almond trees with quivering branches, or dark fragrant orange-groves—surely a feast for the eyes.

On a smiling spring day the slow train from Messina to Catania was puffing leisurely along the line, dropping its little knot of passengers at each small station.

It was a long train and a full train, for a whole class of recruits had been recently sent back to plough or trade after their eighteen months' service, and nearly all the Sicilian lads had landed at Messina to reach the several towns or villages scattered on the eastern part of the island.

Ten of these soldiers, belonging to the neighbourhood of Catania, had grouped together, and taken possession of a third-class carriage. They were chattering and laughing loudly, evidently in the highest spirits, for were they not free at last from the iron bands of military rule, and back again in the land of their childhood? They cared but little for the varying beauties that moved past them as the train crawled along, but the bright day and the well-known sights, recalling memories grown pleasant through long absence, had their share in the boisterous gaiety. What a noise they did make, to be sure! shouting their jokes loud enough to drown the noise of the engine, playing rough tricks on each other; tossing their caps in the air with frantic *evvivas*, singing scraps of Neapolitan or Sicilian songs—now rollicking, now sweet and tender, or rallying each other upon "the girl they'd left behind them."

"Well, Ciccio," cried a young man of about twenty, with a tanned face and brown, honest eyes, and a nascent moustache blackening his upper lip, "she's called Carmela, isn't she?"

He had been humming a few bars of "Dormè, Carmè," and the song had been taken up by the others with great gusto. It was in the lull which followed this outburst that he had thrown those words at his companion.

Ciccio nodded rather sheepishly. They were from the same village, Beppe and

Dropping its little knot of passengers at each small station.

he—from Canizzaro, close to Catania—and they knew each other well. They had been recruited together, and had found themselves by some strange chance in the same battalion; but though good friends, Ciccio had never said anything about Carmela. Things had not gone very far, in fact; the parents knew nothing about it. Carmela and he had met now and again in the fields, had exchanged a few sweet words, and when he was about to leave for the army, a parting token had been given.

Ciccio had not been faithful to his old love during his absence. A man must have some sort of amusement now and then, he had said to himself, as an excuse (boys will be boys, and Sicilian boys are not famous for constancy). He remembered, now with some sort of surprise, a little fashionably dressed milliner whom he had courted for a few weeks at Turin; and also a pretty flower-girl at Viareggio, who, with her large blue eyes, had quite stolen his heart from him for the matter of ten days or so, after which he had somehow got it back unbroken.

But as he neared his native village, the old tenderness came back. They were neither of them as nice as his Carmela, those two pale girls of the North. Carmela was tall and full, with lovely flashing black eyes, and perfectly wonderful black hair, a wild, tender-fierce creature, who had always puzzled and fascinated him. Her spell was upon him now. He looked out of the carriage window as the train neared Canizzaro. Her house was near the line, and perhaps—yes, there *was* something white waving at the window; ah, he had caught a glimpse of the lifted arm and the crown of black hair. She had not forgotten.

* * * *

The *chance* meetings had begun again, and took place at more frequent intervals than before (it *is* queer how chance favours lovers), when Carmela fell ill.

It was typhus. She was ill for months, and would hardly have recovered but for her splendid physique. But how different she was from the fine-looking creature she had been before! Her beautiful hair had nearly all fallen off, and she almost felt a sort of pity for herself as she looked at her hollow cheeks in the glass, until at last she would thrust it away trembling, struggling with the horrible sick fear that had come upon her.

It was a pale, thin little Carmela who entered the church during high mass on Madonna's festal day early in November and looked round the crowd with hungry eyes. She saw Ciccio standing near the transept, not far from her friend Tudda. He flushed and looked confused as he met her eyes. She was glad of that, for did it not mean that he loved her still? And now she would go out again among the fields and on the rocks of the shore, and they would meet again, and be happy, and she would recover her good looks.

November is olive-gathering time in Sicily, and Carmela's family was very busy, for, though her father had no land of his own, he had the care of a fine bit of property close to the shore, half the produce of which came to him in accordance with the arrangement which is frequent between proprietors and peasants in Sicily. It was a long strip of land, stretching from the village to the sea, and covered almost entirely with almond and olive trees. Near the shore was a little cottage to which the family removed for the day during the ingathering of the fruits.

While her father and brothers were up among the trees, beating down the olives, which her mother and aunt busied themselves in picking up, Carmela would seize any excuse to run to the village on some errand. Turning her back to the beautiful sea, she would follow the scarcely visible footpath, past projecting boulders of lava encrusted with many-coloured lichens, past small labyrinths of prickly-pear and groups of trees surrounded by a low wall of loose stones to keep the scanty rain from trickling away in all directions, past some romantic nook curtained from the glare of day by feathery foliage, past some rocky seat overgrown with moss and shaded by an old locust-tree, past patches of barley and oats, through the invading lupine-creepers, until she came to the

The chance meetings had begun again.

boundary-wall. A little climb, and a gap let her into the lonely road leading to the village. Then she would look before her expectantly, and hurry on to where a large tree, standing in an open space of uncultivated land, seemed to have grown on purpose to shield lovers from indiscreet eyes. There she would wait and look, look and wait, until all hope sank within her. Then she turned back sorrowfully. But hope dies hard; and the next day she would come again, and look and wait again, though the village people had begun to say that Ciccio was making love to pretty, saucy little Tudda.

Carmela would not believe it at first. Tudda was her friend, and had known all about it from the first. It could not be. But he never came to the old trysting-place; and at last, one day she said to herself, "He will not come," and turned away with a set, despairing face.

She had grown rather strange of late, her mother thought. She neglected her duties, and would roam restlessly for hours along the barren shore.

Just in front of the cottage there was a strange kind of hollow, full of loose lava-stones, deep down between which could be seen the glimmer of brackish waters. Then the rocks rose again in bare iron-grey masses, jutting out far above the waters, and forming a little inlet. On the farthest of these cliffs Carmela would often sit, nursing her wrong until she felt herself one flame of anger, or looking dreamily at the blue promontory of Angusta, far out to southward, and dreamily listening to the lapping waves, until they seemed to be calling to her, and she would shrink back in terror. But she never looked back at the rising ground behind her, with its fringe of olive and almond branches, and its lonely cottage, where the geese cackled, and the turkey screamed, and the men and women came and went, singing at their task.

It was quite true: Ciccio and Tudda were betrothed. She had met them together, and a storm of rage had filled her soul. What! Was it not enough that she had been jilted by her lover and betrayed by her friend, but they must go flaunting their happiness in her very face? After that she met them pretty often, and it seemed to the poor girl as if she were always meeting them, always seeing them and hearing them together; and she longed to be blind and deaf, and to forget; but she could not. And the tempest within her raged and raged.

* * * *

It was a stormy day late in November. The wind was high, and now and then a flying black cloud burst in lashing rain on the trees, and now and then a sudden gust would strip the last leaves from the groaning branches, and twist and torture them in its fury. The men were at work, notwithstanding.

Carmela was walking along the road, almost blinded by the wind and dust. Her mother had sent her back to fetch some bread and a knife and spoon which had been forgotten. She had taken the things up mechanically, and put them loosely together, stupefied with long pain. As she hurried along, the handle of the knife pressed against her ribs, and she began wondering idly if the blade were very sharp, and whether it would hurt her if she made any sudden movement. Then she fancied she heard voices beyond her. That woke her. She knew those voices in spite of the deafening wind; she would have known them anywhere. She looked up. It was no fancy; they were there, under the old tree, the cherished, hated tree. How could they?

In an instant she had sprung upon her rival, striking at her with bloodshot, unseeing eyes. She heard her shrieks, but that only maddened her. She heard confused voices, and swift steps approaching, but she cared not. She went on striking blow after blow unheeding, until something heavy fell at her feet, and Tudda's voice screamed in her ear, "You have killed him!" Then she saw. It was not at Tudda she had been aiming those blows, but at Ciccio, who had thrown himself between them. Carmela gazed down calmly. She had not meant *that*, but just then she did not care; she exulted rather. Did he not deserve it? Had he not forsaken her? She was revenged at last.

Carmela gazed down calmly.

A crowd had gathered round them. Beppe, Ciccio's friend, knelt down to examine him. "He still breathes," he said at last. So they bound up the wounds as best they could, and carried the unconscious man to the nearest house.

Carmela went on slowly towards the cottage, mechanically repeating, "He still breathes." The news had somehow preceded her, and she only met horrified, staring eyes fixed on her. But she cared not. She sat down in the cottage and waited. She knew she would soon be arrested and imprisoned. But she cared not for that either. She thought of Tudda, and tried to lash herself into the old fury against her. But even that had died out. Her soul seemed to be dead within her; yet unconsciously she kept crushing down the feeling that trembled in her heart at the half-framed thought—If he were to die!

A little knot of villagers had gathered outside the door. She saw and heard them as in a dream. They came in after a while, and Beppe went and spoke to her mother. "Dead!" he said in the lowest of whispers. But Carmela heard him notwithstanding. "I have killed him!" she shrieked, her passion leaping up again like a flame. And she sprang out of the house with a wild cry.

The others gazed after as if turned into stone.

"Save her! Save her!" cried her mother—the horrible truth flashing upon her mind. And they all rushed out.

But it was too late. The frenzied girl had already reached the edge of the cliff; and they saw her leap into the swollen, angry waters beneath.

Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

A YOUNG PRIMA DONNA.

MISS JESSIE HUDDLESTON became famous one afternoon when, supported by her fellow-pupils at the Guildhall School of Music, she undertook the part of Juliet in Gounod's delightful opera. When she came before us as a professional at the real Opera House, it was only to sing the beautiful "sword song" in "Romeo and Juliet"—a small part, but excellently done by her. She got into a totally different school when she followed Mdlle. Alice Favier in "La Poupée," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The Frenchwoman could act the part to a hair's breadth, with the delicacy of detail

Photo. by Downey, Ebury Street.

MISS JESSIE HUDDLESTON AS THE PRINCESS IN "L'AMOUR MOUILLÉ."

which comes only to one to the manner born. But Miss Huddleston sang the music better, and carried on "La Poupée" to the end of a long run, after La Favier seceded. And now she is playing the part of the Princess in "L'Amour Mouillé," at the Lyric, and is singing as admirably as ever, though as yet she lacks the instinct for acting. Miss Huddleston was born at Bow.

FROM THE CHORUS.

No woman in London has become so famous within such a short time as Edna May; and she has become more famous than ever by reason of her divorce action against her husband, Fred Titus, the American cyclist, to whom she was married when she was only seventeen. Edna May Petty—for that is her real name—was born in Syracuse—there is an Oriental splendour about the names of American towns which makes the doings of their people consistent with the marvels of the "Arabian Nights"—and she went to New York when she was sixteen. There she met and married the "cycle king," Fred Titus. She began her stage career in a small part in a piece called "Santa Maria," then figured in "A Contented Woman," and was spotted by Mr. Lederer, who selected her to play the heroine in "The Belle." The rest belongs to history we all know. She seems likely to remain in this country, for she has taken a pretty house in Park Village West, Regent's Park, where she lives with her mother and her little sister, who is her very image.

Photo. by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

MISS EDNA MAY AT HOME, PARK VILLAGE WEST, REGENT'S PARK.

THE 'CUTE MISS CUTLER.

Miss Kate Cutler is always charming. She cannot help being otherwise. She sparkles, she fascinates you, she wakes you out of the dullest mood and puts you in good humour. Six years and more ago she appeared with Louie Pounds as one of the Duchess of Duffshire's daughters in "In Town," at the Gaiety, and sang a song about its "being very shocking if you show a bit of stocking." In the next important thing she did she showed no stocking at all, for she appeared as Trilby in the luckless burlesque which Miss Nellie Farren produced at the Opéra Comique. She made her first big hit in "The French Maid," where she had the assistance of her old colleague, Miss Pounds. Last year she appeared in "Little Miss Nobody," at

Photo. by Lallie Garet-Charles, Titchfield Road, Regent's Park.

MISS KATE CUTLER AS THE ORANGE-GIRL IN "L'AMOUR MOUILLÉ," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

the Lyric, and now she makes a delightful orange-girl in "L'Amour Mouillé," at the same house.

MISS FORTESCUE.

Miss Fortescue has been many years on the stage, but has spent only a small part of that time in London, so that her appearance as the sentimental Duchess of Strood in "The Gay Lord Quex" is a welcome return to town. It was Mr. Gilbert who "discovered" her, and she became famous a little later when she successfully sued Lord Garmoyle, the late Earl Cairns, for breach of promise. She is known throughout the length and breadth of the provinces as the chief of an excellent company. Her real name is Finney—her curious French sort of accent would make you think the family came from Finisterre—but her sister, who has frequently acted with her, has taken the name of Helen Ferrers, and is not to be confused with the clever sisters Ferrar.

Photo. by Downey.

MISS FORTESCUE AS THE DUCHESS OF STROOD IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX," AT THE GLOBE.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, MANICURIST.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh has played a good many parts in her time, but she had never such a chance as Mr. Pinero has given her in "The Gay Lord Quex," and so it is that a big queue waits on Quex nightly. The late Prebendary Barnes of Exeter, her father, brought up his four girls to the idea that they must earn their own living. So two of them went on the stage, and a third (who has since married) took to the concert platform. Irene owes a good deal to Mr. Toole, in whose company she played for many months, touring Australia with him. Having made a big hit in "Trelawny of the 'Wells,'" she was naturally chosen by Mr. Pinero to play the manœuvring manicurist in "Quex." Miss Irene Vanbrugh has a curious Japanese type of good looks. In the dressing-gown which she wears in the famous third act she looks more Japanese than ever.

Photo. by Lallie Garet-Charles.

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS SOPHY FULLGARNEY, THE MANICURIST,
IN "THE GAY LORD QUEX," AT THE GLOBE.

INHERITED TALENT.

The instinct for acting will out; hence one is not astonished to find that Miss Daisy Harris Sedger is clever, for she is the niece of Sir Augustus Harris and the daughter of Mr. Horace Sedger, who married Miss Nelly Harris. She made her first appearance in "Aladdin," at the Lane, and next season she figured as Beauty in Mr. Oscar Barrett's unlucky pantomime of "Cinderella," at the Garrick. She has recently been amusing herself as one of the bevy of pretty girls who attend Miss Ellaline Terriss in "A Runaway Girl."

Photo. by Bassano, Old Bond St.

MISS MOYRA CREEGAN, UNDERSTUDY OF MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS, IN "A COURT SCANDAL."

A HANDSOME UNDERSTUDY.

Miss Moyra Creegan, who understudied Miss Miriam Clements in "A Court Scandal," which the Boucicaults produced at the Court Theatre, and afterwards transferred to the Garrick, has done good work in the provinces in "The Liars," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," and other plays. Her chance in town is bound to come yet. For was not Miss Winifred Emery once an understudy too?

THE ACTOR WHO IS "CURLY."

When actors speak of "Curly," they mean Harold Kyrle Bellew, who is now playing the part of Robespierre's son at the Lyceum, which he first joined twenty years ago. He inherited his instinct for the stage from his father, the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, who delighted an older generation with his recitations, while the famous Fechter lived beside him at St. John's Wood. Like the late Mr. Terriss, he took to the sea—without really taking to it, for he soon tried to go on the stage. His father tabooed the idea, and he then went to Australia as a lecturer, a gold-digger, and a journalist. When his father died, in 1875, he came back to England, and made his début as "Harold Kyrle" at Brighton. For twelve years he scarcely left London. Then in 1888 he and Mrs. Brown-Potter began to act together, and during the next ten years they organised a repertory of

MISS FANNY WARD.

She is an American who has made her mark in farcical comedy, like "The Cuckoo," in which she recently played at the Avenue with Mr. Hawtrey.

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Portrait by Alfred Ellis.

thirty-two plays. Mr. Bellew is an enthusiastic amateur mariner, a cyclist, and a good shot. He is also a bit of a dramatist, for it was he who wrote "Charlotte Corday," in which Mrs. Brown-Potter looked so picturesque.

Photo. by Lallie Garet-Charles.

MR. KYRLE BELLEW AS ROBESPIERRE'S SON, AT THE LYCEUM.

A MANY-NAMED FAMILY.

Miss Lydia Flopp's appearance as one of Brutus's two daughters in "Great Cæsar," at the Comedy Theatre, showed us how much progress she has made since she first dawned on London four or five years ago. She is one of the clever Sisters Rudge, who call themselves by totally different names. The eldest is Letty Lind; then comes Miss Millie Hylton (Mrs. Clulow Sims); then Miss Adelaide Astor (the wife of George Grossmith, jun., one of the authors of "Great Cæsar"); and Miss Lydia Flopp.

FINE FEATHERS.

SCRAPS FROM LADY BABBIE'S NOTE BOOK.

IT will not have been lack of material, but of opportunity, that has so far stemmed the freely flowing tide of fashion this season, for, with every intention of being gorgeous, women have been debarred from preening their summer plumes at the proper times and places by reason of the abominably unseasonable and unsympathetic weather with which we have been victimised all the spring and so much of the summer.

According to all appropriate, poetic, and expected tradition, we should have been wearing rose garlands, blue sashes, and white muslins at the sweet of the year—that is, if we had wanted to. But the month of May throughout definitely ceased to be merry except in making sport for east winds and thunder-showers this year, a climatic joke in which we poor women, at all events, could be expected to take but a very unjocund part. All through that once cheerful four weeks, and even in the rose-crowned month of June that has just departed, the strawberry has had but a lifeless flavour, and the flowers have been slow to unclose, for want of any real warmth in the sun's attentions, and even the good old dog-days, which have been immemorially associated with once sultry July, have at last almost come to be discredited as mere ancestral fictions—fables, in fact, of the good old days, to our jaundiced and disbelieving vision.

I have seen muslins hanging mournfully from their pegs, which had been early intended for the greater subjugation of man and the beatification of disappointed women, and which were prepared with all the hope "that springs eternal" for early June and May-end fêtes, but had then fallen into untimely and dejected creases for want of exercise, while their owners went sorrowing in stuff.

Perhaps now, however, that the farmers are at last satisfied as to the hay crop, and that the roots are bulging with much prosperous fatness on account of rain-flooding, the weather fiend may turn his attention to the pressing matters of young women spending their season in town, and give them even at this eleventh hour of the season's campaign a final innings in the field matrimonial.

In view of all the Grand Duchesses, and female principalities variously, who have taken the motor-car to their volatile affections so freely of late, we shall be certain sooner or later to adopt the latest fantasy of fashion over here. So seriously has the craze been taken in Paris by the mode-makers that even materials and colours have been called after the electric centre of attraction, and special costumes designed for the automatic wheel woman.

A dainty, if somewhat extravagant motor-car costume was met along the Fontainebleau Road this week by an admiring correspondent, who forthwith sent me the following itinerary: Pale buff cloth trimmed with a fancy braid, the dress being made plain and long at back. Over it was worn a soft blue cape of light Molleton cloth lined with pale buff silk. The hood and high collar, to keep the neck free from dust, were detachable, the hood being lined with buff and turned over with pale blue. A smart little white straw hat, bound with blue suède and with a couple of quills set jauntily on one side, accounted for a fascinating whole.

A CHARMING FROCK FOR A GARDEN PARTY.

Since summer ides the motor has become indeed a familiar and frequent presence along the smooth French roads, and is generally driven by a daintily equipped damsel, with Mon Mari or Mon Ami sitting placidly alongside.

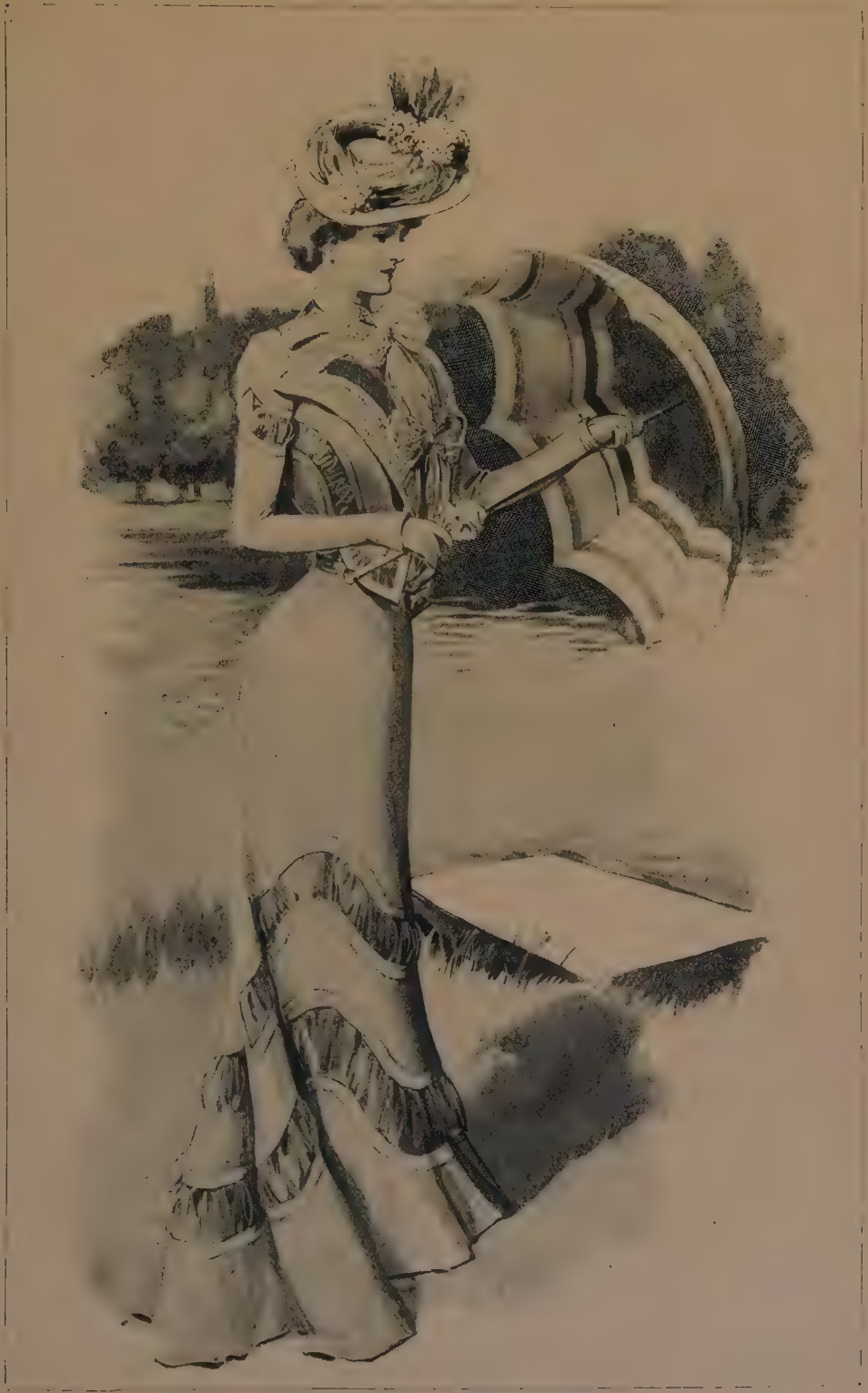
It may be mentioned *en passant* that it is the smart thing for women—in this connection—to drive, and not to be driven, a byelaw which has a wider application *bien entendu*, but not a more pleasant one. Princess Carl von Hohenlohe holds, so far, the record of the road as a "chaffeuse," having done from the Ritz, in Paris, to Baden-Baden, of which she is social queen, in two and a half days.

Reverting to matters of millinery, the great transparency in hats is as much a feature of the present mode as is the tightness of our gowns. At one of the big season garden-parties given within the week, all the best-dressed women wore head-gear of most diaphanous manufacture, which is admittedly a very dainty and most becoming style, having, besides, the additional, if unconsidered, advantage of allowing free ventilation to overheated brains. One little tulle toque, trimmed with shaded violets in many shades of mauve and tufts of leaves, I found particularly charming, and a garland of white roses lifted the hat up on the left side, and so added to its harmonious colouring.

Another toque, which was principally composed of that spangled crinoline braid so dear to the present affections of women, was enhanced by a large white brush aigrette and a great black velvet bow. One other extremely dainty confection was a black satin straw edged with a smooth white straw and trimmed profusely with black feathers. A Louis Quinze bow showed in front, also in velvet besprinkled with paste, and a large choux of velvet centred with a paste ornament was placed under the brim. Tinted wings have played a leading part in the comedy of feathers lately, and when arranged with care and taste, produce very good effects, but the ambitious home milliner should beware of them, for they are apt to evade the ambitious longings of unskilful fingers and twist in the wrong direction unless very cunningly applied.

Notwithstanding certain tentative efforts on the part of several modiste-makers in the first flight, we still continue to exaggerate our skirts to the very utmost degree of skin tightness. It would, indeed, seem as if woman could never be satisfied with the happy medium in things of the wardrobe, for the swing of the pendulum always carries her so willingly and completely to one extreme or another. The Early Victorian female rendered herself a laughing-stock to all the Olympians by the wearing of huge crinolines, which obliterated her lines of beauty and gave instead curves indeed, but of the most graceless and ungraceful. Now we have strained our dresses so tight across our hips as to render much exercise an impossibility, dancing a thing of the past, and even sitting down an exercise requiring some skill and a certain caution. We have freely laughed at these extravagances, but we still fondly continue to hug our foolishness. Many women have even gone to the more culpable lengths of using drugs calculated to artificially reduce their figures and render them abnormally slim. Whatever may be said for quack external applications and inventions, when it comes to taking injurious drugs internally with the same idea, then the aspect of our vanities becomes decidedly a serious one. One hopes that such cases belong to the isolated and foolish minority, but there is no doubt that women will go lengths in the pursuit of phantasmal beauty; and I have at the moment a letter from a correspondent who states that, having heard of a beauty-doctor in Paris who removes the outer skin and banishes wrinkles with the aid of acids, still declares herself prepared not only to undergo an admittedly painful treatment, but to pay any sum, reasonable or otherwise, for the discovery of this professor of impossibilities.

When will women have the sense to know and realise that the clock cannot be put back ten or twenty years at discretion, or without it, and that as the years grow it is inevitable they leave their marks behind them, and that no blandishment



A GRACEFUL RIVER GOWN.

of beauty-doctor or cajolery of cosmetic can successfully oppose the Juggernaut that slowly comes on and crushes the life out of departed youth?

The art of learning to grow old gracefully is one that every woman having passed her thirty-fifth summer should seriously apply herself to master, for there is no more pitiable spectacle than the wrinkled, raddled face of her who desperately clutches to the skirts of vanishing youth, and while preserving its bloom fails in possessing its flavour.

Another smart dress done in amethyst China crêpe, which was sent out to a friend in India the other day, had a curious but effective arrangement of four graceful flounces with pale green ruchings of chiffon edging each flounce. The skirt, skin-tight to below the knee, had a little train, and an elaborate embroidered bolero of pale green crêpe had long stole ends, which came down either side of the front and were edged with one of the new bullion fringes. The sleeves were made of tucked amethyst crêpe. The parasol was of pale green lined with amethyst chiffon, the handle set in opals, to carry out this harmonious combination.

Since the advent of the clinging skirt, what may be called an evolution of the corset has also taken place, and a faultless cut and ornamented exterior are more than ever the crux of this delicate subject. Long, supple, straight waists being a chief necessity with the up-to-date woman, the corsetière has successfully set herself to attain the ideal perfection of form which the present exigencies of a fashionable woman's wardrobe require. The material of which many of these corsets are made is called peau de suède, and is a new kind of silk, which while adapting itself to the form of the waist is extremely durable and supple to boot. The newest corsets are brought very low about the hips, over which they fit perfectly.

All the embroideries with which they are trimmed are laid on quite plain, so as not to interfere with the glovelike smoothness of the skirt which covers them, while petticoats of the same material, though somewhat heavy for summer, are being already prepared for autumn wear.

Of necessity, all the smart corsets are now made in this same shape, but some are of pink and blue cambric, which is of a light but firm texture. These have gay little flounced petticoats made to match. It is said that the honour of inventing this special shape, which has been adopted by "tout Paris," is due to the inventive genius of one of our English Duchesses.

The cult of the summer blouse is one that has not yet departed from our midst, though practically extermination has overtaken it as far as afternoon and evening occasions are concerned. Some of the dainty little editions of lace and cambric which have been evolved for morning use are excessively *chic*. Silk blouses are more or less *demodé*, but tucked, gathered, drawn, and variously wrinkled and embroidered mull muslin or fine cambric stand high in our affectionate consideration. There is, indeed, a daintiness about these airy arrangements which is never quite accomplished by silk. Most of the new blouses are therefore in the very thinnest materials, and should be worn over silk slips, whether they are made up with lace *entre-deux*—which is frequently the case—or not. Cravats are also an item on which we are expending a good deal of thought and money, and while seeming the merest adjuncts of the wardrobe, play a very necessary part in one's fine-weather *ensemble*, and as much as from one to four or five guineas is very easily paid for these extravagant but fascinating trifles.

Amongst garden-party dresses, one worn at Hurlingham the other day, done in pale blue muslin with neck trimmings of lace and stripes of sky-blue velvet placed at irregular intervals from waist to knee, was most successful. The hat which went with this graceful little gown was of pale blue satin straw profusely trimmed with cherries and foliage, which, as a blot of agreeable colour against the green-sward, was noticeably successful.

Another extravagant and fascinating costume was of white chiffon over white

silk elaborately trimmed with Chantilly lace embroidered in silver; and a mauve velvet waist-band made up this exotic altogether.

It seems to me that the eternal fitness of things is somehow set aside in the elaborate preparation we now make for these afternoon functions, many of the dresses being just as worthy and appropriate to ball-room occasions as to garden-parties; indeed, in many cases, the chief difference seems merely to lie in that one dress is high-necked and the other cut low.

There was a time, and a very good time it was, when our best effects were retained for indoor and evening, and simplicity was considered correct and becoming for *plein air* occasions. Nowadays the difficulty seems to be as to how much one can spend, and how much pile or put on in the daylight, with the consequent result of an enhanced prosperity for the dress-makers, and some bad quarters of an hour for ourselves or our masculine belongings when quarter-day comes round. This fact is, of course, noticeably concurrent with the increased prosperity of the "Great Middle Classes," so much so that poor gentility seems really to have no excuse for existing, or, at all events, for appearing in public. It is a very comforting fact to find riches in fashion, doubtless; but while the personal aspect of the matter does not very intimately affect us, one's joy at this increased gaiety of nations at large remains somewhat a tempered rapture.

Meanwhile, to return to the particular aspect of clothes, apart from their increasing extravagance and cost each season, many of the present styles are undeniably graceful, and though we are slow in adopting the extremest effusions of the French mode-makers, many of their latest combinations are always to be seen over here at the best social functions as soon as they are produced.

The Duchesse de Gramont (who, with our own Lady Warwick and Lady Feo Sturt, may be considered a trio of the smartest women, exteriorly and otherwise, to be easily met with) wore recently, at a diplomatic gathering in town, a costume which was equally remarkable for its simplicity and elegance, being, as a matter of fact, merely black China crêpe, but made as only a past mistress could successfully effect. The shawl-shaped lapels on bodice were closely embroidered in the finest steel spangles, and disclosed a white satin front which was similarly treated with the addition of some fine paste to the steel. Ravellings of the silk formed a deep knotted fringe to the tunic, and underneath it two accordion crêpe flounces were overlaid with the same elaborate and exquisite embroidery.

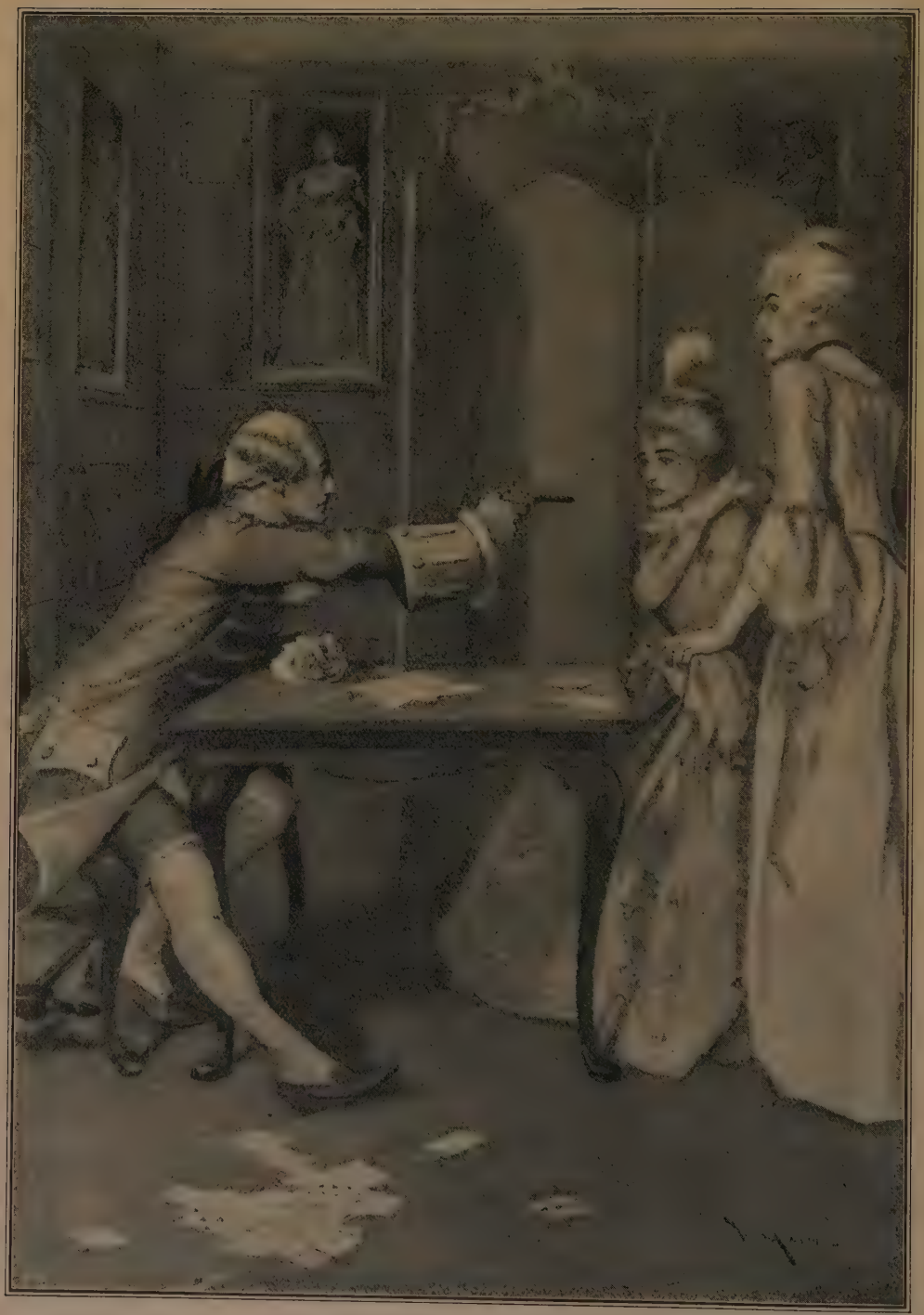
The latest development in evening cloaks takes the form of long muslin sacques, which are extremely effective as hot weather garments, but whose term of office would necessarily be a short one in our climate.

Lined with taffetas, heavily embroidered with sequins, and plentifully cascaded with lace, these muslin redingotes are things of joy to behold and of beauty to wear.

The floral taffetas, which are at present employed in outdoor gowns with parasols to match, are having a great vogue in Paris, and those printed wih Pompadour flowers are once more to be inevitably met with at all smart out-door gatherings.

Curious little Louis Seize mantles, which were called capuchons in the old days, are again revisiting glimpses of our modern moons. They just cover the shoulders, and are mounted on a high collar, which comes up to the ears; a large bow of mousseline, lace, or other light material appears at the neck, and heads the cascade of fluffy finery which descends to below the waist in front. As far as warmth is concerned, the amount obtainable would not count for much with a thermometer below zero, but as a smart little summer wrap the Louis Seize capuchon is much to be commended.

Another development in this season's list of modes has been the advent of the white petticoat, not as our grandmothers wore it, but as a greatly beflounced and skilfully cut edition of the coutourière's art.



"Stir a muscle, Anthony Dare," says the Captain, "and you're dead."

See "Lady Barbarity," Page 405.

LADY BARBARITY.

A ROMANTIC COMEDY.

By J. C. SNAITH.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, the well-known Author of "Fierceheart the Soldier," has chosen the stirring times of the Jacobite Rebellion for the mise-en-scene of this story.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CAPTAIN TRUMPS MY TRICK.

I AM now come to some grave adventures. Even at the remote hour at which I here retail them, I hardly know whether to shudder or to smile, so whimsical they were, yet so fraught with consequences of the gravest sort. Indeed, their memory seems a quaint mingling of laughter and dismay. There is, I think, scarcely an event in life that cannot be made food for ridicule by the lightly minded. In that category I count one, my kind friends tell me; but of the strange duel that was fought at which I presided in my person, of the conflict of wills and passions that befell, of the hopes, the fears, the plottings, the contrivings, the general foxiness of everyone, but most of all of me; the stern contentions that appeared to some of us to turn the whole world topsy-turvy, I could not at the time decide whether to grin or groan at. And faith! even at this date, I am not come to a decision.

The very night of the Corporal's detention and release was the date of the first of these important matters. The hour was midnight or rather more when I got into bed. The day with me had been so arduous that no sooner did my head meet the pillow than I was asleep. I was aware of nothing till consciousness was restored to me all at once, and I found myself sitting up in the sheets and listening to strange sounds. It was very dark, and the wind outside still seemed to be crying with a night voice; but some unprecedented thing had surely taken place, else I should not have thus awoke to find all my senses strained and tense with apprehension. 'Twas a cold enough sensation to discover oneself sitting thus, with the darkness and silence of death enveloping the chamber. I was in the act of resettling myself snugly for repose, when the cause of my awakening became apparent. Several muffled but heavy footfalls I heard just the hither side the curtains of my bed, and while I was fearfully speculating upon the nature of these sounds, for it was an eerie hour, I caught a noise as of the soft closing of my-chamber door. At first the horrid, quiet gloom, and the mystery of it all, made a coward of me, and I drew the blankets convulsively about my head, and sought to subdue the ticking of my heart. But hearing them repeated in the corridor outside, curiosity managed to suppress my fears, and I stole from my bed to satisfy it. Opening the door with the tenderest care, I peeped cautiously across the threshold. The landing window being uncurtained, the long corridor leading to the stairs was sensibly lighter than my room. The cause of the alarm was immediately made plain. A dim figure was creeping painfully towards the stairs,

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and dark as it was, my excited eyes were keen enough to identify its faint outlines and its singular condition. 'Twas a man's shape shuffling heavily along; one portion precariously supported by a stick, the other by a hand pressed against the wall. As soon as I discerned the details, appertaining to him, I had read the riddle of his apparition. It was none other than my good friend Captain Grantley!

I slipped back into bed with all the sleep banished from my eyes. A remarkable trembling held me now in every joint. 'Twas a spasm of downright, arrant fear. Yea, my good friend, Captain Grantley, was verily the devil! Every day served to reveal in new and unexpected ways the depth and audacity of his wit. This further manifestation of it almost paralysed me. 'Twas no common cunning that had taught him to conceal for what must have been several days the right condition of his knee.

As I lay awake striving to find a means to check this latest move of my subtle enemy's, several bitter facts were writ upon my mind. First, that I was not his match in craft, no matter how considerable my own; further, that if by any chance he had found his way this night to the room of Prue, our game was lost. There was only one ray of comfort that his nocturnal expedition brought. It was that whatever might be his suspicions in regard to the prisoner's presence in the house, he held no evidence wherewith to confirm them, else he had not gone night-walking to obtain it. But had this night-excursion given him the knowledge? 'Twas a baffling problem. However, I hoped and believed that he had been unable to visit the room of Prue, since for safety's sake I insisted that she should promise to lock her door. Yet, in dealing with a person of the Captain's calibre, who shall make enough of an allowance for the scope of his talents and activities? Faith, I had learned to dread this subtle foe more utterly than anything since the bogies of my childhood! I do not think I should have feared him so could I only have killed the reluctant admiration that, in despite of myself, his skill commanded.

You may be sure that at the dawn's appearance I rose earlier than my wont was; and while I made my toilette I sent a message to the masquerader to induce him to come abroad as early as he could, for I felt unable to enjoy any peace of mind until I had let him know his latest danger. And I was the more eager to confide in him, inasmuch as at a crisis he could display a fine intelligence.

I greeted him with this momentous question—

"Did you lock your chamber-door last night, Sir?"

"I did," he answered.

"Then," says I, "you may congratulate yourself on your escape."

Therewith I related the remarkable experiences I had so lately undergone. While I did this I noted that his face grew very stern and ugly.

"Bab," says he at the conclusion, "these playhouse tricks of ours will do well to have an ending. This Captain man is too devilish ingenious to be tolerated any more. He's too early on the perch for us, Bab, and that's a fact. He must either have his wings clipped, else I must fly away."

"The time is not yet for you to fly, my lad," says I; "you know very well that I have decided to hold you here until I can have you carried privily to London, and then shipped straightway from Deptford to the Continent. But as to the clipping of the Captain's wings, how shall you set about it?"

"There is a way, you can depend upon it," he replied, with a significance that startled me, "though, to be sure, 'tis not one that's very gentle."

"What do you mean, Sir?" says I, while a light came in his eyes that made them shine like meteors.

"Well, I mean just this," says he. "For me to fly from this house to-day is certain death, as you remind me. But it is equally impossible for me to be here abiding now that the Captain's so alert.

'Twill not be advisable for this house to hold us both another day. Therefore one of us may go; and if the name of that one does not happen to be Dare, then I think it's Grantley."

"A very pregnant and luminous piece of reasoning," says I; "but provided it is Grantley, how are you going to set the man in motion?"

"You think the man will need a spur?" says he.

"I do indeed," says I, "and one both sharp and covert."

"I have here the very thing," says he. Upon the word he fumbled in his skirts, and presently produced a little leather case therefrom. Plucking off the top, he showed me that a small venomous stiletto lay twinkling in it. As you may suppose, I took several seconds to recover my breath, then cried—

"What, you bloody-handed rogue! have you murder in your mind?"

"Some may call it murder," he meekly said, "and some may call it sin; and as I'm not a learned man I shan't dispute 'em. But the pith of the affair is this. If Grantley can contrive to rattle the first blow in among my ribs then I shall be a corpse. Yet, on the other hand, if I can get the first home I shan't need to strike again."

"Silence, wretch," I commanded him with sternness. "Do you dare to talk of murder to my face, then?"

"Some may call it murder," he repeated, "but it never was a name of mine. It's a time of open war, you see; the rebel and the redcoat; and I'm a rebel, as you are aware."

"Well, at the best," says I, "even if one can square one's conscience, 'tis not the right English fashion, Sir; and therefore I'll none of it."

"No," says he reluctantly, "perhaps it's not. And certainly an open fight would consort kinder with my temper. But how is one to be arranged? Alas! it is impossible."

"Impossible or not," says I, "I am not the one to wink at murder."

"None the less, I would remind you, Madam," he insisted, "that one there'll be if once the man on whose behalf you are interfering can set his hands on me. Tyburn Tree is murder as surely as is an inch of steel."

"I am not likely to forget it," says I, "but I propose to select a choicer instrument than the stiletto wherewith to save your life."

But I found it easier indeed to avert than to perform. My interdict against murder I rigidly enforced; but how to procure the advantages of that extreme act without paying for them bloodily caused me to waste hours in fruitless thought. Affairs were at a head, and something demanded to be done. Captain Grantley was no more the tiger caged. The fierce, intrepid animal had managed to break his prison, and now was on the prowl. Small doubt that he was stealthy, savage, and vindictive. Unless I took an immediate means to ensure the safety of the helpless creature cowering beneath my promise of protection, he would be torn limb from limb, and that despite my vows. And in good sooth, things had gone so far that I felt that if by a mischance the poor lad should perish after all, my heart must perish too.

I now come to perhaps the strangest evening of my life. It behoves me, therefore, to be respectful of all that did occur. As I have said, supper was the meal when the family and any guests receiving our hospitality were expected to assemble, that the evening might be spent in cheerful intercourse. Ever a social being, the Earl, my papa, when in the country was a great stickler for this rule. Therefore, when the bell summoned us to the board on this most eventful evening, any tremors that we had we were compelled to lay aside, while we descended to the supper-table. As our enemy had made no move during the progress of the day, we were led to foster the opinion that, whatever his suspicions, his dark errand had been barren, and that accordingly he lacked a positive knowledge of the rebel's sanctuary in our house.

I remember that both Miss Prue and I

robed with particular care this evening. Miss Prue heightened her complexion to an almost hectic hue, for she reminded me that she was in a very "killing" humour. We dawdled into the dining-room with arms about the waists of one another, as is the fashion of dear friends. My aunt and my papa were there already; the usual salutations were interchanged, and no circumstance suggested that aught beyond the common would occur. But, indeed, an omen thrust itself upon me a moment later when I noted that an extra chair was ranged against the table, which was also laid for five instead of four.

"Why, aunt," cries I, "who is to be our visitor?"

"Patience, child," my aunt replied, with such an amiable air that forthwith I suspected her of treachery. And, straight, a pang went through me, for I was almost sure that we had been lured into a trap from which it was now too late to escape. And even as this thought afflicted me, suspicion became dire fact. The door appeared to open and a commotion arose the other side of the screen. A sound of shuffling, accompanied by a painfully slow gait, published to me the worst ere even the ubiquitous Captain hove in view. He came to the table leaning on the shoulder of a servant, and was propped up also by a stick.

You can suppose that every detail of the Captain's mien and conduct is writ down in my mind. First he advanced in the most unincriminating manner, bowed profoundly over my aunt's extended hand, accepted the kind words and congratulations of my lord with an air of admirable courtesy and pleasure, put his palm across his heart and smiled, and bowed to me as gracefully and deeply as his predicament allowed, and generally held himself with a sweeping ease that was sublime. Nor was I much behind him there. I turned to the poor masquerader, who was sustaining the ordeal nobly, and said in a full, clear tone—

"Prue, dear, permit me to present to you Captain Grantley, of the 33rd, one of my oldest and most cherished friends."

Bows were exchanged by both parties with a gravity that would have been enjoyable had one's fears been quieter. Without more ado we assumed our chairs, and the meal began. My appetite was gratified with a mere pretence of eating, and even this Barmecidal course was begrudged it by my heart. Here I was sensibly the poorest actor of the three, for the Captain laughed, joked, drank, and supped with a military heartiness, while Miss Prue requested him to pass the salt with the demurest smile you ever saw. It was quite on the cards, of course, that the Captain was still in ignorance of the Honourable Prudence Canticle's true identity, as her disguise really was without a shade of doubt ingenious. Yet, on the other hand, to accept this as a fact would be the height of assumption. The Captain was a terrible variety of man to whose depth it was impossible to put a limit. He was a master of the art of concealing what he knew. He had the trick of wooing one into the comfortable notion that he was pretty well an ignoramus, when he had practically taken all knowledge for his province. Thus, his present air of candour notwithstanding, I was woefully afraid.

The conversation was unceasing. The Captain kept up a rattle of the delightfulest inconsequence, made jests upon his leg that actually enticed the dowager into a smile, and seemed most magnanimously inclined to forget the injuries to his person and his reputation, let bygones be bygones, and pardon even me, the arrantest rebel that had yet to grin through hemp.

Later, on retiring to the withdrawing-room, we had cards as usual. Going from one apartment to the other, I was able to secure a short aside with Prue.

"Suppose," says I, "you now contract a headache, and retire for the evening? The less you are exposed the better."

"Not I," says she; "I'll see it through. If he hath already smelled me out, nought can avail me. If he hath not, but is lingering in doubt, he will take the fact of my seizing the first chance of escaping

from his scrutiny as an important evidence, and will feed his suspicions on it."

I had to admit that this in the main was shrewd. Prue came therefore and bore a hand at cards. The play was continued pretty late. All things were amicable as could be, and gradually, as the hours passed, our dark suspicions of the early evening were considerably laid. The dowager retired at the sound of twelve, as was her custom. The best part of an hour later, growing drowsy and uncertain in his play, the Earl rose, gave us good-night and also went to bed.

On the withdrawal of my lord my spirits rose remarkably, for I judged that all our doubts were about to be resolved. If the Captain was still our dupe he would remain, of course, quiescent; or if he had spied our deception out it was natural to expect him by word or deed to betray something of his knowledge. But he continued playing with such an imperturbable and easy mien, his voice remained so candid and so clear, his eye so open and indulgent, and his manner so frank and unrestrained, that soon reassuring glances were exchanged between the masquerader and myself.

For what followed I am, perhaps, to be in a measure blamed. Lulled into security by the conduct of our enemy, to some extent I gave the rein to my own desires. From the first I had been winning steadily, and my appetite for play, always vigorous, seemed to increase as my guineas grew. True, half these gains had originally been money of my own, Prue having been furnished with means for this diversion from my purse; but the Captain was undoubtedly a loser.

"There!" he cries at last. "That completes the second hundred. And, under your leave, Madam, 'tis high time, I think, the loser called, 'Hold—enough!'"

"Then you do not care to work your evil vein out, Sir?" says I.

"I should be only too glad to try, dear lady," he replied, "if I had not other work to do. Besides, you will observe that, strive as I may, I cannot scrape together another guinea or another bank-bill."

As a proof he fumbled with his pockets mightily. He exposed the linings of those in his coat, and playfully remarked—

"You see, quite empty!"

But how little did we divine his strategy! The next moment showed that this search for money was but a pretext; and a spasm of mingled rage and horror seared me when his true intention was unmasked.

Suddenly, as he sat opposing Prue and me the other side the little card-table, his right hand was shot across in the direction of my companion, and a pistol was exposed and rigidly presented within six inches of her face.

"Stir a muscle, Anthony Dare," says the Captain, "and you're dead."

I could almost feel the poor lad flinch under his heavy rouge. He said not a word though, but only trembled and stared dumbly at the iron.

For myself I gave one look at these enemies, and then rose in a tempest of rage and pity.

"Man," I says, "are you mad? Anthony Dare? What do you mean?"

"A neat deception, an elegant deception," says the Captain, "and I give you my compliments upon it, Madam; but now I think it's at an end. I'll confess 'tis pretty enough for boozy troopers; therefore, Madam, again my compliments upon it."

My reply would have been a fury had he not silenced me with his glance.

"Hush, Madam," says he, "unless you desire to have the house aroused. To spare you an exposure I have submitted to some inconvenience and run a certain risk by moving in the matter at this unseasonable hour, when broad daylight would be greater to my profit. For, believe me, I am beyond all things anxious to serve your interests so far as my duty will permit."

"Or your inclination," says I harshly.

"Mr. Dare," says the Captain to his prisoner, "I would have you place both your open hands upon the table-cloth, for, Mr. Dare, in my opinion you are as skilful as they're grown, allowing for your

years and opportunities. Let me admit at once, Sir, that I entertain a considerable opinion of you. But if, Mr. Dare, I might venture to advise you, I should make as little noise to-night as possible, or the reputation of her ladyship will be undoubtedly in peril."

'Twas rather like being choked with a surfeit of strawberries and cream or maddened with a brook of silver melody to hear the Captain use this complimentary tenderness with the subtle notes of triumph ringing underneath it. And his face! His eyes appeared to overflow with admiration and solicitude. But there was a quiet curl about his mouth that made him wholly hateful. The prisoner was the next to speak.

"Captain," he said, "I'm squarely ta'en. And if you will promise to spare her ladyship I'll yield unreservedly. If you will not, you will have to put a bullet through me, for 'tis more to my taste than Tyburn in the cart."

Here, despite himself, the poor wretch shivered.

"Willingly," says the Captain, "and that's a bargain. Give me your word upon it, Sir, and then I can put this bit of iron up."

Thereon the prisoner bowed in assent to his captor, who quietly replaced the pistol in his coat.

"Mr. Dare," says the Captain with great suavity, "might I suggest that you change your clothes before my men can note them?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Dare," says I, "I would suggest for my part that you advertise yourself before them in this attire. For I do not doubt that they will rejoice to learn what handsome fools they are."

"My Lady Barbara is surely hard upon them," says the Captain. "Something should be allowed for her powers of deceit."

"Would you insult me, Sir?" I cries, dying to pick a quarrel with the man. There are periods when one would forfeit willingly one's figure in the world to have a virago's privileges for a short five minutes. However, I saw full bitterly that railing could not avail.

Perforce I kept my gaze from the white-faced prisoner. I could not endure to see the lad. Not that he took the matter ill. He was outwardly as calm as was his foe. But there was something in his mien that made a dreadful coward of me at a time when I could have wished to be most brave.

A horrid silence presently ensued. The Captain had said his say already. And I had much to speak, but for my life I could not speak it then. As for the prisoner, when I stole a look at him, he was staring with grim eyes at Sir Peter Lely's picture of my mother, hung upon the wall. But he stood as silent as the tomb. Then it was that our enemy, the Captain, acted in the strangest way—but one, I think, that honoured both his heart and his intelligence.

"I will withdraw," says he, looking tenderly at me. "For I fear it will be your last hour together." Then looking at his prisoner, "When you are ready, Mr. Dare, if you will step into the library you will find me at your service."

Saying this, he rose and hobbled out upon his crutch.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH I AM WOOED AND WON.

I was quite joyfully startled at the Captain's course.

"Now what's the fellow mean by this?" I whispered to the lad. "Is it to give you one more chance while his back is turned, out of pure compassion, or is he fool enough to trust you?"

"He is fool enough to trust me, Madam," says the lad, haughtily I thought.

"Very charming of him," I admitted. "There must be a deal of poetry in his soul. But come, Sir! There is not one second to be lost. Steal upstairs and get your skirts off, while I find some guineas for you, and letters to recommend you to the consideration of some southern friends."

This drew fierce looks from him, but he exchanged them when he spoke for a haggard smile.

"Ah, Madam," he said, "you do not understand."

"I understand only too well," I sighed. "Tyburn Tree, my lad, and an end to everything. But for the love of Heaven, cease this babbling. Off with you at once, or your chance is gone for ever."

"But the Captain is fool enough to trust me, Madam," he repeated.

"Then you refuse to fly?" I demanded, trembling in my eagerness.

"I do," says he.

"Then I hope you'll hang!" I cried. "Yes, simpleton that you are, I hope you'll hang!"

However, at the mention of his certain fate I was no longer mistress of myself, for I sat down suddenly in a very unreasonable fashion, covered my eyes with my hands, and allowed my tears to break forth in the most uncontrollable flood I've ever shed. When I desisted somewhat from this, and next looked up, the prisoner was at my side, and bending over me with a tenderness that added to my woe. Hardly a minute had fled since last I had seen his face, yet in that little time it appeared to have aged by twenty years. Great as my own pains were, I knew them to be equalled by his own, for he was plainly suffering a very bitter agony.

"Madam," he said, with his native bluntness refined into a strange sweetness by his grief, "would to God I had never known you! You make the thought of death terrible hard to bear."

"Oh!" I sobbed, with a ridiculous riot in my breast, "I thought I was never in your style; I thought you never cared; I thought——"

"You are a wonderful brave woman," he says, in a whisper, "a wonderful brave woman."

One of his tears fell down upon my shoulder. Sore was I tempted to indulge myself with weeping too, but knowing well that the prisoner had not a hope of life other than one that I might find him, I fought against my weakness till in a measure it was overcome. But the face of the prisoner was before me always, and again did my eyes grow dark and heavy with their tears.

"Child, do not be afraid," I said, trying, for conscience' sake, to affix on him the guilt that was my own. "Be brave—the matter is not so cruel as it looks."

He did not answer, but his smile was grim. And it seemed wonderful to me that the faculties of his mind should remain so keen when Death's shadow was darkening his heart.

"Madam," he said gently, after a miserable silence, "give me your hand just once, in parting, and I shall consider that the climax to a life that never was unhappy. For your courage, Madam, is the sweetest memory I have; and I mean to bear it ever."

"No, no," I said, while my tears broke forth again. "Do not afflict me with farewells. They are more than I can suffer. Oh, my lad! I cannot let you go like this! My life begins and ends with you!"

"But for you, my fair sweet lady," he replied, "I could receive death easily. But I can rejoice that I've known you, and that you have been my friend. And now it were better that I took my leave, for the longer that we are together the sharper will the separation be." I heard a half-checked groan escape him. Afterwards he said, "Oh, what a loveliness grief hath lent you! Never did you look so beautiful before to-day."

"Yes," I sobbed, "you always said you liked 'em clinging."

"Let us say good-bye," he whispered. "At least, let us have done with this."

"Child, be brave," I recommended him, with a depth in irony that it was well he could not fathom.

"I blame you for my cowardice," he said.

There was a quiver in his face that even he could not conceal. I felt almost happy when I saw it, for it told me that at last even the untamable was tamed.

"You do not want to die?" I asked him softly.

"No," he stammered, "I do not want to die."

"And why do you not want to die?" I continued, without pity. "There was a time, you know, when you were not so troubled with this scruple."

"'Tis an unnecessary question," he said, while a glance came from him that sank into my heart.

"Is it that you have come to love me?" says I, in my monumental innocence.

"I—a beggar?"

"Nay, Sir," says I, "not a beggar. You lack his first essential, his humility. Suppose we say a sturdy rogue?"

"A sturdy rogue, then."

"Well, an he loves me, I can pardon the presumption of a sturdy rogue."

"You had better do so, then," says he.

"That is, you love me, Sir," I demanded sternly.

"By God I do!" he cries.

"Which is very well," says I, "as, all things considered, Sir—well, all things considered, Sir—that is, at least, I think it's very well. And as you love me, Sir, I would have you steal out through the window of this room, creep across the park into the wood, and I will meet you there in half an hour with money, a disguise, and suchlike necessaries."

"And my promise to the Captain, Madam?"

"The Captain is your enemy," says I. "He seeks to kill you."

He shook his head in defiance of my open anger.

Now here was a point that I never could distinguish. Why, in the first place, the Captain should have dared to trust a desperate rebel upon his simple word, was beyond my understanding; again, why, when his enemy had been fool enough to do so, that rebel did not profit by this credulity was even greater mystery. Of course, I have heard soldiers talk about their "honour," and I had lately learnt to know that his "honour" was the one flaw in the complete armour of that worldling, my papa; but for my life I cannot see why a man should extend more consideration to it than he would, as in this present case of young Anthony, to death itself. And certainly I think that there is never a woman of us all that, being put in his tight place, but would have stretched her word to a point. Bab Gossiter herself would have done so, I can promise you.

Still the prisoner was obdurate. And if he, of all persons, refused to connive at his own escape, verily his case was dark. But there was one other. Who knew but that, after all, he might relent a little under the fire of my eyes? The Captain had flinched before their powers once; perchance he might again.

"My lad," I said, turning to the prisoner, "wait here till I return. I wish to speak a few words with the Captain."

"On my behalf?" says he.

"Oh, no," says I promptly, for did I not know his disposition was peculiar? Even as I went, however, I could see that he did not set much value on my word, and it was a nice question whether he had accepted it.

I found the Captain sitting before the library fire. The blaze playing on his face showed it sombre and deeply overcast with thought. When I entered alone a visible embarrassment took hold of him, and I believe it was because he had noted the red and inflamed appearance of my eyes.

"I am come to plead, Sir," says I, plunging at once into my bitter task.

"My dear lady, I had feared it," he said.

"He is very young," I said, "very misguided probably, but a youthful error is not to be punished with the scaffold."

"It is the law," says he sadly.

"Humanity is more potent than the law, Sir." My tears broke forth again.

"And," said the Captain, with great gentleness, "Lady Barbarity at every season and in every circumstance is always humane."

His voice made me shiver. There was a metallic harshness creeping out from underneath the velvet tones. His face, too, had grown dark with sneers and sardonic meaning. I struggled to be resolute,

but the Fates were against me. The shadow of death was lying on my heart, and steel it as I might it could not forbear from trembling at the Captain's words, that were as cold as doom, and twice as cruel.

"My Lady Barbarity is ever humane," the Captain said. "There would be no pretext for her title else."

"I will confess, Sir," says I, "that I never had any particular compassion for fools. In my opinion, Sir, it is no worse to trample on a fool than it is to beat a dog."

"Well, Madam," says the Captain, very like a Judge, "that, I think, is a matter for your conscience. But is it not rather a flaw in policy, don't you think, to come to a fool on whom you have trampled with a plea for mercy?"

"Captain Grantley," says I warningly.

"You must forgive my bluntness, Madam," he continued, "but I, a fool, have been compelled to suffer greatly at your hands. You may have forgotten last year in London, and this very room but a week ago, but I can assure you, Madam, that I have not. I have passed through a purgatory of hope and jealousy, and for what reason, Madam? Simply that, to serve your private ends, you have deigned to shoot a few smiles out of your eyes. And under your pardon, Madam, I will say those eyes of yours are poisoned daggers that corrupt everything they strike. At least, I know they have corrupted my very soul."

He ended this strange speech with a groan. There was a still passion in him that was alarming. If ever a man meant mischief, surely this was he.

"But, Sir," I said, "you must understand that I am not pleading for myself."

"No; only for the man you love," says he.

I saw he was white to the lips.

"Sir," says I, "if this were not so nonsensical, I should deem it an impertinence."

"It is only to saints that plain truths are inoffensive," the Captain answered.

Again and yet again I returned to the attack, only to discover that I had to deal with a cold man kindled. Here was a person not to be fired easily; a chance spark would not light him; but once ablaze, and he would not cease burning until the whole of him was ashes. I had only to look at his face observantly to find proofs of the havoc I had caused. His eyes were bright and hollow; his cheeks had fallen in. Hitherto I had held these the signs of the mind's anxiety at his long captivity and his prisoner's escape. But had I plumbed deeper to the sources of his malady I should have found that they sprang from the bitter sufferings of his heart. And whatever the shining qualities of this gentleman, I knew from the beginning that magnanimity was not among them. He had endured the pain that I had wantonly inflicted on him bravely and proudly, but he had also abided his time. Alas, that his time was now!

Looking at his cold eyes, and the scorn of his lips, I knew that he meant to punish me. There was not one relenting glance to give me hope. I do not think I am a greater coward than my sisters, but somehow all at once I felt my courage go. This patient foe seemed too powerful and wary; I was but as a reed in his hands; he could break me now and cast me to the ground. I shall not describe my long, fervent pleadings with him. I was made to command and not to pray; therefore, I believe a creature of a humbler mind would have borne this matter more effectively. For my every plea fell on a heart of stone. At last I cried out from the depths of desperation: "Is there no price in the world that would tempt you to spare him?"

His answer was startling.

"Yes, Madam—one," he said.

"Name it, Sir!" I cried, springing to my feet in my excitement. "Name it, Sir, and, please God, it shall be paid!"

"Become my wife, Madam. On that condition only do I release your lover."

You have seen the actors in the playhouse strike their attitudes and deliver their high speeches with the most poignant effect. You know that you are pierced

not by a natural emotion, but by art and a studied utterance. I had this feeling in the most intensified degree when my subtle enemy announced with wonderful seeming candour the price I had to pay. Of a sudden, however, his gravity was exchanged for a laughter equally insincere. At first I took it for the mere brutality of mockery in the playhouse manner, but as again and again it returned upon him, and rose to a horrible hysteria, it was presently borne upon me that I was not so much the object of his hollow mirth as the agonised James Grantley.

Despite the magnitude of his demand I was not slow to answer. Though I had an instinct that this momentous circumstance demanded at least a day and a night for ponderation, I felt quite incapable of coolly considering it for twenty seconds. Conscious of nothing beyond the blood droning in my brain, I replied to my enemy—

"Captain, I accept the conditions you have named."

Perhaps the man was not prepared for this, for his face grew painful in its pallor, while the fire burned deeper in his eyes.

"Madam," says he, in a voice hardly to be endured. "I suppose you are aware that this will ruin me?"

"And you, Sir," I said politely, "that I shall be damned eternally?"

"Take a more cheerful view of it, dear lady," he mockingly invited me.

"Captain," says I, "do you know that you most remind me of an angry wasp? You are prepared to destroy yourself to gratify the lust of your revenge."

Thus with these sweet speeches was our wooing done!

(To be continued.)

PRIVATE MAY.

By GEORGE WOLFSCOTE.

IT all happened during the route-march of the battalion through the district where it was raised more than a hundred years ago.

They were practically picked men, and, the notoriously bad characters having been left behind in barracks, no great trouble was anticipated. But even thirty years' service and an extensive knowledge of the world will not prevent the smartest of commanders from making mistakes, and Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet-Colonel T. Vavasour, D.S.O., made a bad one when he included Private May in his contingent.

They had been entertained in the county town the day before. The Mayor and Corporation, proud of their regiment and having few opportunities of display, had entertained their guests lavishly — the officers in their oak-panelled Town Hall and the men in a marquee in the market-place. The local brewer, too, had supplemented the men's dinner by a very generous gift of champagne.

This is not a temperance story; but Private May was a man who should not have tasted alcohol at any time or under any circumstances. For some years—ever since a memorable disturbance just outside barracks — he had been a consistent member of the C.E.T.S., beloved of the chaplain, but the champagne had been irresistible. If beer or even spirits had been handed round, his strength of mind would have enabled him to decline them; but creamy, bubbling, ginger-beer-looking champagne! The temptation had been too great, and he had fallen.

No one sitting near him at table had referred to his fall; for his neighbours were younger and weaker than he, and the consequences attendant on doing so would have been unpleasant. He had, therefore, drunk on and on until the wine had got into his blood.

He had done nothing foolish, however, and had reached his billet that night without any mishap.

Next morning on their march, when the town had been left behind and the crowd had dwindled away, Private May's head buzzed with a curious sound he had thought long years ago he had lost for ever, and his mind became occupied by many and bitter thoughts. It was the hottest day of a very hot summer, and the perspiration which rolled from the men elicited many oaths and caused much bad temper. Private May's skin, however, was dry and parched, and his wrists throbbed as he kept step.

Then a curious thing happened. They were swinging up the hill, on the other side of which Rawlston, their destination, lay, when the bit of white road the private could see on the horizon began to move, and he smiled grimly as he watched its antics. At first it divided, and looked like the legs of a miller, up whose body they were walking. Then the legs began to wriggle, and shot up into one, at the top of which there took shape long bony toes, that came on and on towards him, until they touched his eyeballs and worked themselves in and out of his brain. When the performance stopped, a cold perspiration broke out over him.

In the afternoon of that day they reached Rawlston. Now Rawlston's jealousy of its larger and more important neighbour was proverbial, so a repetition, minus the

brewer's champagne, of the former day's hospitality was extended to the battalion. A Volunteer brigade, too, was stationed for a week's training in a park overlooking the town, and the men of the Regular battalion were practically made free of the canteens.

And here, in one of them, when night fell, Private May sat, the centre of an admiring throng of Volunteers, to whom he was talking of India and its varied life and scenes. His language was simple, direct, and evidently truthful, for he obviously understated facts which his auditors might doubt, and added explanatory details which convinced. He had as yet disbursed not a penny, although his pockets were bursting with screws of tobacco, and he waved, as to the manner born, a huge and expensive cigar. His glass, of course, was never empty, and travelled regularly and frequently upwards. It was altogether a pleasant little period of forgetfulness.

He described very vividly, amongst other adventures, an attack which his battalion had made on the stockade of a Dacoit chief in Burma.

They had by a forced march at night arrived in the neighbourhood of the stockade, and when morning broke were ready to rush it. The gates had been blown in, and one of the captains and the narrator were scrambling over the broken timbers when they were attacked by some of the boldest of the robbers.

And Private May continued his story quietly and impressively—

"Yes, an' w'en the Colonel — well, captain of my company 'e was then—instead, mind you, of bein' in furst, 'e stops, and 'e ses: 'Look after that man there.' An' there I was on the ground with two of 'em jabbin' away at me; but before you could say 'Jack Robinson' they 'd breakfusted on 'arf-a-dozen bay'nets. W'at do you think of that, eh? An' the youngest sub over and into the place furst, an' shouting as if 'e 'd—well, won a bloomin' crickit-match. Mind yer, it 's not everybody as 'ad do such a thing as that. 'E turns, an' 'e ses: 'Look after that man there,' an' 'e missed 'is chance."

Private May was in his glory, and when it was time to go, shook hands affectionately with many newly made friends before descending the hill from the Volunteer encampment to the town.

He fell in with a brother private on the outskirts of the town and proposed one more glass in a little public-house they passed in a back street, but his companion, scenting trouble, declined, and tried to get him away from the open door. His efforts were futile, however, and Private May, being in that transitional period when too many arguments would have led to an unnecessary scene, to be afterwards noticed in black and white, his friend left him. Before leaving Private May, he warned him not to forget the generous hospitality shown to them as guests of the town, and on no account to abuse it. The warning elicited the answer, "Not for worlds, old chap," and the speaker entered the inn.

He called for a pint of beer, and, leaning on the counter, fraternised with the landlord. There were several civilians near him, and one of them, a dirty-looking man with a stubbly beard, was evidently possessed of some ready money and was paying for drinks for his friends. He had deserted from the service, and had all a deserter's intense dislike to everyone connected with it. He began to sneer at the day's festivities, and made several remarks in disparagement of the Army; but Private May remembered the friendly warning given him before entering, and laughingly occupied himself in measuring the height of the landlord's little son and persuading him to enlist. The deserter mistook the private's indifference for cowardice and made a direct and insulting personal remark to him. The remark was greeted with shouts of laughter from the other men, and brought Private May sharply round on his heels.

Then something in the private's head snapped. He made for the deserter first, and the latter's shrift was short. The blow which laid him low also brought his head in contact with the fender, and he lay very white and still. The others fell upon the solitary soldier, and for a

few seconds he was kept busily occupied ; but they were a cowardly pack, and the chair which he wielded with old and familiar skill proved too formidable a weapon for them to face.

The landlord had rushed out at the first sign of the disturbance and the police were fast hurrying on to the scene, when the private, still holding a remnant of the chair, sallied out into the street.

rest kept back from the madman, whose body, half in and half out of the light thrown by the street lamp, was an unpleasant sight. His breath came and went like a wild beast's, and he snarled in a peculiar way, terrible to those townspeople who had gathered around at a safe distance.

More police joined in, and one, powerful and determined, tried to slip in close to

Private May sat, the centre of an admiring throng of Volunteers, to whom he was talking of India and its varied life and scenes.

He chose his position well in a corner between two houses built in a V-shape, and awaited events. He intended to stop there. Nothing mattered now, but he would give them a very lively time before the end came.

Then the picket came up and rushed at him at once, but two brother privates went down like lightning beneath the terrible blows of the chair-back, and the

the wall and get at him, but dropped with a broken thigh.

There was a cry that the Colonel was coming, and that officer, hurrying across the street, came on to the scene.

He eyed the man at bay critically and, having drawn his sword and given it to the non-com. in exchange for the hand-cuffs, took the matter into his own hands.

"Ha, ha, the bally Colonel!" And the private's muscular fingers tightened round the chair-back. It would be something to boast of to the other fiends below. "Ha, ha!" But the hyena-like laugh had not the slightest effect on the little fiery unarmed officer who was stepping over the heap of prostrate bodies and coming towards him.

he saw a row of white faces and a little heap of men lying on the ground.

"This has been a bad night's work for you, May. Put out your wrists."

"Not the darbies, Sir. I'll come—I'll come without." And two great tears welled up in his eyes and plashed over the steel.

"Very well, then, come along." And private and colonel walked on to the town

He made for the deserter first, and the latter's shrift was short.

In a flash it was morning, and the sun was breaking in splendour over a big, gloomy stockade and a body of khakee-clad troops below it. There was an explosion—he was in the first rush—he was by the captain's side.

"Look after that man there!"

He was certain there was no wall there, and could not understand why the bricks in it formed themselves into a mouth and shouted at him in that way. Then the lamp at the corner of the street blinked at him and settled down in its place, and

jail, where the usual necessary and unpleasant formalities were enacted.

When Private May was left, his evening's operations burst upon his memory in all their details.

"Oh, the drink—the cursed drink!" he wailed as he threw himself on the cell-floor. "After all I've done to keep straight—and now this is the end of it! God 'elp me! God 'elp me!"

And they brought news to the Colonel in the morning that Private May had been found dead in his cell.

IN *More*, by Max Beerbohm (published by John Lane), the author says that he himself should be the last to deprecate the vogue of children if he were to regard it from a selfish and superficial standpoint. In the amusing article called "A Cloud of Pinafores," he says: "The public does not, I suppose, care greatly whether I write well. But it knows me to be a child-author and likes to picture me at my desk with legs dangling towards the floor. If I filled this book with the pot-hooks and hangers which were till recently my sole literary output, the public would be just as well pleased." Mr. Beerbohm is absolutely right in what he says of the immense recent change in the treatment of children. They were a race apart—beasts to be kept in cages. The very nature of children was held to be sinful. Lies and irreverence, mischief and a tendency to steal jam and deny it, were taken to be its chief constituents. And so all nurseries, as one may gather from the contemporary literature, were the darkened scene of temporal oppression fitfully lighted by the reflection of hell-fire. It is, indeed, a sign of the immense liberality of Mr. Beerbohm's views that he rather disapproves of the present scheme of cultivating children like flowers. "It is only oppression," says this astonishingly precocious infant, "that can keep human beings as they are. Oppression never crushes natural instincts. Wronged races are always primitive. If Home Rule were granted, the Irish would lose their irresponsible gaiety which centuries of oppression have preserved for them. That is the most valid argument against Home Rule. Left to themselves to develop, people or countries soon become self-conscious and introspective."

This is really generous—from a child-author! He thinks of the general effect of the system; he is prepared to be forbidden pantomimes and boat-sailing, and sent to bed at sundown instead of sunrise, so that the nursery should not be turned into a free republic, a flock of sheep without a shepherd, a garden where the sun shines not.

But if I have dwelt at some length on this one article, that is only because I enjoy it not less than the others.

"If I were Ædile" is, perhaps, the best. It is really a great pity that Mr. Beerbohm is not Ædile. He would do a great deal of good. His romantic admiration for Ouida is also greatly to his credit, and he seeks for her merits with the perseverance of one seeking for needles in a needle-case. Mr. Beerbohm is delightful on "bicycles." I do not mean literally, for I have never seen him bestride "that ingenious combination of dullness and danger"; but in an essay on it, he shelves it with the banjo, the taste for water-colours, crewel-work,

"rinking," and other foibles of fashion now gone by. Mr. Max Beerbohm is a very clever young man, and his style, with one exception, is better than that of any modern writer.

The autobiography of any human being is of interest, provided one thing—that it is true. *The History of a Man*, by "The Man" (Burleigh), bears on every page the stamp of actual experience. It is an ordinary drab-coloured, commonplace existence led by an ultra-sensitive human being. The only extraordinary thing about him is that he passes through numbers of phases as bank-clerk, policeman, private secretary, and schoolmaster, without any suggestion of an episode occurring to him. His life is one long struggle against suicide, and one regrets that the struggle is so prolonged and so successful. The book is, as I have said, interesting, but only to students of the morbid. Everyone who cares to fathom the inner workings of the brain of an anæmic bank-clerk without an ounce of pluck in his composition should read this book. People who do not, and who are old-fashioned enough to believe that a good book must of necessity be well written, may leave it alone.

It is pleasant to turn from this melancholy man to so full-blooded a story of life and manners—fast life and bad manners—as *The Scarlet City*, by "Pot" and "Swears" (Sands and Co.). This story is written with a pen dipped in brandy-and-soda. The characters, for the most part, are taken from life, or, rather, snatched from the grave, as membership of the Pelican Club was not conducive to longevity. Anthony Fuller, "Captain" Bolitho, Tabby, Mr. Derryboyd, Lady Boome, will all be recognised by the dwellers in Bohemia. The story itself is a melodrama, simple, but not exactly pure, which is played in the main by members of a sort of Monson gang. They live by their wits, and they are justified. Their wit may not always be pretty, but it rarely misses fire. Of course, it can be urged that the book is merely a series of more or less familiar anecdotes strung together, without form and void. This is true in a measure. The authors would, I am sure, be the last people in the world to urge that they have produced a perfect work. What they aim at they reach, and in "The Scarlet City" the young bloods of to-day have an admirable handbook in the gentle art of painting the town red. I would only make one suggestion—namely, that when the book comes to its tenth edition Messrs. "Pot" and "Swears" should issue an appendix containing, for the benefit of the uninitiated, the actual names of their characters. But Messrs. "P." and "S." are men of the world. They know of the existence of a law of libel. However, theirs is a novel with a purpose, the best purpose a novel can have—to amuse. Still, it is not the sort of book to give one's maiden aunt to read on a wet Sunday.

To those who love cheery gossip and lively reminiscences, I heartily recommend *Fragments of an Autobiography*, by Felix Moscheles (James Nisbet and Co.). Mr. Moscheles is the godson of Mendelssohn, and his birth was celebrated by a poem by Barry Cornwall. It ran thus—

> Felix should be happy ever,
> And his life be like a river;
> Sweetness, freshness always bringing,
> And ever, ever, ever singing.

There is a delightful anecdote of Wagner, at the house of Madame Viardot. This lady was reading at sight the score of "Tristan und Isolde," while the great composer stood by her side turning the leaves.

"N'est-ce pas, Ma/ame," said he, carried away by the grandeur of his own creation, "N'est-ce pas, Ma/ame, que c'est su/lime?"

SPHINX.

1.—Humming Birds (*Chrysuronia œnone*).
2.—Humming Birds (*Chrysolampis moschitus*).
3.—Humming Birds (*Oreotrochilus pichincha*).
4.—Lesser Bird-of-Paradise (New Guinea).
5.—Red Tanager (South America).
6.—King Bird-of-Paradise (Aru Islands).

VICTIMS OF VANITY.

The above are drawn approximately to the same scale.

VICTIMS OF VANITY.

By C. W. GEDNEY.

IT is somewhat remarkable that the most civilised nations should be those whose womenfolk delight to deck themselves with the plumes of birds. There can be no doubt that this is the survival of a fashion which dates back to the days of our barbaric state, and it tends to confirm the popular theory that women are strongly conservative. Several years ago an association of earnest and good ladies was formed in London for the protection of birds. These bird-lovers—with Sir John Lubbock as their President—have waged war against the wearing of birds or feathers for personal adornment. A very large section of the English Press supported this movement. But public opinion is one thing and fashion is another, and when feathers and birds are the "correct thing," our womenfolk will wear them in spite of all the newspapers in the country. Thus we find that the importation of rare skins and plumage, for millinery purposes, is greater than ever at the present time. For several seasons past there has been a run on the nuptial plumes of the scarce herons and cranes, and the other birds have, as a consequence, been in less demand. But the vagaries of fashion are so great that the garden-hats of to-day may presently give place to something much smaller and quite different in style. The unwritten laws of fashion are inexorable, and however courageous a woman may be in other matters, there are very few of the sex who would wear an unfashionable head-dress and run the risk of being called "dowdy." The ladies of Switzerland have formed a very strong league, in which some thousands of them have signed a pledge not to wear any bird or feather (except ostrich plumes) for a period of ten years.

Paris is credited with the responsibility for the present fashion in hats and bonnets, and the prodigal display of birds and their plumage by way of adornment. If such be really the case, it is curious that our anti-plume wearers have not attacked the French ladies of the Gay City, and induced them to follow the example of their Swiss neighbours. As a matter of fact, some such efforts are being made, or were proposed to be made, at the last annual meeting of the English Society for the Protection of Birds. Meanwhile the trade in skins and feathers goes on apace, and our well-dressed womenfolk carry their borrowed plumes with the consciousness that these adornments are both costly and *chic*. Writers and speakers who argue against the cruelty and waste of rare bird-life which such fashion entails, are usually accused of doing injury to the cause they advocate by excessive zeal. I hope to escape such adverse criticism by appealing to facts and figures rather than to sentiment, and I have been careful rather to under than over-state the case.

Amongst many other attempts made to educate public opinion against the killing of birds for their plumage, the American "notion" of a "bird-day" appears likely to bear good results in the future. If you want to convert a woman, you must catch

her young; and our cousins across the water have decided to start on the school-children. The study of ornithology and the protection of birds has been added to the curriculum of nearly all the schools in the States. The natural savagery of the boy, however, is a factor to be taken into account in this connection. He may not have the slightest idea that he is guilty of wanton destruction; but it comes naturally to him to rob nests alike of their eggs and callow young, regardless of their rarity. But we must hope for some changes of fashion, some developments of public opinion, and the passing of legal enactments, if those who are to succeed us are to see living specimens of brilliant-plumaged birds. At the present rate of destruction, the end is not far off; and future generations will assuredly anathematise us for impoverishing the earth of its most beautiful birds.

EGRETS AND OSPREY PLUMES.

Much has been written and spoken, both from Press and pulpit, about the killing of these birds when actually feeding their young, for the sake of those nuptial plumes which are erroneously called "ospreys" in the trade. An osprey is a fish-hawk, which produces no feathers for millinery purposes. The birds which supply those costly plumes which are now so fashionable are egrets, which belong to the heron or crane family. There are several members of these waders, although it is chiefly from the Eastern and Western Hemispheres that we derive our supply of egret feathers. Tropical America furnishes the bulk of the white plumes, which are the most valuable, while China, Rangoon, and other Eastern countries contribute their shares, especially of the coloured varieties. West Africa produces some beautiful slaty egrets (*Aodea gularis*), whose plumes are almost as valuable as the white ones. These birds are all fish-eaters, who build rough platform-nests of sticks on branches which overhang water. They congregate in big colonies at such times, and lose much of their shyness, so that the hunters can make a clean sweep of the whole settlement by shooting the parent birds on their nests. At other times these birds are so exceptionally shy and wary that it is difficult to get a shot at one. Their plumes get soiled and frayed in the process of feeding and rearing their young, and such feathers are of small value in the trade compared with those obtained in the earlier stages of nesting. The hunters only pull out the plumes, and leave the dead birds on the ground.

Until quite recently—less than a year ago—the officers of our Royal Horse Artillery, Hussars, King's Royal Rifles, and the Rifle Brigade wore aigrettes of these rare feathers in their head-gear. Thanks to the efforts of Sir John Lubbock in the House of Commons, the War Office has abolished the use of these plumes in the Army.

According to Mr. Witmere Stone, Chairman of the American Ornithological Society, the dry season of 1898 enabled the egret-killers to penetrate the swampy Everglades, and thus collect an exceptionally heavy crop of feathers.

It is impossible to obtain complete figures as to the trade done in egret plumes in London alone, but we can measure its extent approximately by the City auction sales. These by no means represent the total consignments, because only the large importers send their feathers to the hammer. The small dealers dispose of their goods direct to middlemen and milliners. For the purposes of this article, I omit altogether those who form the outer fringe of the trade, and deal only with the four large importers whose goods were sold at the London Commercial Sale-Rooms last year. The names of these four firms of importers are: Messrs. Lewis and Peat, Messrs. Hale and Son, Messrs. S. Figgis and Co., and Messrs. Eastwood and Holt. These four firms alone sent, between Feb. 15, 1897, and Dec. 13, 1898, the following bird-skins to auction in our City sale-rooms: birds-of-paradise, 34,960; packages of osprey plumes, 2209; and cases of various bird-skins, 2140. Osprey plumes are sold by the ounce, and the "packages" vary in size considerably, but taking the smallest as a

basis of calculation, there were 50,000 ounces of white egret feathers sold by auction in London last year. These plumes are exceedingly light in weight, and it requires the nuptial feathers of six egrets to make up an ounce of "shorts," as the best plumes are termed in the trade. They have varied in prices, according to the supply, from £10 to 70s. per ounce. Taking 50,000 ounces as the total weight (which it was not) of the egret feathers sold in London last year, and allowing six parent birds for each ounce of plume, this represents the slaughter of 300,000 adult egrets, to say nothing of their nestlings. It is well within the mark to quadruple these figures in order to arrive at the total annual destruction of these birds for dress ornamentation. American women are as keen on osprey plumes as their European sisters. The various States have prohibited the killing of egrets, but the law is an utter farce, as there is no one to enforce it, and the possession of such feathers is no offence.

THE LITTLE EGRET.

As may be imagined, there are tricks in the trade of making up feathers into ornaments, as in every other money-making

industry. By a little skill and ingenuity a single long plume can be made to do duty for two "shorts," which are the most valuable. This is "good business" with feathers which may have cost between £5 and £10 an ounce. The plume is cut in half, and manipulated in such a manner as to conceal the operation. All attempts to manufacture artificial "ospreys" have failed—more's the pity. Some fashionable milliners, however, have had to allay the misgivings of customers by assuring them that their plumes were artificial. But these are only fictions, used in defence of trade interests against those people who make an outcry about the cruelty of the egret feather trade.

CROWNED PIGEONS.

From Australia and New Guinea we obtain these, the largest of the pigeon tribe, and their crowns are utilised, in the same manner as egret plumes, for the adornment of women's head-dress. In size, these graceful birds are equal to a domestic fowl, and their towering crests make them appear even larger. To kill such scarce and beautiful birds for the sake of a few feathers from its crown can only be described as wanton slaughter. Fortunately, they can be bred in confinement, even in this country, under favourable conditions, and I am told that the plucking of crest feathers from the living specimens is a regular industry. The delicate French-grey tint of these plumes is a very fashionable colour, and they do not lose their pristine beauty so quickly as the pure white osprey plumes obtained from the egret. I don't think there is any risk of the crowned pigeon being actually exterminated.

The head, with short piece of neck, is the only portion of this king of the pigeon family which possesses any market value for dress purposes. From what I gathered among dealers, the supply of these bird-skins had dwindled down to very small numbers in the London market. There were not more than 500 altogether came under the hammer last year in our city, and the price realised did not exceed 5s. per head.

SOME AMERICAN TRIBUTES TO THE GODDESS OF FASHION.

The scarlet tanegar (*Phyranga rubea*) is an American songster which is in great request among the skin-collectors who supply the market with birds for hats. The tanegar is very showy, his brilliant red breast and body being well set off by dense glossy black wings and tail. Measuring only some seven inches long, this bird is in great demand, and some twenty years ago I used to see many cases containing one thousand skins each in the hands of East-End dealers. But such consignments are no longer made, and the spring migrations into the Northern States are now as limited as are the nightingales in our own country. The female tanegar is quite unlike her resplendent mate, her body-colour being an olive-green, merging to yellow on the abdomen, while the wings and tail are rusty brown, tinged with green. Like most of the very brilliantly plumaged foreign birds, the tanegar moults twice a year, assuming a rusty, shabby coat in winter, and donning his showy wedding garments with the return of spring. It is surprising that our American cousins have not adopted some repressive legislation to save these pretty songsters from destruction, especially as America is not particularly rich in song-birds. Not that I would say for one moment that, in point of numbers, we can compare with America for birds that warble rather than sing.

Another of the American songsters whose handsome plumage is fast leading to the destruction of his race is the Virginian nightingale, or crimson cardinal (*Fringilla cardinalis*). In addition to the wholesale slaughter which goes on to supply the demand for decorative purposes, many thousands of these cardinals are annually imported into Europe as cage pets. In size they are equal to a thrush, being eight inches long, and the cock is a vivid crimson throughout, save his face, which is covered, as by a black mask. He has a crest of red feathers, which he can erect or depress at pleasure, which makes him a very strikingly handsome bird. Both male and

female sing the true nightingale song, the "jug-jug" and water-bubble notes being very strong, though lacking the sweetness of our English spring prima donna of the bird world. These birds are caught in the snow, with nets, the same as larks are netted in this country; and it is a pitiful waste of bird-life to slaughter these songsters by the thousand for the gratification of a craze in dress. There for dress ornamentation, the indigo bird, the bobolink, purple finch, and painted nonpareil. Apart from mere song and

THE COMMON CROWNED PIGEON (EAST INDIES).

THE VICTORIA CROWNED PIGEON (NEW GUINEA).

are several kindred varieties of the Virginian nightingale being decimated in the same manner—namely, the various grosbeaks and the grey cardinals, with crimson heads and crests, which form a striking contrast to their sober body-colour. Nor must I omit from the American songsters that are being killed off the face of the earth sentiment, the orioles perform a very useful part in the economy of nature, for they are snake-killers, and, by ridding the country of tree-climbing, poisonous snakes, these birds are doing service to man. The Baltimore oriole, in his brilliant livery of orange-yellow body with black extremities, makes a very showy ornament to a lady's

hat; as does his next-of-kin, the chocolate and black. But no one who has known these lovely birds either in a wild state or as cage pets can see them used as head-gear without a feeling of repugnance. The orioles are very domesticated birds in the States, choosing orchards by preference for their breeding-places; arriving in the spring and departing with the first signs of winter. They build a pouch-like nest, suspended by grass fibre, beneath the fork of a high branch, and these nests swing to and fro in the wind. And woe betide the black snake which is caught in the attempt to poach either eggs or young from such nests. The poacher is inevitably blinded by the fierce attacks of the orioles, whose slender, needle-pointed beaks peck out the eyes of the intruder. There is some lumping together of American small-bird skins in the sale catalogues; but of scarlet tanegars and blue robins alone there were sold in our City last year 120,000 specimens.

HUMMING-BIRDS.

These exquisite little gems of the bird world were for many years much in request among the élite as ornaments both for bonnets and hats, high prices being paid for the more brilliant specimens. The inevitable results followed, in accordance with the law of supply and demand; and, as a consequence, Florida is now the only country in which the humming-birds are found, except as rarities. A small bird that will realise a dollar in the skin—first-hand—for a woman's hat-ornament is not likely to survive long, and those which do are for the most part only the commoner and less brilliant of the varieties. I may mention that the very rarest specimen known to naturalists was bought in a Paris bonnet-shop, distorted out of shape, as an ornament for a woman's hat! Mere words cannot describe the varying brilliancy and vivid contrasts of these wee creatures' feathers. When darting about in the sunshine sipping honey from flowers; they flash like burnished gems, now ruby, now emerald, then flashing gold and turquoise-blue. They are essentially exotic little creatures of the sunshine, flitting from flower to flower, like bees and butterflies, and extracting with their long tongues the nectar upon which they, for the most part, subsist. Their nests, suspended at the extremities of slender branches—over water by preference—are exquisitely finished specimens of nest-making art. They are cup-shaped, but being tossed about by every breath of air, the top rim of the cup is curved inwards to prevent the eggs rolling out. In this, as in everything else, the humming-birds show that mere size does not count, either with regard to intelligence or courage, for they are the most fearless and aggressive little creatures imaginable, and fight like game-cocks among themselves. There are a great many varieties of these birds, varying in size from that of a swallow to tiny little mites half the size of an English wren. Although they vary greatly in form—some fork-tailed, others crested, and some with elongated centre tail-feathers—yet they all possess the same glittering class of plumage. Asked as to the average number of these bird-skins which came under the hammer in London, a well-known dealer in both fur and feathers replied by turning up some old catalogues. Quoting from these, he said that from 80,000 to 100,000 skins would be well within the mark, the brighter-coloured varieties predominating. And be it remembered that there are at least three or four other capitals wherein quite as many humming-birds are annually sold as dress ornaments.

BIRDS-OF-PARADISE.

Of all the gorgeous birds that are killed for the adornment of women, those referred to in the above headline are the most beautiful, as they are also the scarcest and most expensive. In bulk of body the largest is not much larger than an English blackbird, but its resplendent appendages make it appear a much bigger bird. The commonest variety, which one usually sees in ladies' hats, is the emerald, and this has a rich chestnut brown body, with a yellow head, and a throat of vivid green; but it is the glorious tail which forms the striking part of this superb plumage. Our

Illustration gives a good idea of this splendid plume of long, downy feathers, pale yellow in colour, and fully eighteen inches long. New Guinea is the home of the three or four varieties of birds classified as *Paradisea*, but they are all so utterly unlike each other in size, shape, and plumage that there appears to be nothing in common between them. For a long time the capture of birds-of-paradise was confined to the natives, but the demand for skins, as articles of dress, tempted white men into the trade, and in the near future these gorgeous creatures will be as extinct as the dodo.

Last year proved an exceptionally bad one for the few surviving birds-of-paradise, no less than 25,000 skins being sold in the London auction-rooms. But there was a "slump" in the market for these birds, fashion favouring the upright aigrettes of the herons and crane family. In one auction sale of 6174 skins last October, I find that the top prices for birds-of-paradise were from 23s. to 10s. apiece, while some of the smaller varieties—including kings—sold from 1s. to 2s. 6d. each. It is said that some of these skins were old stock, held back for a rise from previous seasons' importations. A well-informed dealer assured me recently that the larger birds-of-paradise were almost exterminated. According to Professor Alfred Newton's figures, there were offered for sale in London auction-rooms alone last year 34,960 birds-of-paradise.

LESSER SUPERB BIRD-OF-PARADISE (NEW GUINEA).

GOLDFINCHES.

Although our English birds are the most famous songsters of the whole of the feathered tribe, they are too sober in their colouring to find favour as dress-ornaments. The goldfinch is one of the exceptions, and, as a consequence, these charming finches are becoming—indeed, they have become—exceedingly scarce. Within the recollection of those of us who call ourselves middle-aged, the southern and western counties of England produce great numbers of these "thistlefinches." Such is no longer the case; the netters have practically exterminated them. They are "protected" during the nesting season by Act of Parliament, but our Legislature, in its wisdom, left them to the mercy of the trappers in the autumn, when they most needed protection. At this period

of the year they congregate together, and migrate in flocks, lingering for weeks upon our coasts. This is the harvest of the clap-net bird-catchers. Goldfinches have an inordinate love of thistle seeds, and they are, therefore, among the most useful of birds to those who cultivate the soil. But a row of thistle-heads, set up between folding nets, with call-birds in small cages, has tempted this race of beautiful finches to what amounts, practically, to extermination. A certain proportion of the youngsters so captured survive, and end their miserable lives in cages about the size of a cigar-box in some city slum. The adult goldfinches, however, will not stand captivity, and they go to deck the headgear of those rustic beauties whose resources do not admit of mounting egret plumes. There are not wanting apologists for the bird-trappers, who thus rob us of our most beautiful songsters; and these good people tell us that the decrease of thistles accounts for the disappearance of goldfinches! Unfortunately those of us who live in the country know, to our cost, that—thanks to derelict farms—there never were so many thistles and dandelions and so much groundsel as there are at the present time. It is not a question of food supply. We have simply allowed a horde of bird-catchers to overrun the country and sweep into their nets these charming finches, year after year, until the race has now become almost extinct. It is pitiful that birds so exquisitely brilliant and beautiful as the English goldfinches—and such skilful songsters, too—should be sacrificed to deck the hats of womenkind, or perish miserably in reeking alleys.

THE TOUCAN.

In the building up of "combination" feather ornaments, the plumage of these gorgeously coloured birds is largely used. They are natives of Guiana, Mexico, Columbia, Cayenne, the Upper Amazon, and tropical South America. Naturalists classify the toucan as being a near relation of the cuckoo, but it requires some effort of the imagination to trace any likeness between the two. It is difficult to understand what purpose the toucan's huge beak was designed to serve in the economy of nature. These birds are for the most part fruit-eaters, but they will snap up a mouse or a small finch if they get the chance of doing so. It is the breast plumage of the toucan which possesses a market value for dress decorative purposes. These pads of vivid colouring are chiefly in favour as ornaments to winter toques, surmounted by some other feathers rising out of this brilliant foundation. But for the ponderous and apparently unwieldy trunk of the toucan, he would be a graceful bird. His huge beak, however, is as light as a strip of cork; and it is astonishing with what ease and delicacy the bird can manipulate his serrated mandibles. One of the peculiar uses to which this big beak is put is the trimming up of the primary tail-feathers. These are cut round by the toucan's bill as clean as if they had been shorn off with a pair of scissors.

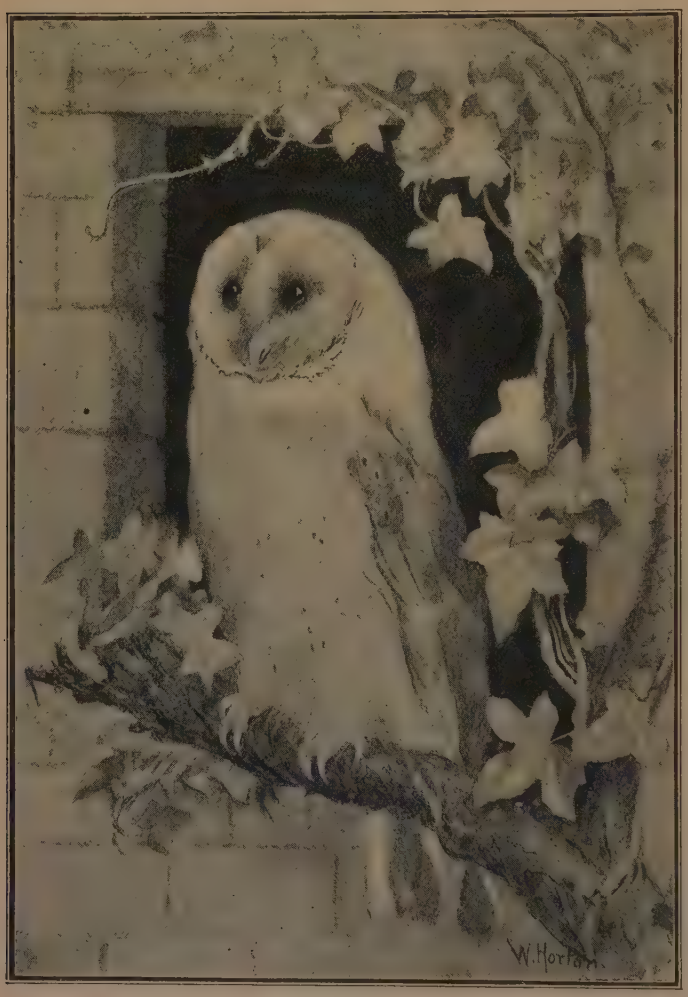
OWLS.

Women are not alone responsible for the killing of rare birds, and I therefore venture to say a few words against the crass folly of those men who shoot owls. The average keeper cannot resist the temptation to kill anything at all out of the common, and I am afraid that Velveteens is not the only sinner in this respect. In those large English forests which are left to us a few owls still survive, but in sadly diminished numbers, and the village church towers, which were formerly their havens of rest, know them no more. Their skins, however, possess a market value, but it is difficult to understand the bad taste which prompts a woman to wear an owl's face in her hat! These nocturnal birds sleep through the day and feed at night, sweeping by you on their soft and silent wings, and ridding the land of innumerable mice, which destroy the corn crops.

According to official catalogues, I find that the sale of hawks' and owls' skins for dress ornamentation is larger than would be imagined. There were sold of these birds' skins no less than 22,000 in our metropolis last year. Of jays and king-

THE ORANGE-BREASTED TOUCAN (SOUTH AMERICA).

fishers 100,000 came under the hammer, and the bulk of these went to the salmon-fly dressers. The blue chatterer, which used to furnish the "cheek" feathers of modern salmon-flies, has been practically exterminated, and the flymakers have now to fall back on the turquoise feathers of the kingfisher.



THE BARN OWL.

COMBINATIONS.

Under this heading must be classified some of those wonderful productions of the milliner's art which one sees in churches and other places where the sex do congregate. Into these composite plumes all kinds of wings, body, plumage, and feathers are included. For the higher class goods, the Impean pheasant and peacock's body skins are used as "foundations," with fearfully and wonderfully inappropriate things springing out of them, in the shape of wings and feathers. It is to these made-up ornaments that most of those plumes go which are classified as "various" in the plume trade catalogues. Peewits, turtle-doves, greenfinches, shrikes, little grebes, sea-swallows or terns, hawfinches, house-martins, swallows, jays, and magpies — these are all among the "real" English birds and feathers so employed. With the use of dyed feathers I am not concerned in this article, but it is worthy of note, in passing, that the gaudy productions of the dyer's art fail to find favour with the élite. They will have the real thing, and cheerfully pay their guineas for such ornaments. There is no means of arriving accurately at the numbers of British birds thus sacrificed to fashion, because the sale catalogues only give the number of parcels and packages, without stating their contents. Then there is a large trade in wings, etc., done by trappers, gamekeepers, and others, with milliners in country towns and villages; and the extent of this cannot be arrived at even approximately.

THE TERROR OF THE POND.

By ALICK MUNRO.

"SEE those hills over there?" said the doctor, with a jerk of his head. "Strike you as looking at all eerie?"

"H'm, yes; a bit ghostly, perhaps, in this light," I admitted. "Cintra, isn't it?"

The doctor nodded, and puffed meditatively at his pipe for a minute without speaking. A mood of quiet seemed to be upon him, and I, having known him intimately for rather more than three weeks, marvelled at the phenomenon. The hills we were speaking about stood out as black jags against the north, and as the doctor kept his gaze fixed on them, I distinctly saw him shiver. It was early September, and we had just finished dinner. He could not possibly be cold.

We were on the promenade deck of the R.M.S. *Orinoco*, watching the pilot work her out of the Tagus, homeward bound. Behind us was the bride-cake city of Lisbon, whose windows the evening sun had half an hour ago turned into flashing mirrors of glory. But the gloaming falls quickly in Portugal, and already the street lamps were picking the city out into a bewildering pattern of criss-cross, while right over our stern a few stars had risen above the mists of the up-river marshes. Ahead of us, beyond the winking red and white eye of the Bugio lighthouse, the horizon of sea and sky was still blurred by the purple of the dying sunset; and straight over the starboard deck-rail, against which the doctor and I were leaning, were the hills of Cintra, looking like ragged notches of black velvet against the blue-metal sheen of the north. It was all very much like a brightly coloured oleograph; but it was pretty, and—yes, perhaps, just a little bit unreal.

"You think it's the light that makes the hills look eerie?" said the doctor presently. "Dare say you're right. To me, though, they'd be ghostly in bright sunlight. Sounds absurd, doesn't it? But it's the truth."

I held my peace, for I am a journalist, and I scented a story. I waited for him to go on unprompted.

"Should you say I was a chap who would be easily scared?" he asked after a pause of a minute—"blue funk, you know, and that sort of thing?"

For answer I quizzed him up and down. He stood over six feet, and I knew he had been a Rugby forward "blue" at Cambridge. Moreover, I'd myself seen him tackle three drunken coal-trimmers at once, in the harbour at Pernambuco. And the coal-trimmers had had the worst of it.

"I'd trust you to hold your end up in a pother," said I judicially.

"You wouldn't call me a nervous man, either?" he went on.

I had watched him playing poker in the smoking-room, when the luck was going queerly.

"I wouldn't call you a nervous man, either," I answered with conviction.

The doctor laughed. "Well," said he, "all the same, I got a scare among those hills there which put me off my corn for a week, and I can't tell you now what it was that frightened me."

"Try," I murmured, and dropped my gaze with elaborate carelessness upon the swishing water below us.

The doctor shook his head and laughed again—a curious little laugh, that had no suggestion of mirth in it.

"I can't tell you," he replied presently, "simply because I don't know. I haven't even a theory about it that you wouldn't pity me for. But I see what you mean, of course: you want the yarn."

He looked at me sideways, out of the corner of his eyes; and I thought that he was doubtful about trusting me.

"All right," he said after a minute. "I'll tell you. Come down to my cabin; somebody is sure to interrupt us if we stay up here. I don't ask you to believe the yarn, mind, unless you like; but I do stipulate that you shall believe that I believe it. It's an experience which I don't often tell, because—well, to put it plainly, because I don't care about being called a liar."

He spoke quickly, and finished with another laugh; but I saw that he was nervous. I gave the required promise readily enough; for, in addition to the fact that—I admit it shamelessly—I wanted copy, I have lived in this world long enough to have learned the lesson that there is sometimes wisdom in believing in the things which men call impossible.

"I have mentioned Jack Merrick's name to you, I think," began the doctor when our pipes and glasses were charged. "I was staying with him at his *quinta* in the Cintra hills, when——"

"Hold on!" I interrupted. "We'd better start fair, I think. You have *not* mentioned Jack Merrick's name to me. You have spoken of a Miss Merrick to me, and confided to me, more than once, that you're going to be married after two more trips in the *Orinoco*. But I never heard of Jack."

"He's Norah's brother. Thought I'd told you," explained the doctor innocently. "It was just after Norah and I became engaged—about two years, that is, before I signed on as doctor of the *Orinoco*. Jack was something unromantic in the Lisbon trade: cork and sardines, I think, but I'm not sure; and Norah was keeping house for him. He'd bought a *quinta* at Cintra, with a very fair house on it, which had been untenanted for half-a-dozen years. It had the reputation of being haunted, and the two previous owners had both come to their death there—nobody quite knew how; so Jack got the property cheap. Now, of course, as soon as I heard this, I was as keen as mustard on having a shy at the ghost, and I got my first surprise when I found that Jack objected strongly to my doing anything of the sort. I thought at first he was joking, and he had to lose his temper before I would believe he was in earnest.

"'Didn't think you were superstitious, Jack,' I grumbled, with some chagrin.

"'I'm not,' he retorted hotly. 'There's no more of that sort of foolishness in me than there is in you, that I'm aware of.' Then he hesitated. Then he went on in a musing sort of way, like a man speaking to himself: 'But—I haven't yet found out what killed my two predecessors in this property,' he said.

"Well, of course, I didn't understand him, and I told him so, but he showed me plainly, and with some little temper, that he didn't mean to explain. So we fell to discussing the weather, which, so far as I remember, was in no way worthy of discussion just then.

"Next morning, the first strange thing happened. You've never been in Cintra? Then you may not know that the lemon-groves there are mostly worked by irrigation, and nearly every little *quinta* has its own water-tank somewhere about it; cement-lined ponds mostly, fifteen or twenty feet deep and anything from ten to thirty or forty yards long. Grand places they are for a morning swim, too; clear and deep, and not too warm to be pleasant. The one in Merrick's *quinta* was a bit different from the general run of them; it was bigger, and there was no cement about it. The sides of it were built up of big stones, more or less squared, and laid in courses one above the other, not unlike an old-fashioned quay-side in very bad repair. It was supposed to be the oldest tank in the district, and lady antiquaries, who came down for the Cintra season, amused themselves by making shots at its history, and gave themselves the most delicious thrills by half believing the mysteries which they invented about it. It was really an eerie spot, you know;

black, gloomy-looking water, with an old-world suggestion of the moated grange about it; and, unlike every other tank in Cintra, its waters were never brightened by the red flash of a turning goldfish. But, though there were no goldfish, there were water-snakes; and, if local belief went for anything, enough of them to throw the surface into ripples, when they all started frolicking at once. However, every Cintra pond has some of these green-and-white chaps, and they aren't poisonous; so people who are not nervous don't let them interfere with the morning dip.

"I had put on a dressing-gown over my bathing-suit and come downstairs, feeling, I remember, particularly cheerful that morning, for, among other things, it was going to be a lovely day. As soon as I got outside the door I was nearly bowled over by a small boy who cannoned into me with a plump. He was a youth whom I'd noticed about the house, cleaning knives and bicycles and that sort of thing. He took me fairly in the middle, head down; and before I'd recovered my wind enough to cuff him, he took my breath away in another sense, by starting off into a regular gale of chatter and gesticulation. It was extraordinary: a sort of paroxysm of talking, it seemed to me, and I began to wonder if it had a medical name. But I didn't know then how much a Portuguese can do in that line, or I shouldn't have been surprised. I'm not much of a linguist, though, and I didn't understand one word in ten, but I guessed from external signs that something unusual was up, so I shouted for Jack to come and see what the bother was. The kid, however, was 'cute enough to see that I didn't understand, and, apparently, he thought there wasn't time to wait for an interpreter. Anyway, he stopped the speed record business, and

"Should you say I was a chap who would be easily scared?" the doctor asked.

said distinctly enough, three or four times, 'Menina Norah,' and pointed vigorously in the direction of the pond.

"'What d'you want with Menina Norah?' I demanded.

"'Menina Norah — Menina Norah,' he repeated impatiently, running a few steps up the path to the pond and then stopping to wait for me. 'Menina Norah. Vamos, Senhor!'

"I knew enough to understand what that meant.

"'All right, young shaver,' said I, 'I'll come.' And I shouted to Jack that I was going up to the tank.

"'Anything wrong?' asked Jack, putting his head out of the window. 'I'm just finishing dressing.'

"'Don't know,' I shouted back. 'Better follow me as soon as you can.'

"I was half-way to the tank by this time, and another twenty yards brought me within view of it. What I saw then made me do the last bit at a sprint. And when I stopped, my heart was thumping harder than the mere physical exercise warranted.

"Norah was lying on the ground, near one corner of the tank, where a flight of stone steps led down into the water. She seemed to have fainted. I gave a yell for Jack, and bent down anxiously to try her pulse. I felt it flicker, and at the same time she moved slightly. I wasn't a fully qualified medico at that time, you know, but I knew enough to recognise thankfully that it was only a faint, after all. Then I began to speculate.

"She had been in the water I saw, for the bathing-suit which she was wearing was wet. I noticed, too, that the edge of the tank was pretty well splashed, and I took that to mean that she had been amusing herself by diving. All this I saw at the first glance, and at the second I saw something else, which, however, was not so easy to read. A grey fur cloak, which I knew Norah used for running out from the house to the tank and back again, had been drawn over her as she lay on the ground. And here was the thing which I could in no ways understand—though everything else about her was wet, sopping wet in fact, this cloak was perfectly dry. I ran my hand along its edge; there were not even any traces of where her wet hands must have touched it in drawing it up.

"By the time I'd made quite sure of this, Jack was beside me. He lifted Norah up in his arms like a child of ten, and carried her into the house; and I followed at his heels. Now, of course, Norah's faint had given me a bit of a scare, for I knew well enough that she was not the sort of girl who would go off if a mouse squeaked; but when I caught sight of the look on Jack's face, and saw his staring eyes, and the grey terror which was drawing the muscles of his face and twitching in spasms round his mouth, something impelled me to keep quiet about my own misgivings. Terror is infectious, they say. Be that as it may, I tell you the simple truth when I say that at that moment I *dared* not ask him what it was that he feared.

"He carried Norah to her room, shouting on the way for some of the Portuguese maids to come and put her to bed. Then he got his bicycle, and waited at the front door with me. We neither of us said a word until the message was brought to us that Menina Norah had come to herself again, but—there was no need for the Senhores to be alarmed—she was just a little bit hysterical. Jack received this news with a nod, and put his foot on the step of his bicycle.

"'I'll fetch the doctor,' he said to me. 'I don't suppose it's necessary, really, but——'

"'You'd better,' I agreed. 'One never knows; and it's safer, anyway. Meanwhile, I'll go and have a look round that tank.'

"Jack was on his machine by this time, but almost before I got the words out, he had dismounted again.

"'Don't do anything of the sort!' he commanded.

"I saw his knuckles whiten as he clutched his handle-bars. I positively gaped at him in amazement.

"'Why on earth not?' I asked. 'Nonsense, Jack! Of course I will. Can't you see, man? I want to find out who threw that cloak over Norah after she fainted.

Some low blackguard must have frightened her, of course, and he may have left tracks behind him.'

"'I tell you I won't allow it,' persisted Jack stubbornly, and then I noted with astonishment the shiver which ran across his shoulders and cut his next words short. It struck me that the movement was like that of a man who shrinks from the touch of something foul; and, seeing it, I wondered uncomprehendingly.

"'Oh, all right,' he said wearily, 'do as you like. But for God's sake be careful!'

"And before I could ask him what he meant, he jumped on to his machine and was off down the road to the village.

"Now this behaviour of Jack's piqued me, scared me a little, but more than anything, made me curious. I didn't understand it, you see, and if it had been anybody but Jack, I think I should have been just a little bit suspicious. Why should he want me to keep away from the pond? I thought for a bit, and I couldn't see any reason; so, like a conceited idiot, I decided that there was no reason, and that a bee had somehow made its way into my friend Jack's bonnet. I was a cock-sure young fool in those days, you'll observe.

"When I got back to the tank again, I set about a brisk hunt for traces of the man who had drawn the cloak over Norah. It occurred to me once that it might have been the boy; but that was too simple an explanation for me to accept in my present frame of mind. Besides, it wasn't the sort of thing that a boy would be likely to do in any case, and this kid obviously had been thoroughly frightened, and had run helter-skelter for assistance. No, there had been someone else on the spot when Norah fainted, I was sure.

"What I saw then made me do the last bit at a sprint."

"A ripple on the pond caught my eye. The dead surface was momentarily ruffled, as though a light cat's-paw of air had touched it. But as I looked it struck me that this was not quite like a wind-ripple

either; for it travelled slowly across one corner of the tank, and then returned steadily over its own path without any diminution of volume; besides, it had not, so far as I could judge, reached to within two feet of the wall of the tank before turning back on itself in this curious way. It was just as though some great submerged hand had waved a branch once back and fore, near the surface but without breaking it. I remembered the pond's reputation. A water-snake on the prowl, I decided, and turned to continue my search.

"Now I don't know what I expected to find; in fact, I don't know that I really expected to find anything, but, all the same, I did pick up what I thought was a trail.

"You know what grass looks like in the cobweb season, before the sun has been up long enough to evaporate the dew which makes the delicate gossamers visible. And you know that if a man walked through a patch of such grass, his path would be marked by the destruction of myriads of these little dew-gems. Well, that's exactly what I saw, and I followed up the track for over a hundred yards without a check. Then I came to an ox-cart road. I stopped and debated about going further. I didn't like throwing up a hot scent like this, but then I didn't know where the ox-road led to. Quite conceivably it might lead to civilisation, and I wasn't in civilised attire. I decided, therefore, to go and dress, and then to bring Jack and show him what I had found.

"I really began to like my theory that some scoundrel had frightened Norah while she was bathing.

"When I came to the pond again, the shadows were lying on it motionless once more; the water-snake, or whatever it was that had caused the ripples, had gone home. Now you know the temptation of a quiet, deep pool; and besides, I was in my bathing-suit, and Jack couldn't possibly have returned yet. I would have just one plunge.

"I threw off my dressing-gown and dived. I rose to the surface shaking the hair out of my eyes, and laughing aloud in pure joy of the cold water. I swam once round the tank, and then threw myself on to my back for a moment, and kicked wantonly like a babe. I tell you this because I wish to emphasise the fact that I was in perfect bodily health and spirits, and therefore, one would think, not in the least likely to be affected by morbid fancies.

"But as I lay there and splashed, a sudden feeling of vague, indefinable discomfort took hold of me; I had a sense of danger near at hand, but I did not know in what direction to look for it. If you've never experienced that feeling, pray that you never may. As a child I never knew myself what it was to have nerves, so I can't speak from experience; but I should imagine that what I felt then was very like the physical shrinking which a nervous child feels in the presence of the big, unknown dark. I tell you it was horrible.

"Next I became conscious of a faint, disagreeable smell. It was a smell which somehow it seemed to me that I knew, but at the moment I could not put a name to it. It grew stronger, and filled my nostrils, and a rush of nausea came over me. I shivered heavily, and began to cough and spit, as though I had swallowed something vile.

"Then came the terror — suddenly, uncontrollably; and with a jerk I threw myself over on to my side, and swam for the landing-steps, yelling with the full power of my lungs. Just as I reached the edge I felt something touch me on the arm, and I struggled up the steps and fell in a heap upon my dressing-gown, where I lay, sobbing hysterically, and shuddering in the warm sunshine like a man in an ague.

"It was a good five minutes before I recovered enough strength of mind to be ashamed of myself. I was shivering till my teeth rattled, and that, too, on a July morning in Portugal. And yet I was not cold. I was warmer than I am now in this stuffy cabin, and I could feel the perspiration starting hot all over me—but still I shivered. I was scared, scared as a child

is in a dark wood when a rabbit stamps in the silence. It was cowardly—it was unreasonable. I told myself angrily that it was positively disgraceful. For I had seen nothing; I had heard nothing; and it was broad, staring daylight. I had not even the child's excuse of the big dark. And yet I went on shivering.

"But that thing that had touched me—that sickly and yet familiar smell, which I could not name—that terror of death, and worse than death—what were they? I swore at myself for a fool, and rose unsteadily to my feet, and put on my dressing-gown. I started to walk back to the house; and my feet planted themselves with a jerky uncertainty as I walked, for I was shivering heavily still.

"I gave a glance back at the water. The commotion of my frenzied swim was dying away in long, glistening undulations; but the surface was oily and dead. I looked for the ripple in the corner. It was not there.

"I thought I had regained control over myself by the time I reached the house, but my appearance must have told something of the horror which I had gone through. Jack was standing at the door. He gave one look at my face, and then his eyebrows went up, and he cried in a low, rapid voice—

"'You've felt it too? My God! My God!'

"'I've felt it too,' I answered wearily. 'But what have I felt, Jack? What's the awful thing in the water up there?'

"'The Terror of the Pond,' he answered, and repeated three or four times in a strange, frightened whisper, 'The Terror of the Pond!'

"I shot a quick look at him, and I didn't like what I saw. His fingers were clasping and unclasping themselves nervously, and his mouth had begun to mumble.

"'How's Norah?' I asked sharply.

"He gave his shoulders a shake, and seemed to pull himself together with a jerk. 'Better,' he answered. 'Oh yes, she's better. She's asleep. The doctor says she'll be all right when she wakes. She's only had a fright, you know.' Then he turned to me with a queer smile. 'You know what that means. You've had a fright yourself, haven't you?'

"'Yes,' I said with a shudder, 'I have. Look here, Jack, I've something to tell you. But I'll go and dress first. Where shall I find you?'

"'In the library. I've something to tell you too.'

"'I'll be ready in ten minutes,' I promised.

"'All right,' said Jack. 'Don't make a noise upstairs. Let Norah have her sleep out.'

"'Of course!' I answered somewhat indignantly; but I was pleased that he had thought of it.

"When I came downstairs I found Jack sitting at his library table, examining an old parchment which he had in his hand. The uncomfortable helplessness of his manner of ten minutes ago had left him, and instead he was alert, wide awake, and businesslike. I was glad to see the change, and, judging by my own past sensations, I appreciated the effort of will which had brought it about.

"'You're feeling all right now, Jack,' I said cheerily.

"'Yes,' he answered. 'I'm all right. And you? Are you all right? Are you game for a fight? A stiff fight, you know—with, maybe, an awful danger in it? This thing has got to come to an end.'

"I nodded.

"'Good,' said he. 'Then we'll see it through together.'

"'I'd like to know what I'm fighting, though,' I explained.

"'You can't,' said Jack shortly. 'At least, I can't tell you. If a name will satisfy you, I can give you that; it's the Terror of the Pond; but what the *thing* is which causes that terror—well, that's what we've got to find out.'

"'The Terror of the Pond,' I repeated. 'You've used those words before. Why do you call it that?'

"He pointed to the yellow parchment in front of him.

"'That's what it's called in this,' he said, 'and I fancy the writer of it knew. It's old Portuguese; I'll translate.'

"'Wait a minute,' I interrupted. 'I'll tell you my part first. Where does the ox-road on the north of the pond lead to?'

"'To Colares—eventually.'

"'That's the wine place, isn't it?' I asked.

"'Yes. Why?'

"'It's four miles off,' I said. 'Are there any houses on the way?'

"'Only one, and that a mere hovel. An old woman lives in it who makes a living by selling roast chestnuts. But what's your idea?'

"I told him about the cloak which had been drawn by dry hands over Norah as she lay on the ground, and about the path which I had tracked through the grass by the destruction of the dew-drops. The old chestnut-roaster did not seem to fit in very well with my theory that Norah had been frightened by some prowling blackguard; but, in spite of that, I clung obstinately to the theory. For the truth was that I shrank with a heavy loathing from believing that Norah had experienced that same awful terror of the water which had set me howling like a hysterical child. Jack saw what I meant, but he shook his head.

"'It *was* the old chestnut-woman,' he said. 'She came and told me about it while you were upstairs. She was passing along the ox-road, it seems, and heard a cry from the pond. She hurried up to the place, and was just in time to see Norah fall. The boy who met you at the door had heard the cry too, and came running up to see what was the matter. The chestnut-woman sent him for assistance, and then threw the cloak over Norah. After that—well, she admits that she went off at once as fast as her tottering old legs would carry her.'

"'Why on earth didn't she wait till some of us came?' I asked indignantly.

"Jack gave me a quick look.

"'I don't know,' said he quietly. 'She doesn't seem to know either. She *says* she was afraid. Perhaps you and I can understand that.'

"I shuddered. I could not help it. 'Fire ahead with your manuscript,' I said.

"Now, I'm not going to bore you by repeating that old document to you by heart. I could do it; because afterwards I got Jack to write out an English translation of it for me, and I've pored over that so long and so often that I believe I know the exact place on the pages where every sentence begins.

"It was the diary of one Antonio da Costa, from April 4, 1546, till some time in November of 1549—just about the period, you may remember, when the Portuguese Empire in India was at the top of its tide. Antonio da Costa dipped his finger pretty deeply into the political pie out there during those three and a half years; and by his own showing he managed, too, to extract a goodly number of the plums. In one place he gives a sort of balance-sheet of the 'gifts' which he had received from the Rajah of This and the Ranee of That; and the total was a large one, even for those days of princely brigandage. But Antonio da Costa was a mystic as well as a robber, and by far the greater part of his diary is taken up with his dealings with those whom he frankly speaks of as 'the Devil's children.' One of these, a fakir for whom he prophesies a particularly hot end hereafter, he brought home with him to Portugal, and the last entry in the diary tells of a service which the fakir did him. I haven't got Jack's translation on board to show you, but I know that my memory of it is literally correct. It ran thus—

"'To-day the Fakir (whom hereafter the Devil shall surely burn with Fires of sevenfold Heat) did, on a promise that he should be returned to his native land, perform for me here in Cintra that Wonder which he hath already ofttimes, and not without Revilings, denied me. Praise be to the Holy Virgin, who hath bowed the stubborn will of the Child of Satan, and caused him to sell his magic unto me, Antonio da Costa, a devout and humble Son of the Church, our Mother. The Fakir (whom the Evil One shall burn) hath bound to my service the Dread Thing that is in the waters. Now, indeed, let my enemies take heed to their Health. For the smell of the mice shall be in their nostrils; the fear of the Pit shall be in their hearts, and they shall die. And no man

"I struggled up the steps and fell in a heap."

of them shall know what slayeth him, for verily it is the Terror of the Pond.'

"I remember that when Jack got to this point, he pulled at the front of his collar as though something were choking him, and I saw a big bead of perspiration drop from his brow, roll down his nose, and fall with a sharp pat on the old parchment. I remember, too, that though I had watched it fall, the sound made me start back with a sudden sucking in of the breath. Ridiculous, wasn't it? But the fact was that it was all I could do to hold myself in hand at all. '*The smell of the mice shall be in their nostrils.*' That was the phrase which struck me like a blow, for it came upon me with a flash that *that* was the smell which had been in *my* nostrils half an hour before.

"'The smell of the mice,' I muttered, in a voice which I hardly recognised as my own. 'Yes, it was that!'

"Jack glanced up at me, nodded, and gave a queer little laugh.

"'The old boy knew what he was describing,' he commented lightly.

"'Don't!' I cried in a kind of horror. 'I can smell it now. But go on! The rest?'

"'There's no more,' answered Jack. 'That's the end—except for a pen picture of Antonio da Costa himself. Like to look at it?'

"I held out my hand for the manuscript, and as I took it the dry parchment rustled in my shaking fingers.

"'Steady, old man, steady!' whispered Jack huskily. 'I know what you're feeling. I've been through it myself. But we've got to keep our nerve, you know, you and I, if we mean to see the thing through. Pull yourself together, old chap.'

"The picture was that of a tall man in full armour, all but the head. Now I'll admit I was not in a proper condition of mind to judge fairly, but it struck me that the dark, big-jawed face which looked at me out of that old parchment was the most fiendish I had ever seen. It was a fat, sanctimonious face, you know, with the cruelty of devils shining through every sleek line of it. I daresay you know the type — it's a nasty one. The armour was, I believe, of the ordinary pattern of the period—except in one thing: the breastplate seemed to be meant to represent some sort of devil-fish, and the tentacles of the brute were carried over on to the rest of the armour to complete the design; two on each side clasped the man's body in a hugging embrace round the ribs, one ran down each leg, and one up each arm. If the device was Antonio da Costa's own, it certainly revealed a pretty taste in horrors. At the time I thought it merely horrible. Afterwards—but we'll come to that later.

"I handed the parchment across to Jack, and pushed my chair back. I had a feeling as though I must act—now, at once! I must do something violent to work off the tension of my feelings. I wanted to set my teeth and fight, or—to run away at the top of my speed.

"'Well?' asked Jack. 'What do you make of it?'

"'Nothing,' I said. 'That manuscript is four centuries old. It's absurd.'

"'Ay,' said Jack quietly, 'it's that, and more; nearly four and a half centuries, to be exact. But the smell of the mice, the terror of the Pit: they're things of to-day. I've had that smell in my nostrils, and I have felt that terror. So have you. So has——'

"'She hasn't!' I interrupted wildly. 'Norah was frightened by some man! The cloak——' I stopped, for I remembered that that had been explained by the chestnut-woman.

"'Jack, Jack, it's horrible!' I cried desperately. 'But you seem to hint that you see an explanation. What is it?'

"'Just this,' he said earnestly. 'I believe that Antonio da Costa tells the plain truth in this diary of his.'

"'But, but——' I stammered. 'How can——' And here I stopped.

"Jack waited for me. 'Well, what?' he asked.

"'Oh, I don't know. Nothing. Go on.'

"'I say I believe,' continued Jack steadily, 'that da Costa's fakir laid some sort of a spell, some sort of a curse

perhaps, upon the pond. Such things are done by fakirs in India even at the present day, you know; for these men have powers about which we know nothing, and it is only a fool that will read the evidence and deny that it is so. That terror of death, which both you and I have felt, is real. That horrible smell is, in a way, real too.'

"'In a way!' I cried. 'Stop! What do you mean by that?'

"'I mean, putting it in terms of philosophy, that though it is real enough subjectively, it may not be real objectively. It may be imagination. It may be merely the working of the curse which makes the victim imagine that he smells mice. You see I don't know that there is of necessity any horrible *thing* in that pond at all; there is a horrible *force*, and the rest follows from that. If I am right, the difficulty of the four and a half centuries is nothing; but also, unfortunately, if I am right, I don't see what we are to do; for we have nothing tangible to fight against. Why, what on earth are you doing?'

"I had taken off my coat, and was rolling up my shirt-sleeve. I held out my bare arm for him to see. Just above the elbow there was an angry red mark, as though the blood had been sucked through the skin by a cupping-glass.

"'That's something tangible, anyway,' I said.

"'How did you get it?' cried Jack with a strange eagerness—almost, it seemed to me, as though the sight of that fiery blotch on my arm pleased him.

"I told him of the touch I had felt when I scrambled screaming from the water. That red mark was the result. Proof enough that there was something more than imagination in the Terror of the Pond, I thought.

"'Yes,' said Jack, 'it's proof. Thank Heaven, it's proof. If there's a thing in the pond which can touch, there's a thing which can be touched—a thing which can be killed. Are you ready to try?'

"'When?' I asked.

"'Now.'

"I hesitated. A thing which could be killed might also kill.

"'I'd like to see Norah first,' I said.

"'You won't tell her? No use in that, is there?'

"'No, I won't tell her. But I'd like to see her first,' I insisted steadily.

"'All right,' said Jack. 'I understand what you mean, old chap. Then, if she comes down to lunch, we'll say this afternoon. If she doesn't—to-morrow. I've some preparations to make in the meantime. Will that do?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'that will do.'

"'Now, looking at the thing dispassionately and from a distance both of space and time, I'm afraid there can be no question but that both Jack and I were fools, and, of the two, that I was perhaps rather the bigger fool. I daresay, moreover, that you've come to that conclusion some time ago; so, if it's any satisfaction to you, I plead guilty here and now. But don't misunderstand me. I don't in the least admit that I was a fool for being afraid; on the contrary, I claim that my funk was wholly reasonable. But I was a fool for not yielding to that funk; I was a fool for not refusing point-blank to go near that cursed pond again. I—a young man, not quite twenty-three—engaged, with all my life lying fair with the promise of happiness before me, was actually preparing to walk straight into the jaws of a danger of which I knew nothing—a danger which might be death. I didn't pretend that I wasn't afraid; I had manliness enough not to do that. But I hadn't manliness enough to refuse to be led blindfold into danger, when another man, as foolish as myself, showed me the way. There, I've cleared the air a bit by that confession. Fill up your glass. You know now exactly what I think of myself.

"Norah did come down to lunch. She had got over her fright—better, indeed, than either Jack or I had; but then she didn't know as much as we did. She tried to make light of it, and laughed at herself for her 'silly attack of nerves'; but she didn't do it very well, and it was obvious enough to us what the effort cost her. Of course we pretended not to see anything amiss, and chaffed her with a heartiness which, on Jack's part at any rate, was inartistically exaggerated. She'd have

seen through it at any other time, easily; but, on that day, it passed muster. She didn't even notice anything unusual in the way I said good-bye to her, before I went to join Jack in the tool-shed. Poor Norah! She too was suffering from the Terror of the Pond.

"I didn't understand Jack's preparations when I saw them. But he was in command; so I did as I was told.

"'You see,' he explained, 'we don't quite know what we're fighting—in fact, we don't know at all; so there's no harm in being prepared in as many ways as we can. Better carry this old cavalry sword in your right hand. I've had it sharpened up. The revolver—seven shots, remember—in your left; and the bicycle lamp can be strung through the belt of your Norfolk. I'll rig myself out in the same way.'

"'What's the lamp for?' I asked. 'It won't be dark for hours yet.'

"'Never mind; light it up. You'll see why, presently. Ready? Then come on."

"He led me out by the back way—so that Norah shouldn't see us—round the house and through the lemon-grove to a boulder-strewn spot, about twenty yards to the east of the pond. There he stopped.

"Somewhere down in the valley an ox-cart was toiling painfully along a rough road, and the shrieks and groans of the labouring axles floated up to us through the stillness of the afternoon. The country people say that the noise encourages the oxen, and so, except where inexorable town regulations ordain otherwise, they will not grease the wheels. At other times, I confess that I have found something soothing in the slow, long-drawn sound, but just now it rang through my brain like the wailing of a thing in pain. I turned impatiently to Jack, and asked what he was stopping for.

"'This is the place,' he said.

"'This? Why, the water's twenty yards off,' I objected.

"'No,' said Jack, 'not so much as that. I don't quite know how much, but not so much as that. Look under that flat boulder there, on the left.'

"I did so, and gave a whistle of astonishment at what I saw. There was an opening, hidden under the overhanging stone, two yards wide by a yard high. I looked up at Jack with a question.

"'A cave?' I asked. I understood now what the lamps were for.

"'Well, I don't know about a cave exactly,' said Jack. 'Anyway, there's a big hole, and I'm told the pond water runs underground for some distance in this direction. I don't know how far, but I expect if we go down there we shall find out.'

"'If we go down there,' I muttered. 'You mean that you are going down?'

"'Yes,' said Jack quietly, 'I am going down. Aren't you?'

"For a moment I did not answer.

"'You needn't, of course,' said Jack. 'I'll go, and you can wait for me here.'

"Still I hesitated. The ox-cart in the valley below was plodding steadily on, and I thought that the dry wooden axles shrieked at me like devils laughing.

"Then I turned and swung myself into the hole.

"'Wait for me when you're inside,' shouted Jack. 'And have your sword handy.'

"Almost as he spoke he dropped down beside me. We tightened up our belts, so that the lamps should throw their light straight ahead, and then we went slowly forward, with our revolvers and swords ready. I remember that it struck me, incongruously enough in such a place, that in our slow, stealthy advance, we must have looked ludicrously like a parody on the Lisbon patrol, as one meets them crawling along the streets in couples when the city is, or ought to be, asleep. Strange, isn't it, how one always thinks of such things at a time when every faculty ought to be concentrated on the business in hand?

"It was a real cave, after all, and it opened out as we advanced. We could not see more than a dozen yards ahead, because at that point it took a sharp turn to the right. We had expected that, however, because its original direction, if it had been continued, would have brought

the cave a little to the left of the pond. As yet there was no sign of water, but I noticed that the path trended steadily downwards; probably we should come to the water when we rounded the angle.

"A sudden exclamation from Jack interrupted my speculations. He was focussing the light of his lamp on to a spot close to the base of the wall on his side of the cave. There was a little heap of something there, with a grey fur of fungus growing on it in patches.

"'What is it?' I whispered; but I think that even as I spoke I knew what it was.

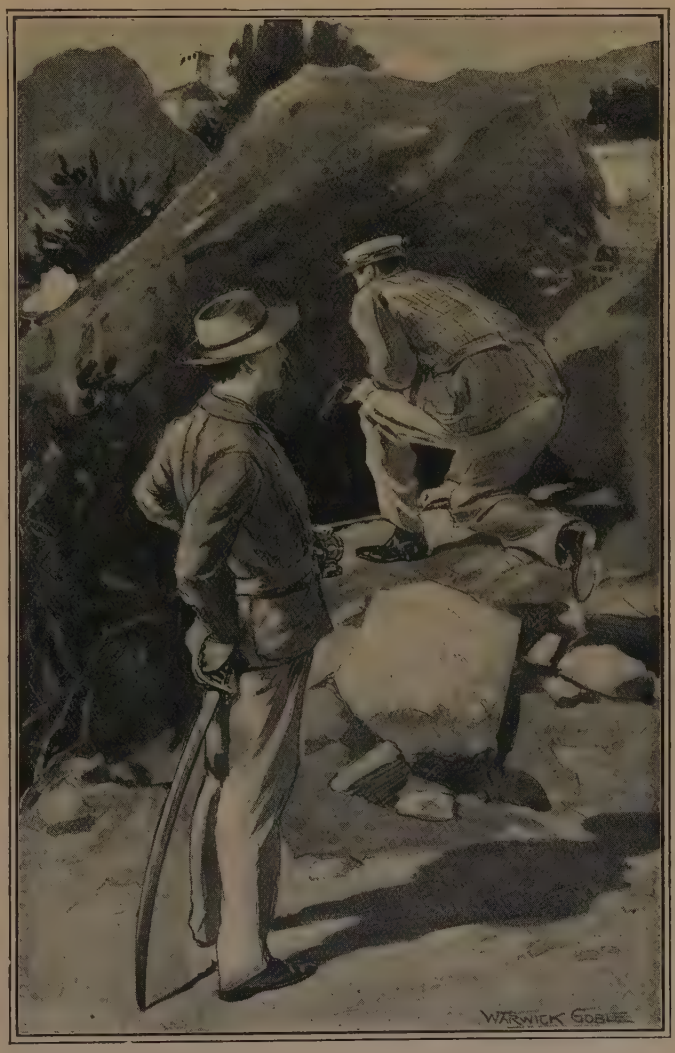
"'Looks like old clothes, doesn't it?' muttered Jack. 'Uncommonly mouldy old clothes, too.'

"He poked the heap with his sword. The sharp steel grated against something hard. He drew his arm back with a jerk.

"'That,' he said deliberately, 'is, I think we may take it, all that is left of one of my predecessors in this desirable country property. Poor devil! He hadn't much of a funeral. Like us, he was probably inquisitive.'

"Jack said these words in a whisper; somehow it seemed natural, in all this eeriness, to speak in a whisper. But I do not think he was afraid. I've told you of his terror earlier in the day; it was real enough then, in all conscience. But—you can explain it as you please—from the moment when I showed him that red mark on my arm, I believe that his fear entirely left him, and didn't come back either, though goodness knows it got an urgent enough call before we found ourselves on the outside of that cave again. Funny thing, courage. I don't think Jack Merrick would be afraid of the Devil himself, if only the Devil had the consideration to come wearing a body solid enough to put a bullet into.

"I'm not made like that, though; and I confess that the sound of the steel grating on the bones in that heap of rags



"There was an opening, hidden under the overhanging stone, two yards wide by a yard high."

sent cold thrills through me. I was sweating with horror, and I was in an uncommon hurry to get the job over, one way or the other.

"'Come on, for Heaven's sake!" I whispered huskily.

"We turned the corner, and there at our feet was the water. The rays from our two lamps made splashes of light on its surface. Our eyes were dazzled, and the darkness which fringed the circles of light became, in consequence, darker still. It seemed as though, outside in the pond, there must be something disturbing the water; for a gentle ripple made the light-splashes dance, and then rolled up and broke on the black, slimy beach at our feet. For a minute we stood there in silence, and then the blood ran to my head; my brain felt tight beneath the bones, and I swayed with a sudden rush of deadly sickness.

"For the smell of mice was in the air—faint as yet, but growing stronger every second!

"I began to spit and cough, and the sword fell from my fingers and clattered on the stones. As I stooped to pick it up I looked at Jack. He was peering eagerly into a spot of light which he was guiding in slow circles over the whole surface of the water; but his face was screwed up into a tight pucker of loathing.

"Then it seemed to me that a thing like a black rope rose out of the light, and swung in a long curve towards me. With a yell I slashed at it, and felt that I had cut through something soft. The smell became a stench; there was a sudden churning of the water where the black rope had disappeared; and in a frenzy of terror I hurled my sword at the place. I raised my revolver and fired once, twice, seven times into the water; and when I had done that, I flung the revolver after the sword. Then I turned and fled shrieking up the cave and out on to the grass above, where I lay and breathed the pure air of heaven in big, panting gasps.

"Then I remembered Jack. I had left him down there with that long, black, writhing horror! I must go back.

"The sound of a shot came from below. I waited, with my hands ready on the overhanging stone. If he was shooting, the chances were that he was all right. Five seconds passed. Another shot. Five more. A shot again. Heavens! the man was shooting steadily! Think of it. Shooting steadily, down there!—in the presence of that thing!—watching the effect of each shot, perhaps, before firing the next!

"The six shots rang out thus at regular intervals, and then stopped. I remembered that Jack's revolver had one barrel fewer than mine. Was he coming? Yes, I heard him! I drew back from the hole, and he scrambled out, with positively the ghost of a grin struggling through the heavy puckers of disgust. He was a little bit breathless, for when his revolver was once emptied, he had not stood upon the order of his going any more than I had.

"'What an infernal smoke you made, old chap,' was his first remark, 'firing off your gun like that. I had to wait for nearly half a minute before I could see where to shoot. That's the worst of black powder cartridges; I ought to have thought of it, and put in the other kind. But that smell! Let's be off. I want a big drink of something to put the taste away.'

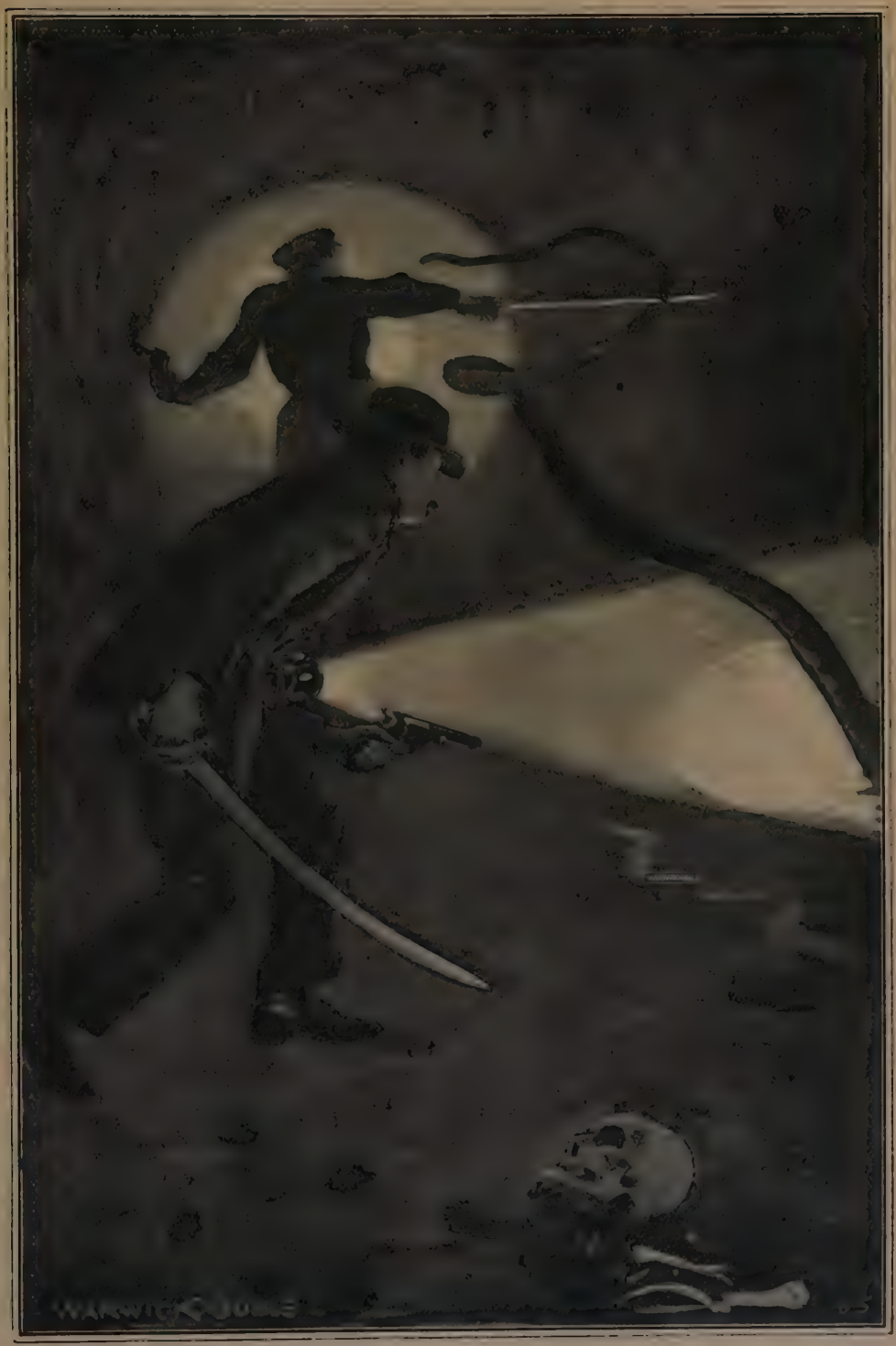
"'You saw where to shoot!' I cried. 'What did——'

"'Come down to the house and I'll tell you,' he interrupted. 'I must have that drink.'

"'What was it you saw?' I repeated, when we had each of us drained about half a litre of Colares.

"'Not much, really,' said Jack. 'That smoke of yours was too thick. Ever seen a seine-net being drawn in, with six kicking salmon in the end of it? Well, it was something like that. I fired into the liveliest place, and I think I did damage. Faugh! that beastly smell; I can't get rid of it; we'll have another bottle. Shall it be "fizz?" Because, d'you know, I fancy we've scored off the Terror of the Pond this time?'

"Next day I was in bed, bowled over by what the Portuguese doctor said was an



'With a yell I slashed at it, and felt that I had cut through something soft.'

acute attack of 'nerves,' in the feminine sense. The smell of mice seemed to me to be everywhere—in the food I ate, in the wine I drank, and in the air I breathed. The day after that I was better, and came downstairs. Still the same horrible smell. I wondered if it could by any chance be fancy, and I asked Jack whether he noticed it.

"'Notice it? I should think so,' he answered with a laugh. 'It's strong enough. You see, as the wind sets just now, we're on the lee side of the pond, unfortunately. That perfume has a range of a quarter of a mile, my boy. It'll pass away, though, no fear.'

"But it didn't pass away. It grew worse; and about the fifth day it began to change, and became rottenness.

"Then Jack decided that he would have the pond drained, and went down to the village to see about getting men. Not a man would do it, and so—there was nothing else for it—we had to turn to ourselves, he and I. Well, I suppose the thing had to be done by somebody; but if it had been as sweet a job as picking violets, I'd have funked it. Pass me the whisky. I get the taste in my mouth merely by thinking about it."

* * * *

The doctor stopped. I handed the whisky to him and waited. I noticed that he spilt some of it as he poured it out; and when he lit his pipe, the flame of the match was jerked all round the bowl by the shaking of his fingers.

"Well?" I said, after a sufficient pause. "You found——?"

He put me off.

"Let's go on deck," he answered. "There's pure air up there, and I want a big mouthful of it. We should be somewhere near the Berlengas by this time."

I followed him up on deck, and on the way he answered my question.

"We found a shapeless mass of blackness, a great horny thing like a bird's beak, and nothing more," he said. "I told you in the beginning that I didn't know what the Terror really was. I've given you the facts as I know them. You can work out a theory for yourself, if you care to; I have mine, and if you know anything of the anatomy of devil-fishes, the horny beak will give you the clue. Yes, though, I beg your pardon—we did find one thing more. Care to guess? It was a suit of old rusted armour, and the device on the breast-plate was the device I have told you of."

"Antonio da Costa's?" I cried.

"Antonio da Costa's," said the doctor. "There were the remains of a skeleton inside the armour. Antonio da Costa's, too, I hope."

He broke off sharply, and pointed forward. "There's the light on the Berlengas," he said. "See it? Over the port bow. The old man's taking us inside, as it's a clear night."

But I was not looking over the port bow just then. I was looking back, towards the hills of Cintra. But I could not see them; for a land mist had sprung up, and was lying over them in a black cloud.

Presently I heard the doctor's voice again.

"I had a letter from Norah when we got into Lisbon to-day," he was saying. "We're a couple of days behind time this trip, you know, and she wrote to say that she couldn't come over from Cintra to see me, because she'd arranged some swimming races for to-day. She has got up a ladies' water-polo club down there; but some of the girls don't like playing in the big tank, because there are such a lot of goldfish in it now."

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MODERN MAN-OF-WAR.

THE WAR-GALLEY AND THE BATTLE-SHIP.

By EDWARD FRASER.

A FAIR American hostess in a Boston drawing-room some time ago was entertaining her friends in a conversation about the American fleet in general, and about certain United States war-ships then lying off Boston in particular. Said one guest: "Why do they call them a 'Squadron of Evolution'?" The lady of the house was equal to the occasion. "That," replied she, "is very simple—the simplest thing in the world. For a long time they have been at work trying to devise the best kind of war-ship, and this is the result—this is what has been 'evolved.' And so they call it the 'Squadron of Evolution.'" Then the hostess lay back in her chair and smiled, satisfied that she had enlightened her visitors, who still think, it is told, that the explanation was the right one. Well—

> Full many a shaft at random sent,
> Finds mark the archer little meant.

And so here. The fair Bostonian's ready-witted definition, if not perhaps acceptable at the Naval Bureau in Washington, will admirably serve our purpose. The modern man-of-war is, as a fact, the outcome of an evolutionary process that has been working ever since the first war-ship put to sea. And what is more, the fighting ship of to-day bears and shows, in the various points of her construction without and within, every one of the typical features of the various developments through which the fighting machine of the sea has passed from the very earliest period.

There have been, in fact, ever since the world began practically but three kinds of fighting ship. First, the oar-propelled, free-moving war-galley, designed for end-on attack, but of light build, and unfitted for the rough work of ocean service. Secondly, the sailing-ship, dependent entirely for movement and guidance on the wind, designed for broadside attack, heavily built, and of high freeboard, and seaworthy in all weathers. And the main points of the two first combine to make up the third, which is our modern steam-propelled battle-ship, mobile in every respect, capable of all-round fire, and fitted to go anywhere all the world over. Our *Majestics* and *Royal Sovereigns* have in their make, shape, and equipment points and special features that are common also to our *Victorys*, *Sovereigns of the Sea*, and *Great Harrys* of the past and the intermediate

> Oaken giants of the ancient race
> That ruled all Seas.

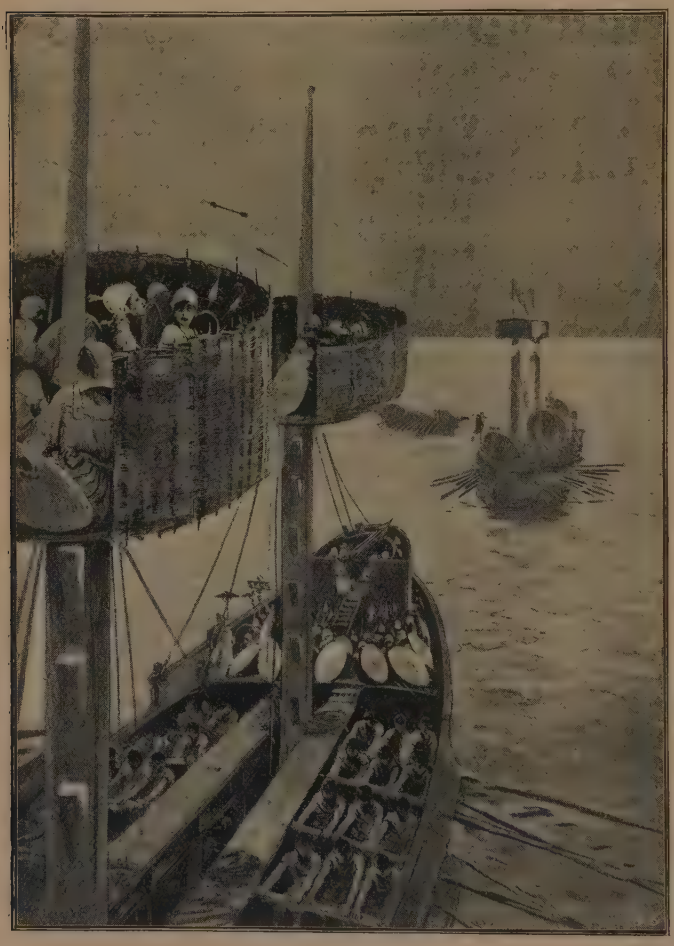
They also have points and features that are similarly common to and developed from the ships of the battle-line of the farthest off olden time, the dashing galleys of old Rome and Augustus Cæsar—

> The thunder of whose brazen prows
> O'er Actium's ocean rang—

the galleys of Athens that made the forlorn-hope rush at Syracuse and led the conquering onset at Salamis; right away back, indeed, to war-boats of Rameses III. and that day in the dim and distant past when was fought the first naval fleet battle of which there is record, about the year 1000 B.C.

To see this one has only to visit any of our own dockyards of to-day. Go round the building slips, docks, and basins at Portsmouth or Chatham or Devonport, and use your eyes. Two apparently very modern appliances that will be among

the first things to catch the eye of the visitor, that he will remark in every British battle-ship there, will be—at least one of them—just what have caught the eye of an Egyptian of twenty centuries ago looking at a war-ship of the reigning Pharaoh. They are the "military" or fighting top and the huge projecting ram-prow.



ANCIENT FIGHTING-TOPS.

The fighting-top comes first in point of date—on the authority of a large relief to be seen to-day on the walls of the Temple at Medînet Abû, in Egypt, built by Rameses III. of the Twentieth Dynasty, which represents a battle fought about 1000 B.C. It probably came into existence in this way. The ships used in the sea-fights of the earliest times were open row-boats, the rowers using ordinary short paddles, and being seated close along the sides of each vessel. There would be some slingers and archers besides. In a fight these slung stones at each other, and they shot arrows, and then when one side had got the better of it, the victors ran in alongside the enemy, drew their knives, and boarded, to cut the throats of the beaten party or fling them overboard, and then carry off the enemy's ship. It occurred probably to somebody next to put wicker basketwork screens along the bulwarks, to cover the rowers in battle from the arrows and stones as the hostile boats came to close quarters, and then it occurred to somebody else to fix a basketwork structure at the mast-head, whence, as from a point of special vantage, two or three picked shots could get in their missiles over the enemy's bulwark screen, and of themselves in this way possibly decide the fortunes of the day. The military top continued in all fighting ships of the Egyptians and of the Phœnicians, who adopted it from Egypt, and until the earlier days of the famous triremes of Athens. It then disappeared from the sea, and suddenly, for just a thousand years. The fighting-top was ousted by the ram and the new system of "shock" tactics that the ram brought into existence.

This was about the year 700 B.C., and the Phœnicians of old Tyre led the way as the introducers of the new invention. The

Greeks, apparently, were upwards of a century behind the Phœnicians in taking up the idea of the ram.

It curiously happens that, in our modern form of ram—as we can see it in our own latest battle-ships, the *Canopus*, the *Formidable*, and the *London*, now building—we have the ram reproduced practically in its original form, as a solid, wedge-shaped mass of metal, placed at or not far below the water-line. This was the original design of the Phœnicians, from whom it was adopted, without alteration from them, by the Assyrians in the first place, as is shown in a relief of about 700 B.C., in the Palace of Konyunjik, built by Sennacherib, which is reproduced in Layard's "Monuments of Nineveh." The Greeks then got hold of the idea; and after a time in due course, in their restless way, began to tinker at it. In the Athenian triremes of the battles of the Persian War we still find in nine ships out of ten the original triangular wedge solid form of ram. In the great Greek Civil War, over the details of which Thucydides so troubles our schoolboy days—the Peloponnesian War, as the orthodox call it—triple-fanged or trident-shaped rams below water, with double-pointed auxiliary rams above water, appear in nearly every Greek war-ship. To punch a simple hole in the enemy's hull below the water-line and leave the stricken ship to sink in the course of nature, the original method of doing business with the ram, was, no doubt, too slow and clumsy a process for the artistic-minded contemporaries of Pericles and the Spartan Lysander. They preferred a happier form of despatch, a quicker way. That was to send the enemy to the bottom bodily on the spot by cutting the hull open with one crashing stroke in one gaping, continuous cleft right away down from the bulwark-rail to the keel. One drive home in this way, and all was over in less than thirty seconds.

With the multi-fanged type of ram there also came in a change in the general system of fighting tactics. Ram tactics, as they were first devised, were simply manœuvres to confuse an enemy and get him to make a false shift of the helm. To get him broadside-on and then go at him full tilt, full speed ahead—charging slap-dash into the unprotected broadside of the long trireme galley at right angles.

A MODERN FIGHTING-TOP.

With a well-captained enemy, though, this final consummation proved sometimes a long and weary day's work, and, after all, too, for a highly strung Athenian it

was hardly high art. It had, besides, another drawback. What if—as occasionally happened—the ram-prow of the attacking ship, with its paraphernalia, stuck fast in timbers of the enemy's side and then broke off, bringing away with it most of the bow woodwork and fittings of the charging ship? In such cases, as a rule, while the vanquished ship capsized and went to the bottom on her beam ends, the victor went to the bottom by the head.

AN ANCIENT RAM.

The Athenian naval chiefs of the Peloponnesian War time planned a method that was safer and prettier. This was the famous *Di-ekplous*, as they called it, and for the new plan of attack the multi-fanged ram-prow was the best possible device. The enemy once sighted, the attacking triremes came on direct, in line abreast, each galley ram to ram with a galley of the foe, until quite near. Then there was some close-quarters manœuvring and dodging of prows until, by a final shift of the helm and turning two or three points to clear the opposing prow, each trireme dashed in at high speed, quickly got every oar unshipped and hauled well inboard with the oar-blades outside laid in as close as might be alongside, lengthways, and burst through the enemy's line close alongside each hostile ship. On they sped, each ship surging forward with full momentum to crash through the serried rows of oars of the ships attacked — breaking some off short, splintering others, tearing others, nipped in between the fangs of the upper and lower rams, right out of the oar-ports; the collision toppling the wretched oarsmen head over heels and hurling them about their own decks in hideous confusion with maimed limbs and broken bones. Then the victors resumed their oars and turned to finish off the

crippled and practically defenceless enemy with a gentle dig from the ram, applied broadside on, after old-time method—in which the fanged ram ran no danger of breaking off.

Of course this scheme of attack meant that one side were more skilful than their opponents in the preliminary dodging business—as the Athenians usually were. Also, that the attacked party, in the preliminary fencing, were not "up" to the impending decisive move in time, and were slower in getting their oars in. And, of course, also sometimes it happened that some of the attacking ships miscalculated distances and either missed their antagonists clean, or else spiked themselves on the rams of their opponents. There was thus, indeed, quite a sporting element in the operation that left something to luck at the last minute about the *Di-ekplous* move, which, no doubt, appealed to the gay souls of the "Children of the Grasshopper" who invented it.

A MODERN RAM.

For ourselves, by the way, our tactical battle-methods in a modern battle with the ram would on occasion, doubtless, be something on lines not unlike these: To use the ram as the *ultima ratio* on the crippled enemy whose motive power had been nullified in one way or another, so as either to sink a broken-down enemy or compel a surrender at discretion.

Queen Dido's fellow emigrants from Tyre took the Phœnician wedge-shaped ram with them to Carthage. They, later on, through the Syracusans, adopted the Attic trident prong, or fanged, form of ram instead. This was some time before the first Punic War with Rome, in which the Carthaginians maintained the supremacy of the ram until the great fleet battle day of Mylæ, when the Roman Consul Duilius—from whom the present Italian ironclad *Duilio* takes its name—startled the age by his daring innovation in boarding tactics. Duilius from the first frankly abandoned the idea of trying to meet the trained seamen of Carthage with manœuvre for manœuvre. For one thing, the

improvised seamen of the Roman fleet were too raw at sea warfare to go through any naval evolutions at all in the presence of an enemy. For another, there was really no need for them to do so. The big style of ship that the Carthaginian navy affected was, in fact, too big for ramming work. Duilius said he would take the risk of being rammed in action. Being run into by a laboriously driven and comparatively slow affair like a Carthaginian quinquereme, ploughing along with its five rows of oars, was a very different thing from being cut down at a stroke by the slashing onset of an Attic trireme dashing at high speed into a ship of similarly light build. The ponderous attack of the Punic war-ship, even when the stoutly timbered and equally bulky Roman ship gave her opponent a fair broadside chance to ram home, was not necessarily fatal. The Carthaginian captain had to act discreetly, if his great vessel was not to telescope herself, or crumple up her forepart in concertina fashion. The Carthaginians, it would appear, never practised or attempted the *Di-ekplous* manœuvre — undoubtedly for the main reason because their huge quinqueremes were too unhandy and too fragile.

The Roman tactics revolutionised sea-fighting, and established the style of battle tactics that held good until the galley itself vanished as a fighting craft off the face of the waters. The ram continued to threaten from the prows of all war-ships—with three, four, five, or even more projecting fangs, according to the size of the ship—to be used on occasion, no doubt, more or less circumspectly; but henceforward, "boarders away" was the order of the day of battle. Naval tactics, in the ordinary sense of the term, the Romans affected to despise. To run alongside, with their ships crowded with legionary soldiers, and close and board and fight it out at the sword's point, man to man, was the method adopted under the Romans from first to last. Lucan vividly depicts the working out of the Duilius system in the third book of his "Pharsalia" (Rowe's translation), where he tells the story of a sea-fight off the coast of the Western Riviera in the year 49 B.C.—

Massilia's navy, nimble, clean, and light,
With best advantage, seek or shun the fight;
With ready ease, all answer to command,
Obey the helm, and feel the pilot's hand.
Not so the *Romans*, cumbrous hulks they lay,
And slow and heavy hung upon the sea;
Yet strong, and for the closer combat good,
They yield firm footing on th' unstable flood.
Thus Brutus saw, and to the master cries
(The master in the lofty poop he spies
Where streaming the Prætorian ensign flies),
"Still wo't thou bear away, still shift thy place,
And turn the battle to a wanton chase?
Is this a time to play so mean a part,
To tack, to veer, and boast thy trifling art?
Bring to. The war shall hand to hand be tried,
Oppose thou to the foe our ample side
And let us meet like men," the chieftain said;
The ready master the command obeyed,
And sidelong to the foe the ship was laid.
Upon his waist fierce fall the thund'ring Greeks,
Fast in his timbers stick their brazen beaks;
Some lie by chains and grapplings strong compell'd,
While others by the tangling oars are held;
The seas are hid beneath the closing war,
Nor need they cast the jav'lin now from far;
With hardy strokes the combatants engage,
And with keen faulchions deal their deadly rage;
Man against man, and board by board they lie,
And on those decks their arms defended, die;
The rolling surge is stained around with blood,
And foamy purple swells the rising flood.

This was the Roman idea of fighting a sea-battle in its highest form. It was, after all, in essentials, only a return to the very earliest methods: as the old Egyptians used to do while the Pyramids were still in building. But it led to certain things. For one thing, it brought back the old fighting-top that the school of Themistocles had discarded.

The Athenians had abolished the fighting-top. With their style of "go-at-'em" tactics it was not wanted. As a fact, before a Greek sea-battle, the light masts that an Attic trireme carried for making sail as a relief to the oarsmen when cruising were struck and stowed away in the hold, nothing whatever showing above the bulwarks. The quinqueremes of Carthage and the Liburnian biremes of the fleet of Augustus did the same in clearing for action—apparently, as a traditionary usage first copied by their

THE RAM IN ANCIENT WARFARE.

forefathers from the Attic preparations for battle.

The fighting-top came in again in the later years of the Roman Empire, about the third century, A.D. It returned to stay. The fighting-top remained a necessary equipment of a war-ship throughout the day of the Byzantine imperial war-fleet, and as long as the galley battle-ship herself lasted.

For another thing, the Roman plan of action in a fight at sea led to the introduction of deck superstructures and the turret as a platform for artillery. The Romans in naval warfare were but soldiers at sea. All their arrangements were devised strictly on military lines. The battle-ship to them was but a transport, a fighting platform, a vehicle to bring their men, as quickly as might be, to close quarters with the enemy. And to aid in their war method there were, ready to hand, the big man-slaying engines of war that every Roman legion always took with it into the field as part of its regulation establishment. These were the balists and catapults used for hurling heavy darts of iron, beams of timber, and stone boulders of two and three hundred pounds weight. Placed on board ship, they would serve to help forward greatly the work of the boarders, in a battle, by overwhelming the enemy from afar, and as the ships closed, with a crushing storm of heavy projectiles. And to assist the heavy artillery in their special man-killing work, there was the legionary light artillery corps also available—the Slingers.

It only remained to find places for them all in the ship. That was done by erecting turrets—box-like structures sometimes twenty feet high—for the balists and catapults to work on, and a light superstructure gangway for the slingers, some of whom, of course, were also posted in the fighting-top. The turrets were set up near the bows in all war-ships, and in some ships near the stern as well. The superstructure was a light central gangway, with a breast-high bulwark running fore and aft between the turrets. It stood high, clear above the side gangways that themselves were built over the benches where the oarsmen sat, on which and round the base of the turrets swarmed the legionaries, sword in hand, awaiting the final moment of collision.

Such was the Roman war-galley battle-ship from the days of Hadrian to the days of Constantine, and very similar in its artillery fighting arrangements is our own battle-ship idea. The slow-firing, heavy projectile weapons installed forward and aft, the rapid-firing light projectile weapons installed between—this is the very same principle on which the big guns and quick-firers of our present *Majestics* and *Royal Sovereigns* are arranged. If we add the other details of fighting-ship equipment common to both—the military top and the ram—with the common quality that the modern battle-ship and the old-time war-galley possess—the power of movement at will and in any direction—we may go further and call them in essentials practically identical fighting machines.

Yet another point of detail in our comparison: By a recent Admiralty order, in conformity with the custom of all modern navies, our torpedo-boats, destroyers, and light fighting and reconnoitring craft are to have a special "war-paint" colour of their own, to make them as nearly as possible invisible at sea. In the old Roman navy, according to Vegetius, the light galleys used for scouting purposes were in war-time specially painted all over—hull, oars, masts, and everywhere—so as nearly as possible to match the colour of the waves.

To conclude. The evolution of the modern battle-ship may fairly be said to have begun in the very earliest period of history, and the battle-ship of our time, with her Egyptian top, Phœnician ram, and Roman turret superstructure and artillery distribution system, may undoubtedly be said to have made good her claim to be the representative of the war-ship of the first period of the world's history—the Classic Age. How the modern battle-ship also typifies and represents in essential features of her make and shape the war-ship of the world's second period, the Mediæval Age and the earlier part of what we call the Modern Age, is a story for another day.

EFFECT OF THE RAM IN MODERN TIMES SINKING OF THE "VICTORIA," JANUARY 22, 1893.

SUMMER.

THE DEATH OF JAMES TORRIE.

By GEORGE GAMBLE.

Author of "A Farrago of Folly," etc.

JAMES TORRIE lay down to die. Upcurled, like a starved and frozen hedgehog, on the lee-side of a clump of bushes, where the snow was thinnest, he sullenly, but impatiently, awaited death. Void of food, filled with fear, cold and wet, weak and hopeless, he was desirous only of immediate oblivion. He had not eaten or drunk for nine and twenty hours; for just as long he had not been dry. He had not seen a fire or a smile for many months; for just as long he had not been happy. Yes, there was nothing to be done but to sleep—here, in this lulling cold, here, in this stupefying fog—sleep straight on into forgetfulness and peace.

Through the semi-coagulated air came faintly a muffled sound of bells—joy-bells—Christmas bells. On the previous night their music and merriment had been interspersed with the surly and sinister boom of cannon—cannon mounted in the embrasures of the prison across the marsh—cannon fired to inform all good men and true in the far-off town that it behoved them to assist at once in the recapture of a jail-breaking convict.

For a while James Torrie did nothing: he was rendered inert and senseless by an overwhelming stupor. Then, partially recovering, he listened feebly to the remote bells. Soon their message came home, not only to his ear but to his heart. "Peace—upon—earth—and—good-will—to—all—men," he slowly muttered. "Well, I suppose I deserve my punishment."

However, he did not feel inclined to give himself up. He resolved to lie there till he was found—found dead.

After a while, James Torrie began to wonder why he was there at all. Then he remembered. Also he remembered the beginnings of his career—his career so merry but so short. Meyrick it was who had led him on. But why had he allowed himself to be led on? Well, he was young—twenty-four; and Meyrick had showed him how to make money without earning it, had showed him how to make money literally. When the crash had come, Meyrick had been taken, and himself left. But not for long. Meyrick had rounded on him, and got him laid by the heels in the same prison. Together they had been placed in the dock; together they had been charged with uttering counterfeit coin. He himself would have escaped on a legal quibble; but once again Meyrick had denounced him. They had been put back for further inquiries. While awaiting the resumption of their trial, he had deliberately turned mutinous. He had been heavily ironed. Once more he had stood in the dock side by side with Meyrick. Together they had been convicted; together they had been sentenced to death. Remembering that Meyrick had betrayed him, remembering that Meyrick had nothing to gain by this treachery except the pleasure of revenge—revenge concerning Daisy Joslin—and remembering why he had purposely got himself ironed, he had sprung upon his elder fellow-sinner in open court, and striven to beat out his brains. He had failed. Even now, when at the point of death, he was sorry—sorry that he had failed.

However, he had marked him—just above the eye. And so, when they came to stand before the Devil, side by side, as they had stood before the judge, the Devil would see at once which of the two deserved the fiercest fire.

Later on, still lying upon the snow in that stupefactive fog and darkness, James Torrie remembered the double respite that had been granted—granted mainly through their counsel's efforts. Then he recalled the commutation of the capital sentence into one of penal servitude for life: *that*, he knew, meant transportation to the other side of the world. Better death! Yes, that was why he had risked his neck in loosening that rusty bar, and scrambling through that grated window and dropping into that stony courtyard beneath. That was why he had risked being shot down by the armed warders; that was why he had risked the ensuing struggle; that was why he had risked aiming that murderous blow. But he had escaped. And in the thickness and the blackness of the weather and the hour, he had contrived to elude capture; and he had contrived to elude capture all that night and all the next day.

He had skulked behind trees; he had lain in ditches; he had crawled upon all-fours like the hunted animal that he was. He had stood stock-still; he had galloped madly. He had lurched and staggered, panted and sobbed; he had suffered tortures from cramp, and held his breath to the edge of vertigo. He had been stung by nettles, pierced by thorns, cut by stones. He had sweated and shivered; he had felt hot as fire and cold as ice, dry as dust and wet as water. He had hungered; he had thirsted. He had been caressed by Hope, and cheated; he had fought with Fear, and lost; he had rallied his courage, only to enhance the bitterness of his tastes of terror; he had discovered avenues of escape, only to find them guarded by the searching soldiers. . . . Racked by rage, panic, hysteria; torn by wounds, weariness, discomfort; beaten by want of food and drink and sleep—small wonder that James Torrie now wished only to die.

II.

"Well, Doctor Angrove, I've bin an' brought it."

"Brought what? You obscene night-bird!"

"Wot yer asked me for, er course!"

"Yes—I remember! Bring it in."

Doctor Angrove turned from the door and moved back into the passage. Shading the candle with his hand, he waited. The man with whom he had been talking waddled away into the darkness. In a few minutes that man returned. This time he was staggering beneath a burden—a burden that, in addition to being heavy, was long, bulky, and rigid; also it was wrapped in a sheet.

"I brought this 'ere fing on a 'and-cart," whispered the waddler and staggerer. "An' I left it lyin' at roost in the shadder o' them there trees. You know, Doctor, just a-nigh the foot o' your garding. It comes inter my 'ead—some'ow—that it wouldn't be quite the right sort o' fing ter fly gallopin' up wiv ter the front entrance—say, on er coach an' four, at ten o'clock in the mornin'. So yer see, that's why I creeps roun' ter the side gate wiv this puty fing—on er 'and-cart—about night-times."

"Perhaps," said his impatient hearer—more than listener, "you did all this because I told you to."

"Right you are, Doctor! Only don't be nasty! . . . 'Ere's a wery puty fing, an' a wery puty fing, an' wot's ter be done wiv this wery puty fing?"

"Lay it on the table!" commanded Angrove.

The man did as he was told. Then, taking off his cap, and stepping a few paces from his ex-burden, and shifting his weight uneasily from his right foot to his left, and from his left to his right, he gazed round at the bare walls of the vault-like chamber. Afterwards, he looked at the ceiling and the floor; in short, anywhere but at the doctor and the corpse.

"Well," he inquired, "wot are yer goin' ter give me?"

"What I said I would! Monkey-memory!"

"Ten guineas?"

"Ten pounds."

"Make 'em guineas."

"What for?"

"Ten quids fer the stiff, five bobs fer the sheet, five bobs fer Christmas."

"Christmas makes no difference whatever to me," grunted the doctor. There'll be a lot o' work fer you termorrer."

"What did this man die of?"

"Jail-fever."

"Excellent!"

"D' yer want any—any more?"

"This is the first and the last."

James Torrie sullenly, but impatiently, awaited death.

"Why, ain't that when yer gets in yer little bills?"

"Not in this poverty-stricken, God-forsaken hole!"

"Oh, but Doctor, dear! Christmas! Why, that's when the poor overeats themselves, and when the 'umble 'ave fat 'eads.

"Till the next time, eh, Doctor?"

The man ventured a grin. But he soon cleared his face of all encumbering emotions—the doctor had looked at him. However, in a few moments he plucked up sufficient impertinence to continue. Desiring that those pounds should grow

into guineas, he began to magnify the dangers of his completed task.

"Yer know, Doctor," he said, "fings er gettin' puty warm about such business as ours. No—no! I mean such business as mine. That Burke an' 'Are job in Edinburgh 'as blown the gaff on this sort o' trade. I'm told that 'Are 'as turned King's evidence. But that doesn't matter ter me. I'm not er murderer. I'm not even er resser-ruction man. . . . Bein'—as yer know, Doctor—bein' porter up at the prison 'orspital across the marsh there (jerking his thumb inconsequently over his shoulder), bein', as yer know, porter, I gits these little articles (nodding familiarly at the corpse) as perks. Wot the saw-bones inside the jail leaves, I takes—wich is precious little. I shouldn't 'a got this if they 'adn't been Christmas merrymaking, and so told me to bury it quick. . . . It's disgustin'ly dangerous! It's agin the law. Doctor Knox give Burke fourteen quids fer some o' 'is. Anyways, so 'Are says; or, rather, that's wot a warder read out ter me from the printed noosepaper. . . . So all o' that is argufyin' in a way wich allows you ought to make it guineas, Doctor."

"Certainly I'll make it guineas," said Angrove, frowning, "if only to stop your tongue. Don't I know all you've told me?"

"Well, I said yer did."

"Why tell me over again?"

"'Cos I wants ter talk."

"Then go and talk outside."

"The fog gits in my throat."

"Do you want a lozenge?"

"No, I don't want one lossinge; I wants ten—twenty. I wants ten red 'uns and ten white 'uns."

Angrove nearly smiled.

"Here's your money," he said reluctantly. "*Count* it now. Ten sovereigns—ten shillings. . . . Is that right? . . . Yes? Well, if you *do* talk outside—don't talk about this, mind you. But there—you're a fool; but you're not such a fool as to chatter about what 'll get you into trouble. Good-night. I'd offer you a drink, but it's such a long way upstairs. Good-night."

Spitting (for luck) carefully and copiously upon each separate coin, the seller of corpses put his money into his capacious trousers-pockets: the gold in the right, the silver in the left. He seemed to have some vague idea that, if mingled, the one would corrupt the other; and, illogically enough, he did not seem of opinion that the shillings would be turned into sovereigns. His money safely deposited, he grew talkative again.

"I say, Doctor, did yer 'ear them guns last night? They *do* shake old bones, them guns. I expec' they made young flesh jump, too. One o' our flock broke out o' the fold last night. Got out like er rat from er brown-paper bag. And, afore 'e went, 'e made a nice mess er one o' the warders. Thought I'd ave 'ad a cheap 'un fer Doctor Angrove. But, Lord bless yer, it takes a lot ter crack one o' them warder's 'eads, I can tell yer. In a manner o' speakin', it can't be done—excep' wiv er pickaxe. And this young devil wot broke loose only 'it 'im on the 'ead wiv 'is own musket. But I makes no doubt 'e finks 'e gave 'im 'is transport ter—ter—well, wherever warders go ter. 'Owsomedever, that warder isn't goin' there—yet. But that young devil is comin' back 'ere—soon. Wait till the fog lifts, and they 'll 'ave 'im off the marsh like pickin' a plum off a dish—when there's only one. All o' that is argufyin' in a way wich allows 'e doesn't creep, under cover o' night an' fog, ter any 'ouse on the edge o' the marsh—yours, fer example, Doctor—and prig some money an' clothes. That's wot does 'em! The clothes! Why, they can't even beg with them clothes on. They must steal! So look out, Doctor!"

"I have no fear," commented the admonished one.

"'E wouldn't git much out o' this place, would 'e?"

"Take care he doesn't attack—*you*!"

"Oh, don't frighten er poor old man!"

Again Angrove nearly smiled. The terror—genuine as sudden—that he had induced in the heart of the seller of corpses more than compensated for the irritation of that home-thrust concerning

meanness. Quite quickly the man waddled to the door. He desired to reach the safety of the prison hospital as soon as possible; he remembered that loose brick in the wall behind which he hid his "makings"; and he had no wish to benefit the escaped convict with the sale-money of the body of that convict's dead enemy.

The doctor was peering into the face of his recent purchase.

"This cove on the table an' that cove on the marsh was pals—once. They 'ad a tiff in the dock—'bout somefing; an' the young 'un give the old 'un a kiss over the eye wiv a darby. 'E 'll carry the mark to 'is grave. All o' that is argufyin' in a way wich allows that you—when you 've done wiv 'im, Doctor—*puts* 'im in a grave. 'Owsomedever, good-night! An' now I 've seen the old 'un nicely landed, I 'opes I don't meet the young 'un!"

"I hope so, too," said Angrove indifferently. "And I hope," he added, with sudden earnestness, "that he doesn't come here. If he does, I shall treat him as the monster that he is. If I find him prowling about my house or garden, I shall give him up. That is, if I take him alive."

"Why, you wouldn't dose 'im, Doctor, would yer?"

"Will you get out of my house, or not?"

"Well, for Gawd's sake, don't let 'im see 'is pal!"

"From what you say, it ought to please him."

"Oh, but 'e might roun' on little me, Doctor."

"There, there! Good-night! Don't stand on my doorstep 'argufyin'' about something that is as unlikely to occur as that you and I will meet in heaven!"

"Merry Christmas to yer, Doctor!"

"Merry Christmas be damned!"

The next minute, the door had been flung to, the porter was waddling away with his empty barrow, and the doctor was peering into the face of his recent purchase.

"Lucky devil!" he muttered. "You're dead!"

It is surmisable that Doctor William Angrove was a man who had been hurt. As a matter of truth, some three years agone his wife had died, and this to him was a loss, and not a relief. He had loved his wife, and liked all mankind; he now loved only his daughter, and hated all mankind. He admitted that his trouble was not their fault; but in endeavouring to conceal his grief he had hardened his heart, and what had been a defence was become a habit: as might a man start taking a drug to lull a pain, and end by destroying sensibility. Only his little Marion was of interest to him now; only her comfort, welfare, happiness was of the least consideration. She had her mother's hair and eyes, and her mother's smile; and he wished to see his daughter arrive at a state of perfection similar to that of his bride. Not that he wanted his daughter to marry. Even though the contingency was remote, he began already to fear it. That some sleek-lipped, simpering fool would one day enthrall her young affections, he made no doubt. But till that hour of separation arrived he would do all he could—well, not to prevent it, but at least to provide against its necessity. And so he worked on, and raked and scraped, and grew close-fisted, and became an exacter of his due—all this that his daughter might not have occasion to follow matrimony as a profession.

Therefore, it was not because William Angrove was a philanthropist that he had taken up the study of jail-fever. Despite the tremendous efforts of heroic and devoted John Howard, and of later reformers, prisons, in that year of disgrace (1828) were still in a deplorable condition; and Doctor Angrove knew that there was immense room for further improvement. He believed that if he could bring to perfection his theory concerning the cause, cure, and prevention of jail-fever, he would not only be doing a service to Society, but would win fame for himself and fortune for his daughter. As to Society, he cared nothing; as to himself, he also cared nothing; as to his daughter, he cared everything. And he determined that he would leave no field unexplored to gain his single and superlative end.

This, then, accounted for Doctor Angrove's purchase; this, then, accounted for the presence in his house of a dead convict.

However, he had no intention of commencing operations just at present. Replacing the sheet over that distorted countenance with the newly healed scar above the eye, he blew out the candle and left that vault-like chamber to its appropriate occupant. Mounting the stairs leading to the ground floor, he continued upward, past the first floor, till he came to the second. There he entered a small cosy bed-room. Seated before a cheerful fire, and reading a book of fairy tales, was a little girl. She was bright of eye, bright of manner, bright of brain. And if the mother had been as pretty and winning and intelligent as the daughter bid fair to become, it is surmisable that the father's loss was great indeed.

"Oh, Dada! Such a pretty story! All about a fierce ugly man who saved the life of a little princess, and who then met her father, the king, and—and—and that's as far as I've got."

William Angrove, transformed from the frowning, sinister doctor into a smiling, reassuring parent, took his little daughter upon his knee and discussed the details of that story with a fine and tender sympathy. When they had finished with the story, she asked him if he had heard the bells that evening. Upon his

"fibbing" that he had, she said that bells sounded much nicer than cannon. And she inquired of her father as to why the nasty cannon were banged off.

William Angrove explained, softening everything.

"And so," said Marion, with quick earnestness, "the poor convict-man is out on that dreadful marsh, is he? And what will he have to eat? And what will he have to drink? And how will he keep himself dry? And how will he keep himself warm? And will he get right away? And do you think he will find a bag of money, like a beggar in one of these tales? And would you drive off the poor convict-man—if he came here, Dada? And——"

Seated before a cheerful fire, and reading a book of fairy tales, was a little girl.

Her father laughed. But he only thought; he did not speak. "Poor convict-man," indeed! A desperate ruffian! "Drive him off?" Certainly not! Hand him over at once to the officers of the law. Else—why pay rates and taxes? Instead of replying to Marion's eager questions, her father remarked that it was time she went to bed. And he added that Aunty (who kept house for him) had gone into the town to spend Christmas night with Uncle, and that Minnie (the servant) would also not be back, and that, therefore, Father himself would put little Marion to rest.

This accomplished, and the many "Good-night" kisses having been duly given and returned, the king went down into the sitting-room directly below the chamber of his little princess. At that moment, in the front entrance, jangled a bell. He answered it. Doctor Angrove was wanted at once: a lady in the town had been taken suddenly ill. Hang the lady in the town! Or hang her anywhere else! Why had she chosen to make of the twenty-fifth of December somebody's birthday? Was it not already sufficiently celebrated? However, he would come; and that speedily. Taking down his hat and coat from a peg in the hall, he slouched them on. Then, he went back upstairs to the sitting-room. He put a

safety-guard before the fire. And he turned down the lamp.

Some time after Doctor Angrove had left the room, a mouse ran up the table-cloth and investigated the neighbourhood of that lamp. The mouse was followed by a cat. Trouble accrued.

III.

"Shout, and I'll murder you! Keep quiet, and I'll only rob you!"

James Torrie forced the porter backwards over the barrow, and rummaged his pockets. In due season he arrived at the shillings and the sovereigns. These he made his own. Then he plucked from the seller of corpses a long scarf that that merchant wore round his face to keep his cap upon his head. And he started to gag him.

"I—I—I say-a-a," was the ensuing gurgle. "Doo-o-o-on't yer go-o-o a-hurtin' of a poo-o-oor old ma-a-an!"

Torrie paused. He spoke, or, rather, he growled—

"I'm a wolf at bay! Thank your God I've not killed and eaten you! Why, in the devil's name, haven't you got a flask about you? Even if it were only gin! By Heavens, I'd like to have a bite at your fat head!"

The infuriated humorist laughed. That his laugh sounded suspiciously like a snarl was more his misfortune than his fault.

"Kill me—if yer want ter—kill me! Only don't take my money," whined the porter, "don't take my money!"

"What 's to prevent me?"

"Not me, Sir—not me, Sir!"

"Why shouldn't I take your money?

The porter invented a good reason.

"'Tain't mine."

"No; it 's mine."

James Torrie demonstrated that truth by giving the transferred coins a sharp rattle.

The old man began to sob.

"Blast your soul!" cried the convict. "Shut up! Hold your row! Will you?"

The old man continued to sob.

Of what he had taken the convict now returned exactly a half.

"I'd change clothes with you," he said quietly, "but your old blood would freeze to death in the few rags that I've got on. So I'll just content myself with tying you to your own barrow, gagging you, and wheeling you quietly behind those trees over there. What do you say to that?"

"Oh, Sir, Sir, you *are* kind—you *are* kind, Sir! All o' that is argufyin' in a way wich allows that you *are* kind, Sir."

"Quite right, quite right," said Torrie, with a queer grin. "But I shall not give you back the other five guineas. I want those to help me on the road. I expect you've been selling something you stole."

"No, Sir: it was given me."

"What, the money?"

"No, Sir; the—the somefing."

James Torrie proceeded to do what he had promised. While so engaged, he talked—talked with a kind of exultation.

"I've just had a nice long sleep, porter, dear—all alone in the fog and snow; and I feel as if I'd like another sleep—in the dry and warm. Before that sleep, I wanted to die; after that sleep I wanted to live. I saw that the fog was cleared away; and that, apparently, the soldiers were cleared with it. At any rate, I've seen none since. Not that one can see far, or much, in this pitch-black darkness. Can they, porter, dear? Or you'd have seen me. Wouldn't you, porter, dear? Well, you'll never see me again. So, good-night, porter, dear. Pleasant dreams in your barrow, under these sheltering trees! And although I can't wish you a merry Christmas—if only because it is nearly over—at least, I can hope for you a happy and prosperous New Year."

James Torrie left his bound and gagged and depleted victim, and scurried away through the darkness towards the lights of the town, twinkling on the hillside. It was his intention to break into the first lonely house he saw, and there gather a supply of food and a change of clothes—human clothes, not clothes deformed with the mark of the beast. And then he would creep across the open country to a distant posting-station.

He faltered onward till he reached a clump of trees. He plunged among them.

He would have climbed one and there awaited the small hours of morning, but that he was too weak. Famished and athirst, worn out and a-cold, he could only lean against the widest tree-trunk and prepare to skulk and dodge.

Suddenly he found that he was near a house. This discovery he made through the agency of fire. Flames were flickering from the first-floor windows.

Soon a small crowd of women gathered. Their husbands and fathers and brothers were evidently in the town, improving their own healths by drinking other people's. One of the women tugged violently at the bell. There was no answer. Another of the women broke with a stone a ground-floor window. The window was strongly shuttered. A third way of entering the house suggested itself. Shortly, in response to the summons of a fleet-footed girl, an old man and three boys came up, panting and lurching under the weight of a long ladder. Aided by the women, they planted it against the front of the house. It reached—or reached nearly — to the left window of the second floor.

James Torrie, emerging cautiously from the shelter of the trees, peered in the direction of the crowd's gaze. Nobody saw him: everybody was too intent upon that window. Face and hands pressed to the glass, stood a little child.

The old man essayed to mount the ladder. Midway up he was overcome by the smoke. Half falling, half scrambling, he rolled down among the women at the ladder's foot.

"Shout, and I'll murder you! keep quiet, and I'll only rob you!"

James Torrie went forward still further. Even yet no one saw him; even yet he could escape. But he was occupied with other thoughts. His liberty against the life of that child! He had been convicted of coining; he had been sentenced to

transportation; he had broken jail; he had mauled a warder, perhaps murdered him. His *life* against the life of that child! He had committed highway robbery. With the proceeds he could travel quickly to another part of the country. These people were out of their houses. What better opportunity to procure food and, above all, other clothes? Was it that his desperate efforts for safety were to be in vain? His life against the life of that child!

Just then the glare of the fire from the flaming windows exhibited that, at the window above, something was happening. The child fluttered against the glass as might a bird against its cage.

James Torrie sprang forward. He plucked a shawl from a woman's shoulder. She sharply turned; she started back. The convict smiled. The woman screamed. James Torrie leaped to the foot of the ladder. He glanced upward; he saw the rolling smoke and curling flames; he heard a woman's voice crying out that this man must be the convict for whom the soldiers had been searching. James Torrie knew that already he was lost. But he did not pause; neither did he falter. He put the shawl about his head. He began to mount the ladder. He went up slowly at first: partly because of his weakness, partly because of his blindness. Arrived half-way, he gathered his energies, and, clambering like a cat, dashed upwards through the smoke. By his sense of touch he learned that his hands had reached the topmost rung. He partially removed the shawl; he saw that the desired window was yet above him. He continued a few steps; he gripped the sill; he bound a portion of the shawl about his fist; he smote the glass; he undid the catch of the casement; he pulled himself still further upward; he climbed through the opened window.

The child was not there.

James Torrie crawled round to the other side of the bed. On hands and knees, and fumbling at the floor, was a little girl.

"Oh," whispered Marion, "I saw you coming, and I went round here for my pretty book with the fairy tales. Are you going to save me—like the man I was telling dada about?"

"Yes, I'm going to save you," said Torrie cheerily.

"You're not a prince in disguise, are you?"

"No, I'm not a prince in disguise."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm a convict!"

As James Torrie hoarsely shouted forth this truth, he picked up the little princess in his arms, and stood irresolute. He glanced at the window; he glanced at the door. He decided to use the door: there was danger by the ladder, perhaps death; there was flight by the stairs, perhaps escape. Fire burst up through the boards. The burdened man sprang out upon the landing. He closed the door behind him: at least it would keep the flames confined for awhile. There was not much smoke about the stairway; and he passed the room where he knew the fire to be raging fiercest, with ease and safety. As he ran downwards through the darkness, holding the child lovingly in his arms, he begged her to show him a way out by the garden. She did. And she asked him kindly if he were the poor convict-man that the cannon was banged off about.

Before he could reply he was face to face with——

"Oh, Dada, dear!" cried Marion. "Oh, Dada, dear, the good convict-man has saved me!"

"Yes," said James Torrie sulkily, "I've saved your daughter." And, as if in proof, he held out the little girl to her father. "Now," he added through his clenched teeth, "give me up!"

Doctor Angrove stood on the threshold of the garden-door. . . . He looked from his child to the convict; and from the convict to his child. . . . Citizen and parent fought in his heart with knives. . . . He slammed the door and locked it—locked it upon the inside.

"Let me go!" muttered Torrie.

"Certainly not!" shouted Angrove.

"What are you going to do?"

"Save the man that saved my child!"

There was a slight pause.

"But there are people in the front."

"I saw them."

"They will be round here directly."

"I know."

"And your house is burning above our heads."

"It's the best thing that could have happened."

"For whom?"

"You!"

"Explain!"

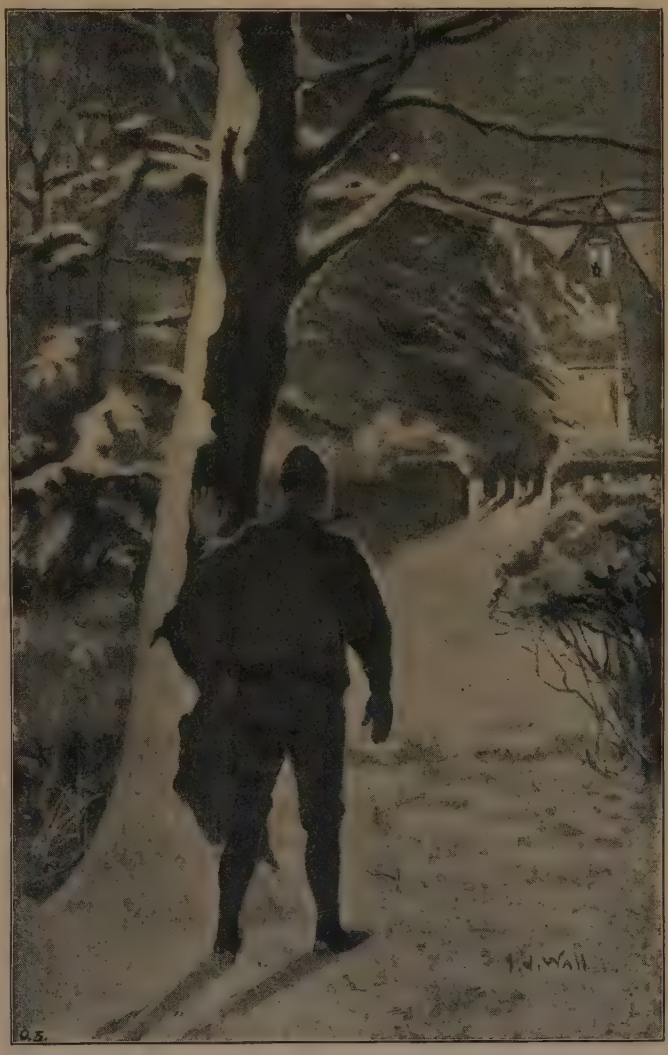
"In order that you may be saved," said Angrove with a smile, "it's necessary that you be killed."

Torrie stepped back in amazement and in ignorance. Angrove seated his child on the ground; and, telling her and the convict to await his return, which he avowed would be speedy, he made a dash up the stairs in the direction of the fire. The convict took the child's hand and bade her not to be afraid. Her father would put all things right. How he was going to accomplish that, Torrie did not know. That he was going to accomplish it at all, Torrie did not believe.

In less than a minute Angrove returned. He was carrying some clothes.

"Sit there, Marion, my dear," he whispered, with incredible swiftness, "and show father how brave you can be. Don't get frightened of the darkness, and don't get frightened of the people who will come smashing at this door. . . . See!—I bolt it, top and bottom. Don't answer them, don't call me, don't make a sound. Let me put this shawl round you. There! Over your head as well! It'll keep out the cold and the smoke. I'll be back in a minute. . . . Saviour of my child, follow me, quick, quick!"

The two men stumbled downstairs into the vault-like chamber. Angrove struck a light and lit a candle. It was a long process with the flint and steel of his day; but the instant it was accomplished he set to work to force the unwilling man—because hopeless—to permit himself to be saved. And in his eagerness he almost tore off the rags of the prison garb, and



Nobody saw him: everybody was too intent upon that window.

almost flung on the clothes he himself had provided.

Torrie remonstrated.

"I'm a coiner."

"You're a man!"

"I'm a thief."

"You're a man!"

"I'm a murderer."

"If you mean about the warder whom you struck, I can tell you he's not dangerously hurt. I know *that* through the porter of the hospital—the fellow from whom I purchased *this*. . . . Don't stand there, gaping like a moon-made idiot! Help me to dress this body in what I've plucked from yours!"

Torrie threw up his arms.

"Good God! That man ruined me!"

"He will now save you."

Nothing could exceed the calmness with which Angrove was talking; unless it were the swiftness with which he was working.

"And you bought my enemy from——"

"The porter."

"From—from the man I robbed."

"Oh, well, the money'll help you."

For answer, Torrie flung his stolen coins to the floor. They rolled, jingling, to all parts of the chamber. Angrove pounced upon them. With the speed and dexterity of a hungry bird picking up corn, he secured them all.

"Don't waste good money!" he shouted. "Take it back, you young fool! Take it back, take it back! . . . And now help me to finish dressing this body. . . . Hark! Did you hear that? They are smashing at the garden-door. But the panels of my doors and the shutters of my windows are lined with sheet-iron."

"To keep out such as I."

"If you like—you young fool! And to keep out anybody else whom I don't choose to admit. Of course, these people are anxious to save you; and, equally of course, they're anxious to destroy you. They want to pluck you as a brand from the burning, and they want to cast you back into the hell of that prison. But I shall baulk them! . . . There, I've put on everything necessary—except the stockings. Hold its leg! Now the other! Curse the corpse! Why won't it bend? Ah, lucky devil! *We* shall be as inflexible one day. . . . How quiet my little Marion is keeping! And what a row those people are making at the doors, back *and* front! . . . Come on! Up the stairs! Ugh! What a weight! . . . Good God! If they smash in either door just as we're passing! In any case, you're to come back here to this chamber. Take my hat and overcoat and the first opportunity—to get away. You won't be followed. I'll see to that. Come, man—put your heart into the game! You're going to die!"

The top floors of the house were blazing fiercely, the crowd were madly battering at every available entrance, the stairways and passages were thronged with smoke, when, in the darkness, past the slowly yielding doors, past the yet blindfolded father-relying child, the convict and the compounder of felony staggered with their shocking burden up the stairs towards the all-devouring flames.

Shortly, anxious men burst into the hall. On the floor, lying face upwards, clasping little Marion to his breast, was Doctor William Angrove. Apparently, he had swooned.

IV.

"Crow's Nest, near Toronto,
"Canada, June 21, 1832.

"My dear Doctor,—At last I am in a position to offer my benefactor the home I have so long promised him—in a new land, among new people, and finer chances. Everything is ready for his comfort and welfare and fortune. . . . I am glad that Marion is going along so nicely, and I am eagerly looking forward to seeing her once again. . . . But you, my friend, you! I want to see you! I want to hear from your lips an exact account of what happened after I got away—after my charred remains were found in the ruins—after I was resurrected! . . . Yes! James Torrie died that night, and in his stead was born—yours ever, ever gratefully,

"JOHN FORD."

ROSE AND CHRYSANTHEMUM.

VII.—KIKU.

By CARLTON DAWE.

Mr. Dawe is well known for his stories of Japanese life. He wrote "Kakemonos," "The Bride of Japan," and "Yellow and White."

HALLERTON lived in Tokio, and Glynton in Shanghai, but distance did not lessen the regard they entertained for each other; and the latter, who had long promised himself a visit to Japan, seized the first opportunity that presented itself and turned his face eastward. Only six weeks could be spared, but in that time an energetic man may accomplish much. Glynton, albeit of a staid and resolute exterior, was an energetic man. He made no splash, but he moved swiftly and with precision, the result of which was that he saw much, accomplished much—and carried away with him one everlasting memory.

He was no stranger to Japan, but he had been a stranger for three years, and his first glimpse of the country awakened many pleasant recollections. There was Nagasaki crowded with old memories; the beautiful inland sea: Kobe, and Ninko's *chaya*, and the tinkling of the *samisen* and the mellower note of the *koto*. Then came Yokohama Bay and the capital beyond.

Hallerton received him with open arms and took a week's holiday in his honour, and they went on excursions into the country, or sailed on the Bay of Yedo, and lived generally like two boys just let loose from school.

But this had to end, and for the next week Glynton was left for the greater part of the day alone, his friend being called on business to Yokohama every morning. Glynton, however, was a man who could tolerate his own company, and as it was that time of the year when the land is aglow with cherry-blossoms white and red, and when every breath inhaled, laden with the perfume and the sunshine, is a delicious intoxicant, he found his aimless little excursions into the surrounding country profitable and invigorating.

On one occasion, wandering with no fixed purpose, his steps led him to surmount a little hill which, though it lay back some distance from the water, still commanded an extensive view of the bay and the surrounding country. He began a slow ascent of this hill, for the sun was warm and the dust lay thick on the road, and he felt inclined to loiter by the way; but the cool green and white of his goal held out an invitation which he could not resist.

Slowly he trudged upward until he came to where a narrow footway branched off from the main road, and as the former looked the more inviting of the two paths, he took it, though not without a feeling that he was encroaching on private property. However, that troubled him but little, and even if it had troubled him much it is doubtful if his curiosity would have bowed to his discretion. For, insensibly as it were, a desire to penetrate this mound of flowers and of leaves had come to him, and one that he knew it would be necessary to gratify.

As he made his way upward the foliage thickened, and presently, the path taking a sudden bend, he found himself before a small clearing, in the midst of which was

the daintiest little bandbox of a house that he had ever seen. Startled, he drew back, and through the leaves peered like a guilty creature at the pretty picture. The house was like a toy embedded in blooms. Flowers innumerable shone from every point of vantage, while the heavy perfume of the fruit-trees stole towards him in a golden cloud. The day was so still that he seemed to hear the multitudinous murmurs of the insect life in the grass.

But suddenly the soft note of a *samisen* was wafted through one of the wide-open windows, and he drew still closer in against the leaves—an involuntary movement which he might not have been able or willing to analyse. Intuitively he seemed to guess that the hand which struck the strings was that of an artist, and he leant forward eager in anticipation.

A sharp, defiant note followed, a coarse twanging of numbers, as though the player was seized with a sudden fit of anger, and, having nothing else upon which to vent it, tortured the poor unoffending instrument. Then there was silence for the space of many moments, and then once more the clear notes vibrated on the still air. To the uninitiated ear, all Eastern music is nothing more nor less than a bewildering series of discordant sounds; but this particular listener was not uninitiated, and he distinguished in the notes a melancholy which, under such conditions, was singularly impressive.

Presently a voice—a low-wailing voice—began to sing with the music; and though Glynton could catch no word distinctly, he knew that it was the outpouring of a sad and desolate heart. Like one spell-bound, he stood and listened, breathing hard as the singer's voice rose in the scale.

Truly it was a novel experience, and one which left him puzzled with himself. Even when the singer's voice had died away, and the strings of the *samisen* no longer ached and throbbed in the air, he still stood hesitant amid the leaves, as though waiting for some sign or token. Then, with a strange little cynical laugh, he stepped out from his retreat and made towards the house. Come what might, he was going to have a peep at this singer of dirges.

As he approached the house he was greeted by the sharp yelping of a little dog, which came out on the verandah and presented a furious front. Almost at the same moment a woman's face appeared at the window, through which had floated the strains of the guitar. She seemed rather amused at the prodigious anger of her small dog, and laughingly called to it to desist; and then, with a gracious smile to the stranger, she apologised most prettily for the rudeness of her pet.

Glynton raised his hat and honoured the lady with a profound obeisance; but in the smiling, round-faced girl before him he failed utterly to recognise the melancholy singer whose sad song had tuned him to such an extraordinary pitch. Indeed, he doubted much if this handsome girl, with her reckless, defiant smile, and her marvellous self-consciousness, could possibly have any connection with the woman who had so lately poured forth her woes to the sun.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I fear I am intruding. I saw this pretty spot, and trudged upward to explore. Then across the sunshine, on a cloud of perfume it seemed, came the delicious song of a bird, and I could not retreat without one glance at the sweet singer."

He bowed again, and the girl smiled happily; but at that moment, warned by the barking of the dog, two men appeared from the back of the house, and the girl's face as she turned towards them assumed a darker shade.

"This stranger is weary and thirsty," she said; "bring him in refreshment."

The servants made low obeisance, and then slunk swiftly away to do her bidding. She watched them disappear, watched with a keen eye, a shaded brow, which, however, passed from her with the passing of the men. Then she turned once more to the stranger.

Presently he was seated in the cool verandah, and, without the slightest trace of embarrassment, the girl came out and

Two men appeared from the back of the house.

joined him. He looked at her critically but found no fault. She was exceedingly handsome, and in her light *kimono* looked particularly fresh and sweet. Her eyes were wonderfully dazzling, and almost bold, he thought; but her face was, perhaps, a trifle pallid, and sometimes a strange line formed about the corners of her mouth.

Tea was brought to them in quaint little egg-shell cups, and sweetmeats, too, were placed upon the table. This was an adventure full of charm. Glynton leant back and eyed his companion through the thin wreaths of cigarette smoke.

"As I stood among the leaves down yonder I heard a bird," he said. "May I not see her?"

She laughed. He thought it one of the prettiest mouths that he had ever seen.

"It is possible," and she laughed again.

"It was not you?"

"Why not?" she said.

"But it was a song full of sadness——" he began.

"And how know you that I may not be sad at times?"

"Nay, I know not," he answered, "but I hope that happiness is ever with you."

She filled her little silver pipe and lit it, but there was trouble in her eyes as she stared up at him through the smoke.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "I have the reputation of being good friends with happiness. It is something, is it not?"

"No," he said; "not if the song I heard came from your heart."

"Heart!" she echoed, with a disdainful laugh. "You do not know me, eh?"

"I only know that you are beautiful, and that in spite of your charming face you are very sad."

"Ah!" she murmured, "you see deeper than most people."

As she knocked the ash from her pipe he rose to go.

"You are very kind," he said. "May I not come again?"

She hesitated, and looked him keenly up and down.

"You live here in Tokio?"

"For a few weeks only. Then I return to Shanghai."

"For good?"

"That I cannot say. It is in the hands of the gods. And you—do you live here alone?"

"Not always alone."

"You are married?"

"No."

He looked puzzled, and she smiled.

"Why should one marry?"

"I don't know," he said.

Nevertheless, there was unobtrusive evidence of wealth about her and her belongings. The house, small as it was, was charming: the *kimono* she wore, though modest in tone and in design, was spun of silk. The obsequious servants, the boxes of choice flowers, the indefinite and yet general air of comfort, all proclaimed that this was no ordinary establishment.

Nor was its owner an ordinary woman, at least so Glynton thought as he walked away, having stayed longer than common politeness warranted. But she was very charming, and had given him permission to call again; and all the way home he saw her handsome face and sparkling eyes, and something behind those eyes which was as sad as death. Strange woman, strange creature living thus alone: a bird breaking its heart against the bars of a gilded cage.

When Hallerton returned that night from Yokohama, he began to apologise profusely for having left his friend; but Glynton cut him short. He had found something which had entirely compensated him for his friend's absence.

The next day, at the selfsame hour, he once more mounted the path which led to the cottage; but this time she was waiting for him, and as he walked up the little pathway she appeared at the window, although there was no barking of the dog to herald his approach. Upon this occasion she was dressed very elaborately, and her eyes and her cheeks were touched up in the approved native fashion. While in one way this heightened her beauty, it seemed to rob her of much of her former

charm; and though he felt flattered at her evident wish to please, he could have wished that she looked not quite so like a *geisha*. Then he laughed somewhat cynically to himself. Heavens! what did it matter to him what she looked like?

As for her, the presence of this stranger seemed infinitely to please. He was bigger, stronger, more beautiful than any of her own men. His hair was fair, soft, and

"And have they hair like yours, and eyes like yours?"

"I am hideous," he laughed. "They have hair like a cluster of sunbeams; to look into their eyes is to enter the gates of paradise. Their faces are like the red and white cherry-blossoms yonder; their lips are sweeter than roses."

She pouted, and something like a frown ran down her forehead to her eyes.

She filled her little silver pipe and lit it, but there was trouble in her eyes.

silky, and marvellously fascinating; his eyes were so blue that she was never tired of searching them for the many mysteries they contained. Truly, these white people were very lovely! She wondered if he had a wife, a sweetheart, of his own race. She had heard of the soft, delicate beauty of the white women. Were they so much more lovely than the Japanese?

"Tell me," she said, as they once more sat in the verandah sipping tea, "are the women of your race so very beautiful?"

"Many of them," he answered, "are very beautiful."

"How hideous we Japanese must seem beside them!"

He smiled. It was the piqued daughter of Eve. And so is it all the world over—black or white, brown or red.

"I know one Japanese," he said, "who combines in her dainty little person all the charms of the white woman, and more. And her name—what think you they call her?"

"I know not," she answered; "but I should like to see one who possesses so many graces."

"Look in your mirror, Kiku," he said,

"and then you will see the lady of whom I speak."

Kiku blushed very prettily, if not violently, and her eyelids drooped. He noticed her fingers fumble excitedly with each other as they lay in her lap.

"I mean it, Kiku," he whispered. "You are very lovely."

A palpable shudder shook her from head to foot, which he attributed to anything but the right cause. Yet when he looked into her eyes again, he saw that they were full of regret, of a pathos which made him pause and think.

When he reached the bungalow that night his friend Hallerton had already dined, and had even got through the larger half of his second cigar.

"I must apologise, old fellow; but I waited a deuce of a time. Have you dined?"

"Yes."

"Oh?"

This was clearly in the manner of an interrogation, but Glynton was in no confidential mood. He did not say where he had dined, or with whom. Why should he?

Hallerton got up, made his friend a whisky-and-soda, and then handed him the cigar-box.

"Tired?"

"Yes," said Glynton. "Had a long day."

"Where have you been?"

"Everywhere."

"A large order."

"Yes."

"I am sorry, old chap, that I have to leave you so much alone; but you quite understand, don't you?"

"My dear fellow," said Glynton, "I beg of you not to mention it if you do not wish me to feel uncomfortable."

Hallerton laughed good-naturedly. He was an excellent old beggar, this serious-eyed Glynton.

"By the way," said Hallerton presently, as he stretched forth to replenish his glass, "I have received an invitation from Count Idzumo. He gives a big garden-party sort of affair to-morrow afternoon. You will come, of course?"

"I think not, old fellow. Such things are no longer in my line."

"I must go, of course," said Hallerton. "Diplomatic etiquette, you know. What shall you do with yourself?"

"Oh, I shall be all right. Don't bother about me. I suppose Idzumo is a big man now?"

"Bless you, yes. A future Prime Minister, Foreign Secretary, and heaven alone knows what else."

"He is very wealthy?"

"Very; and he has a magnificent place. An ugly little black beast—a native all over; but one must not show one's dislikes."

"Um! I don't think his Excellency will interest me."

"But perhaps his *geisha* may. Kiku is going to dance."

"Kiku!"

Glynton threw off his lethargy and sat upright.

"Of course, you are a stranger—you haven't heard of her. She is the chief favourite of the day. All Tokio has gone mad over her. Commands fabulous prices, they say."

"O—oh!"

Mr. Glynton was now thoroughly interested in Idzumo's garden-party. Kiku—Kiku! Over and over again he repeated the name to himself. But of course it could have no significance. There were thousands of Kikus in Japan.

"She is good, eh?" he asked nonchalantly.

"I suppose so—or at least as good as such performers can be. She was bought out of her indentures about eighteen months ago by Nadzu, a son of the War Minister, who only lived six months to regret his rash act. He committed the happy despatch in a peculiarly horrible manner upon her doorstep. Her servants kicked the body into the road."

"Quite right too. Dirty fellow."

"It was inconsiderate. Kiku is not renowned for her sentiment. They say she is very rich."

"Then of course she is pretty?"

"My dear fellow, is the East so very

different from the West in that respect? Kiku is very pretty, and she dances excellently—for a native."

"And this Idzumo?"

"My dear fellow, you know as much about it as I do. Gossip says—but then you know gossip says many things. I believe it is generally conceded that the Count takes a fatherly interest in her. He

Her servants kicked the body into the road.

never has an entertainment of any kind of which she is not the bright particular star."

Later on, as the two men separated for the night, Glynton said to his friend, "I have changed my mind, Hallerton. I think I shall go and see Kiku dance to-morrow."

He devoutly hoped that his Kiku might not be the notorious *geisha* of Tokio, whose private history was evidently the theme of so much gossip. How could she be? There was nothing in her speech or manners indicative of the degraded professions. She was a woman of sense and sentiment, and totally unlike the harpy who calls herself a *geisha*. And yet there was something strange about her, something that reminded him of days when he first came to Japan with the wild fever of youth upon him. And then her manner of living was strangest of all, and one, when he thought of it, well calculated to awaken suspicion.

In the forenoon of the following day he trudged once more towards her house, having previously made up his mind to set all doubt at rest. But as he drew near the verandah a figure appeared in the doorway, and it was not the figure of Kiku. It was a little dark man who stood before him, an ugly little fellow with a ridiculously thin moustache and beard, narrow black slits of eyes set close to the

nose, and a retreating forehead of some considerable dimensions.

Glynton did not remember seeing the man before, but having no doubt that he was a servant, he merely nodded familiarly and asked if the honourable mistress of the house was within. The little man replied slowly with a shake of the head. Then it was that Glynton, more closely scrutinising, saw that in his informant which he had previously failed to notice. The man, though obviously most carelessly attired, carried himself quite unlike a servant; and Glynton, when he set his wits to work, recognised this in an instant. Then who was he, and what was he doing in Kiku's house?

"She has been gone long?" asked Glynton, a shade of greater deference in his tone.

"I believe so, Excellency."

The Englishman duly noted the peculiar tone in which the word "Excellency" was expressed.

"She will return soon—perhaps?"

"Perhaps, Excellency; but I think not."

"Why?"

"Because to-night she dances for the great Count Idzumo."

"How do you know that?"

"Why should I not, Excellency? Is not Kiku the loveliest and most illustrious *geisha* in all Japan, and is not the honourable Count one of her most successful patrons?"

A self-complacent smile, which excessively irritated Glynton, played about the man's mouth.

"You take great liberties with the reputation of your mistress," he said. "Gossip, my worthy fellow, is not wise in a servant."

"No, Excellency. I will think of it. And your Excellency's business?"

"Is with your mistress."

"But who shall I say has called?"

"Describe me. She will know."

"Yes, Excellency."

But the man's face was a perfect study, and though at the best of times Glynton was not a particularly keen observer, he did not fail to notice the singular expression which played about the little Jap's beady eyes.

He flung the fellow half a *yen*, and turned on his heel. He was angry and he was disappointed, and, in spite of a prodigious effort to laugh, he felt a creeping sickness about the heart which caused him intense annoyance. Something suggested love, but he laughed loudly, and perhaps a trifle idiotically at the mere idea. Lord! how he had been fooled! The sweet singer, the mournful maiden with whom he had sympathised, who lived alone without love, without happiness, was the most notorious woman in all Tokio.

It was with a disgusted and desperate feeling that he went with his friend to the reception. A dozen times during his journey homewards he had hesitated to take the step, but as often his weakness to see her overcame his pride. It would be something to be able to laugh at his own folly.

It was late when he and Hallerton arrived, but they immediately went in search of the Count, and presently beheld him coming towards them in close conversation with the French Minister. Hallerton advanced, a glib apology on his tongue, but Glynton followed in no easy mood. The little gentleman who was so deeply engaged in conversation with the Frenchman was the illustrious Count Idzumo — the person whom Glynton had seen at Kiku's house that morning.

The Count smiled meaningly as Hallerton introduced his friend, and immediately his hand went to his waistcoat pocket. But withdrawing it instantly, he said with a smile, "No; I will keep it as a souvenir." Which cryptic utterance filled Hallerton's face with bewilderment.

When they were once more alone, he said to Glynton, "What did the Count mean?"

"Oh!" replied his friend, with an inscrutable smile, "the Count and I have met before."

"The devil!" muttered the diplomat.

Glynton was like a man pulled two different ways. He was eager, anxious to see Kiku dance; and yet, with all his soul

"Kiku," he said, "I think they are right. You are a witch."

he loathed the thought of it. Nevertheless, he followed the crowd into the great room which had been transformed into a temporary theatre, and patiently awaited her turn; and when at length she came on and began to cut capers and grimace, a veritable painted *geisha*, his chin dropped forward and he could not look; but through an atmosphere of theatric affectation, through the sounding of the drum and the tinkling of the *samisen*, he heard a dirge-like wail, and saw the white, sad face of a woman.

When he looked up again, Kiku was making her exit to tumultuous applause. Men made strange jokes and laughed strange laughs. The atmosphere stifled him; he made his apologies and withdrew.

That night she was to dance again, but when, an hour or so after, Glynton and Hallerton met, the diplomat informed his friend that the pet *geisha* had suddenly been taken ill, and would appear no more that day. But plenty of entertainment was promised. Idzumo knew how to do the thing well. There were rumours of a magnificent exposition of the *kina*. It had been hoped that Kiku would lead....

Glynton heard no more, but that night found him not among the Count's guests. Angry with himself, and yet impelled onward by a force which he would have been powerless to analyse, even had he striven, he had wended his way to the little house on the hill, and with a shamed, hesitating manner, she came down the path to meet him.

"They told me you were ill," he said, "and so I came to see." She did not tell him that her illness was brought on by a glimpse of him with shame and confusion upon his face. "I did not know you were a *geisha*." She bowed her head without answering. "Idzumo's *geisha*," he added meaningly.

"No, my lord," she cried, "not that! Idzumo, he is rich and great, but I hate him. Let my lord say the word and Idzumo employs me no more."

"Why should I? What is it to me?"

"Ay, what is it to my lord?"

"Kiku, they tell strange tales of you."

"It is so, my lord. I know. *Kitsune-tsuki*—fox-woman—witch—I have heard them repeated. But those who do not know me tell the strangest tales of all."

The story of Nadzu, the War Minister's son, leapt to his lips. But the bowed figure and the penitent face were an irresistible appeal to silence. And, after all, what was it to him?

Her little hand slipped tremblingly into his.

"If we love, my lord, is it not enough?"

"They say the love of the *kitsune-tsuki* is death."

"But my lord does not believe?"

"No," he said. "And Idzumo?"

"My lord's eyes have blinded me," she murmured.

His arms slipped round her shoulders, and she nestled closely to him.

"Kiku," he said, "I think they are right. You are a witch."

FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

CLAIRE ROMAINE.

MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE, who plays so many parts in "Pot Pourri" at the Avenue, from Jaggers to Romaine Keddie, and never takes off her wedding-ring, covering it up with a piece of cloth on the stage.

Photo. by Hana.

MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE SINGING ABOUT MARY THE HOUSEMAID IN "POT POURRI."

"Little Miss Nobody," is the only daughter of the late "Teddy" Solomon, the clever Jew who wrote "Billee Taylor." She made her début at the Gaiety six years ago, but scored no hit till she appeared in "The Maid of Athens," at the Opéra Comique, where she sang a silly song with the chorus, "Be careful." She makes a good boy—witness her call-boy Shrimp, in "In Town"—and is in great request for pantomime. She is married to Edgar

THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE (MAY).

Mdlle. Jane May can personate so many characters that the title to this paragraph is justified. She is charmingly French. When she came to play as the prodigal in

Photo. by Ellis and Walery.

MDLLE. JANE MAY.

"L'Enfant Prodigue" several years ago she captured all our hearts, and we have loved her since, for the years seem to make no

Photo. by Downey.
MISS LENA ASHWELL.

effect on her. She impersonates many public people in "Pot Pourri" at the Avenue (including Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet), and though she speaks very little English, she is such a clever pantomimist that spoken language passes for next to nothing with her.

LENA ASHWELL.

Nobody can play the part of a woman with a grievance so cleverly as Miss Lena Ashwell. Her father was in the Navy before he became a parson; her brother, Roger Pocock (for that is her real name), is a journalist, novelist, and explorer, and is at this moment riding from Canada to Mexico. She began her stage education at the Royal Academy of Music, and made her first appearance (at Islington) eight years ago in Mr. Malcolm Watson's play "The Pharisee." She is married to Mr. Arthur Playfair, with whom she played in Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's play, "The Prude's Progress." She was exceedingly good in Mr. Esmond's play, "Grierson's Way," and also in "Wheels within Wheels."

A MAN WHO CAN PLAY A CAD.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier's portrait of the blustering Jim Blagden in Mr. Carton's clever comedy, "Wheels within Wheels," has demonstrated that he has at last discovered his true line of business, which he first hit when he played in Mr. Leo Trevor's farce, "Brother Officers," at the Garrick. Mr. Bourchier is one of Society's gifts to the stage. Educated at Eton and at Oxford, he made his name as an actor when he was an undergraduate. It is ten years since he appeared on the real stage (with Mrs. Langtry in the provinces). He has been

Photo. by Downey.
MR. BOURCHIER AS THE BOUNDER, JIM BLAGDEN, IN "WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS."

MISS COMPTON AS MRS. BULMER IN HER HUSBAND'S (MR. R. C. CARTON) PLAY "WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS."

She is pictured here by Messrs. Ellis and Walery breaking open the cupboard to rescue a letter written by a foolish woman (her sister-in-law) to Mr. Vartrey.

rarely idle since that time. He has been a manager on his own account (at the Royalty and in America), and he has adapted several plays. He is married to Miss Violet Vanbrugh. His father was a Captain, his uncle was a Colonel (who won the Victoria Cross at Sebastopol), and his grandfather was a General in our army.

Photo. by Hana.

CHARLES SEFTON, THE BRIGHTEST BOY ON THE STAGE.

Mrs. Bourchier is a parson's daughter. That is a pretty good mixture.

"LADY ALGY" (COMPTON).

It is she who defeats Mr. Bourchier in "Wheels within Wheels," for as Mrs. Bulmer she brings to bear on Jim Blagden a character diametrically opposed to his own. She is the daughter of the late Henry Compton and sister of Edward, Percy, Otway, and Henry Compton, the actors, and of Miss Emmeline Compton (Mrs. Duncan Hume), who is a clever amateur. Another brother, Mr. C. G. Compton, used to be manager of the Garrick Theatre, and now practises the art of letters. Mr. H. H. Morell (who is associated in managership with Mr. Mouillot, and is the son of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie) belongs to the same family. Miss Compton, who is married to Mr. R. C. Carton, made her first appearance (at Bristol) in 1874. Her biggest success was scored last year in "Lord and Lady Algy."

THE BRIGHTEST BOY ON THE STAGE.

Master Charles Sefton conquered London players from the moment he walked across the stage at Terry's Theatre in a matinée of "The Heather Field." The son of an Irish officer now dead, he is fourteen years of age, and took to the stage by way of a night's amusement, for he appeared one night at Brighton as the newspaper urchin in "One of the Best."

THE GREATEST OF FRENCH ACTRESSES.

Sarah Bernhardt is fifty-five, and yet in an age when Youth demands our attention she has made all the theatrical world listen to her Hamlet, with which she crowded the Adelphi and captured Stratford-on-Avon the other day. She is a Jewess, half French, half Dutch, but was born in Paris, and she was married to a Greek. It is just forty years since she entered the Paris Conservatoire, and during most of the intervening years she has reigned supreme, probably the greatest tragédienne since the days of Rachel.

Photo. by Otto, Paris.

SARAH BERNHARDT AS HAMLET.

DECIMA MOORE.

The production of "Great Cæsar," at the Comedy, gave Miss Decima Moore a chance of charming us once again. Her father is a chemist in Brighton. Her sister Eva is married to Mr. H. V. Esmond who has taught her how to act; another sister is the wife of Cairns James, the actor; another, Miss Bertha Moore, is well known on the concert platform, while her brother used to be a champion bone-shaker rider, and now manages the Humber Cycle Company. Decima made her début just ten years ago in "The Gondoliers," at the Savoy. She was born in 1871.

Photo. by Ellis and Walery.

MISS DECIMA MOORE IN "GREAT CÆSAR," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

She has revived the hospitalities of the House of Cavendish and re-established the historic continuity of a Family of Wonderful Women made immortal by Gainsborough's Duchess.

THE most interesting woman in the British peerage at this moment is undoubtedly the Duchess of Devonshire. She is a grande dame in a stately, old-fashioned way which compels respect and carries authority. Not merely, however, is her Grace an interesting personality in herself; she takes rank as amid a gallery of Duchesses of Devonshire who have become household words. For fifty years (1774-1824) two Duchesses (the wives of the fifth Duke) ruled English society. For sixty-eight there was no Duchess at all; for the present Duke's mother died in 1840, before her husband succeeded; and until 1892, when he married the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, Chatsworth and the other palaces of the House of Cavendish knew no mistress.

THE PRESENT DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
As Pictured by Miss Alice Hughes.

The Dukedom of Devonshire is just two centuries old, for it was created in 1694 on behalf of the fourth Earl of Devonshire, a title that had been granted in 1618 to William Cavendish—I may note that every holder of the title since 1618 (except the present Duke) has borne the Christian name of William. There have been eight Dukes and eight Duchesses, for though the sixth Duke was unmarried, his predecessor was twice married. Three of these Duchesses were the daughters of Earls, two were the daughters of Dukes,

one was a Baroness in her own right, one was a Commoner, while the present Duchess is the daughter of a German Count.

The first Duchess was Lady Mary Butler, daughter of the Duke of Ormonde, a title which became extinct in 1758. She was Irish—and therefore pretty; and died in 1710, when she was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey Her daughter-in-law and successor was Lady Rachel Russell, daughter of the Duke of Bedford; she became a bride at the age of fourteen (her husband being then just sixteen). The third Duchess was only a plain Commoner, Miss Catherine Hoskins, of Oxted, in Surrey. The fourth Duchess brought great wealth to the Cavendishes. She was a daughter of the Earl of Burlington, and a Baroness (Clifford) in her own right. Her wealth made her husband famous, though she did not live long to enjoy it, for she died in 1754, leaving her mother-in-law (who died in 1777) to maintain the mistress-ship of Chatsworth. Her successor

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, AS A CHILD.
Painted by Reynolds.

was the famous Duchess Georgiana, immortalised by Gainsborough.

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, is undoubtedly the most picturesque woman our peerage has produced. Her portraits, so dazzlingly painted by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Cosway, and Angelica Kaufmann, have made her face familiar all the

GEORGIANA'S GIRLS, AFTERWARDS LADY CARLISLE AND LADY GRANVILLE.
Painted by Cosway.

world over. But her face was not the only part of her fortune. She had brains, she had wit. In short, she is a figure altogether memorable. She was the daughter of the first Earl Spencer, and was called Georgiana after her mother (Miss Poyntz) and her grandmother (born Lady Georgiana Cathcart). At the age of seventeen (in 1774) she married the fifth Duke of Devonshire, who was considered the first match in England, and who was nine years her senior.

She soon became the leader of fashion, being the great opponent of the Duchess of Gordon. The rivalry between the two Duchesses was very acute, and gave great zest to Society a hundred years ago. Her Grace of Devonshire favoured the Whigs; her Grace of Gordon (nine years her senior) formed a salon which was the centre of the Tory Party, and Pitt gave his Ministerial dinners at her house. In order to secure the return of Fox in the famous Westminster election of 1784, her Grace of Devonshire canvassed the lowest parts of Long Acre, and exchanged kisses for promises of votes. Twelve years later her Grace of Gordon offered a kiss to every man who

would join the regiment (the Gordon Highlanders) which she was raising for her son. Altogether, however, her Grace of Devonshire was the more brilliant beauty. "Her youth, figure, flowing good-nature, sense, and lively modesty and modest familiarity," wrote Walpole in 1775, "made her a phenomenon." Ten years later he acknowledged that she still retained "the diadem of fashion — a long reign in so unstable a kingdom." The Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) was her devotee. She gathered art and letters round her, hung upon the words of the ungainly Dr. Johnson, was the friend of Sheridan, and became the object of Pope's satire. She even wrote poetry herself, for in 1802 she dedicated a "Passage of the

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
Drawn in 1787 by P. Wray.

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, IN 1786, AND HER DAUGHTER GEORGIANA, WHO BECAME THE WIFE OF LORD CARLISLE AND THE GRANDMOTHER OF THE PRESENT DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
From the Famous Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

THE FAMOUS PICTURE OF GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Painted in 1776 by Gainsborough, and stolen in 1876 from Messrs. Agnew's Studios.

Mountain of St. Gothard"—there was then no tunnel—to her children. She died at Devonshire House in 1806, and three years later her husband married her great friend, Lady Elizabeth Foster, daughter of Lord Bristol.

The Duchess has been as famous in death as she was in her life, for the stealing of Gainsborough's portrait of her gave her a new lease of life. In 1876, some of the pictures belonging to Mr. Wynn Ellis were sold at Christie's. Messrs. Agnew bought the Gainsborough picture of her Grace (which had cost Ellis but £68) for £10,557. It was exhibited in Bond Street, and all the town went to see it, while women began to imitate the famous Gainsborough hat. Then, on the night of May 25, 1876, or during the early hours of the next morning, the picture was cut out of the frame and has never again been seen, though reports appear periodically that it has been found. The whereabouts of the portrait is as great a mystery as the identity of the "Man in the Iron Mask."

Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, carried on the splendid traditions of the mistress of Chatsworth. She, too, was a beauty, and, like her predecessor, was painted by Reynolds and Gainsborough. The two Duchesses had also the same literary tastes. They met the unwieldy Gibbon at Lausanne in 1787, and he asked Lady Elizabeth (then a young widow) to marry him. Although she declined, the historian remained her friend, and comparing her with Georgiana, wrote: "Bess is much nearer the level of a mortal, but a mortal for whom the wisest man, historic or medical, would throw away two or three worlds if he had them in possession." Did she "beckon the Lord Chancellor from the woolsack, he could not resist obedience."

The Duke died in 1814, and from that time till her death, ten years

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Painted by Reynolds.

COUNTESS SPENCER, MOTHER OF GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
By Sir Joshua Reynolds.

EARL SPENCER, FATHER OF GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
From the Painting by Hoppner.

later, she took up her residence in Rome, and played the part of a feminine Mæcenas. Canova and Thorwaldsen, the sculptors, were her friends. She spent a lot of money in excavating the Forum. She printed several books (including Georgiana's poem), and when she died medals were struck in her honour. One of these books was Horace's Fifth Satire of the First Book, magnificently illustrated at the press of Madame Bodoni, with beautiful engravings by Caraccioli.

THE HUSBAND OF GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
Painted by Reynolds.

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
Painted by Romney

Exactly eighty years ago she gave the world an exquisite edition of the "Æneid." And she was also a writer herself, for in 1791 she published a book called "A Journey through Switzerland," reissuing it twenty years later with her beloved predecessor's poem on the Passage of the St. Gothard. Small wonder that the Italians thought a great deal of the Duchess, and that on her death several medals illustrative of her achievements were struck in her honour. Altogether she was an ideal Duchess.

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
A Miniature in the possession of H.M. the Queen, at Windsor.

The splendour of his mother (Georgiana) and his stepmother apparently made the sixth Duke chary of pitting a Duchess of his own against them, so he never married at all. When he died he was succeeded by his second cousin, plain Mr. William Cavendish, who was born in 1808, and who became Earl of Burlington in 1834. In 1829 he married his cousin, Lady Blanche Georgiana Howard, the daughter of Lord Carlisle, who had married Lady Georgiana Cavendish, the daughter of the famous Georgiana of Devonshire. Indeed, so proud was Lady Carlisle of her mother, that she called every one of her six daughters Georgiana. And yet Lady Georgiana Cavendish (who had been a Howard) never became Duchess of Devonshire, for she died in 1840, leaving a little seven-year-old boy—the present Duke, so long known as the Marquis of Hartington. He will be succeeded by his nephew, in whom is revived the family name of William — Victor Christian William Cavendish. The son of the late Lord Edward Cavendish—for all the Duke's brothers are dead—he is married to Lord Lansdowne's daughter, and has a four-year-old boy, Edward William Spencer Cavendish, who may yet be eighth Duke of Devonshire. There is a charming Pyramus and Thisbe touch in the fact that the Duke of Devonshire's garden is separated from Lord Lansdowne's in Berkeley Street only by a tiny sort of tunnel called the Lansdowne Passage.

When the present Duke married the stately Duchess of Manchester, he made the world re-acknowledge the magnetic touch of the Duchesses of Devonshire; for her Grace has brought back Society to the dullness of the palaces of the Cavendish family and re-established the historic continuity of a house of wonderful women.

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
From a Drawing published in 1805.

J. M. Bulloch.

THE PRESENT DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AS A YOUNG MATRON.
Painted by Desange.

A GENTLEMAN OF CUTTY CREEK

By ATHOL FORBES,

Author of "Cassock and Comedy."

THE sheriff of the district hesitated. It was not a pleasant duty he had to perform, and when he entered the little prison-house of Cutty Creek he stood outside the barred cell, and waited for the prisoner to speak first. It was a hot day, and the condemned man was snoozing; presently he looked up sleepily at the representative of law and justice.

"Feelin' fit, Pike?"

The man addressed nodded lazily.

"Sorry to disturb you—glad you seem feelin' well-like," began the sheriff again in a servile insinuating way, in which was manifest the fact that he was not sure of his ground.

"If yer want to jaw, come inside," was the greeting from Pike.

The sheriff entered deferentially, as became his attitude to the most popular man in that countryside, for the simple reason that he was under sentence of death.

"Ain't I been yer friend?" said the sheriff, in a tone which said "You cannot deny it."

"What's up? Can you git me out'r here?" sharply answered Pike. "If not, clear off."

"Not this time, Pike; it ain't right for yer to ask it. Ain't yer been treated right slap up?"

"I ain't complainin'," was the somewhat sullen reply.

The sheriff hesitated, shuffled his feet, assumed an aggrieved look, and heaved a big sigh.

"Well, all I kin say, Pike, I didn't expect this from yer, seein' I hev been yer friend right along."

The prisoner looked up inquiringly. "Jus' so," he remarked encouragingly, "but this ain't the most comfortablest of places, seein' there ain't no room. All the same, I ax yer pardon, sheriff; I don't want ter offend."

"I recognise how yer feel," put that worthy soothingly, "but the last one as wus hanged was much more perlite—it's dew to me as sheriff," he finished in an injured tone.

"What do yer want me ter do?"

"Well, jus' this, Pike. Are you goin' to finish up as a gentleman, seein' there ain't no getting out of it now? Another thing, you can't now, after everything has been arranged, wish ter disappoint everybody. Anyhow, too, yer oughter ha' been hanged ten year or more ago, but that's not the p'int. Are you goin' to finish up handsom'?"

"I alwus hev bin a gentleman," muttered Pike.

"Well, I ain't denyin' it, and you ain't the one to do an ungentlemanlike thing at the last. Yer see," he went on confidingly, "it means a lot ter me. Scotch Jimmy hes been a-sneakin' after this yer offis' all along. If I can carry through this yer hangin' handsome and satisfactory, why then I am bound to get a renomination at the fall. See?"

Pike assented, and was all attention.

"Well, it's jus' this way. I want yer to help ter make this a big success. There's bin no doin' with Pinkie Plain since their last hangin' job, and they are for ever a-bragging and a-yarling about it. Now for yours I am playing trumps: I've got the railway people to give us speshul rates,

and in the town about here the day is to be a proper out-and-out holiday. Oh, it's right slap up, I kin tell yer! Trust me for managin', if only I can git a free hand. About two hundred are comin' from Bull's Hill in brakes in charge of stewards with ribbon rosettes."

The prisoner showed interest. "Anything I can do?" he said.

"Well, we must hev a speech from you," said the sheriff decisively.

"I ain't no speaker," objected Pike.

"Oh, ain't yer?" and he ridiculed Pike's protest, at which the latter was not displeased. "We must hev a speech from yer. Pauper immigration, stars and spangles, foreign labour, and something about silver. Then if yer can put in a good word fer me, seein' thet we hev always been friendly, I'm good for election at the fall, but we must hev the speech."

"Ah, yes."

"Right, old pal. Guessed you'd be trumps. No use frettin' and that sort of thing. Such ways are onChristian, too."

There was a pause, and the sheriff moved about uneasily.

"I brought yer some eyesters for yer breakfast to-morrow," he added.

"Thank yer. That's what I call kinder thoughtful of yer." The sheriff took a turn up and down the little cell. There was still the worst to get over, and he wondered how to put it. So far, things had gone well, but very little might upset everything.

"It's to be a double hangin'," he blurted out at last, and his eyes wandered round the walls of the cell.

The prisoner glanced at him with searching gaze.

"That's how I got the railroad to give half rates and put on a speshul."

"Who? What's his name?" asked Pike, with an ominous scowl and a volley of language of a fiery character.

"Now there you bust me," replied the sheriff. "It's one o' these yer curyus names. No use cussin'."

"He ain't a nigger?" And there was a suspicious gleam in Pike's eyes as he jumped upon his feet and clenched his fist.

"Blazes! no. Well, pal, I never expected that from you. As if I would hev a tarnation nigger hanged with a gentleman!" And the sheriff assumed a most aggrieved air, so much so that the prisoner felt some sort of apology was due.

"Yer pardon, sheriff, but the thought of bein' strung up with a dirty onprincipled, unhonest nigger caused me ter bile over. It is so onlike——"

"It ain't no nigger. I know nuthin' more of his nationality; but you're large-hearted, Pike, you don't mind an Italiarno. They ain't niggers, but the same flesh and blood as ourselves is made of, and they can't help their language—they're born so."

As the prisoner still showed signs of obstinacy, he continued: "Besides, you couldn't expect the railroad to give speshul terms for one execution only, leastways not at half fares. It's onreasonable." And the sheriff assumed the injured air of a man whose self-sacrificing efforts have been ignored.

"Niggers alwus makes my blood bile," began Pike, in explanation.

"But this ain't no nigger, nohow. If ye'd the local pride I counted on, yer would hev fallen into line at once. I didn't expect this. Now, had it bin a nigger, I could onderstand yer kickin' aginst bein' stretched. It's alwus the way. Here's I tries to rig up the thing, and give yer a handsome hangin', bully railroad folk, and walk over the whole continent—and this is yer thanks!"

"Very well," growled Pike.

The expression on the sheriff's face changed at once.

"Now you're coming round reasonable, jest like your old self again."

"As long as it ain't no nigger."

"We 'll hev to hist him in here jus' fer a few hours, jest to hev things ready to-morrow morning, so as not to disappoint the 'bullies." He clasped Pike's hand in hearty grip.

"Right y'are," said Pike.

"Now I'll be off, and see to final fixings. Anything more I can do fer yer?"

"Nuthin'."

"This yer thing will be a success, make your mind easy. Good-day, Pike!" And the sheriff was gone.

* * * *

Later in the day, as dusk was setting in, the door opened, and a poor shivering wretch was unceremoniously hustled into the cell. Pike was smoking, and lying full length in his bunk.

"If he worrits yer, Pike, jus' let me know," said one of the prisoner's escorts. "Stop yer whimperin'," added the other warder, "suthin' scandalous, disturbin' respectable people with that yer howling."

"Let 'im alone. It's thar way o' talking," said Pike quietly. "Now don't worrit, jus' make yerself comfortable, there's eyesters fer breakfast," he added kindly. "Besides, this is a speshul favour, allowin' yer in, and yer oughter be grateful."

"I cannot die, Signore, I cannot," sobbed the wretch. Pike looked up. The newcomer seemed no more than twenty years of age, with a boyish face, and large black eyes.

"That's allright, Signer, don't worry. Like all new things, I suppos' it seems difficult. Who did yer kill?"

"I kill no one, Signore. Santa Maria!" Another outburst of passionate weeping followed.

Pike looked at the poor wretch for a second, then turned his back and went on smoking, thinking about his speech. For three hours Pike endured it with marvellous patience. Then, as his companion in distress seemed to get worse instead of better, he rolled over and hailed him—

"Look hyar, Signer! Can't yer stop that yowlin'? I hev a speech ter make to-morrow, and an election hangs on it. You only hev ter swing. I don't want ter be hard on a man that's down, but yer've had a good spell. Now dry up a bit."

"But I no kill, Signore. Help me, Signore, please," and a burst of English and Italian intermixed followed, in which were explanations, protestations, and despairing calls for pity.

"It ain't no use nohow. We've got ter swing to-morrow. The sheriff is a pal, and I'll make him postpone your hitch off until you hev heard my speech. I am agin' pauper immigration, silver currency, foreign labour, concessions to niggers, and everything in fact——Oh, stow that!" He broke off suddenly, as the poor creature continued to beat his head and breast with clenched fists; and Pike, disgusted, turned over again and went on thinking out his speech, which he meant to be a sensational one.

* * * *

Towards morning he awoke, and his first act was to look round for his companion.

"How are yer feelin'?" he called out kindly; but there was no reply. He jumped up and advanced to what appeared to be a heap of clothes on the floor of the cell.

"Look hyar!" and he raised up the Italian, who was cold and motionless. "Cheer up!" Then he poured the remains of some cocktails down his throat, after which attention the poor creature came round, and no sooner did he do so than he began again his protestations of innocence, to which Pike now listened.

"If it pleases yer, fire ahead," he said, "but it won't do no good."

Suddenly a light came into Pike's eyes, and he laid down his pipe. "Tell me all about it," he said, and his manner changed from indifference to gentle and respectful attention.

* * * *

"People comin' in thousands. Brakes from all over, chock full. Bull's Hill won't be in fer doing things handsome after this. How do yer feel, Pike? This yer thing is boomed, and so is Cutty Creek." The sheriff was beaming.

"I 'm pretty fit."

"Got the speech ready?"

"Yis. Going nap on aliens. I say, sheriff, this yer Italiarno is not to be switched off until I hev made my speech. I promised it as a speshul favour, and seein' that you——"

"That 'll be all right," interrupted the sheriff. And he turned with just sufficient interest to the crouching figure that sat

on the wooden stool to let Pike see that he was not indifferent.

Two hours later the procession started, the sheriff talking all the way, telling Pike the latest news, until the party stepped up to the platform. A murmur of excitement and approval greeted Pike as he turned round and looked upon the sea of faces, and a deep hush settled upon the many thousands, as the sheriff raised his hand and intimated that the condemned man would make a speech. There was a sound as if some mighty upheaval had been suppressed, and a deathlike silence followed. Even the trees appeared to soften, and then stop their monotonous sighing, as Pike cleared his throat.

True to his promise he spoke up for the sheriff. "Now a word about myself. I wus alwus a bad 'un," he said, "and in justis I oughter hev been hanged years ago. This yer world will be more peaceful-like when I am gone. I hev been bad, but before I die, and face the Judge that all hev to go befor' in the next world, where everything is peaceful-like and calm, I want ter dew one good act. Will yer let me?"

A mighty shout greeted this, but those in front signalled to those behind to desist, and there was immediate silence.

"Don't interrupt, sheriff, or you 'll spile the best hangin' that's been round this way yet, or likely to be."

"I want ter ask a question in regard to this Italiarno. What's he done?"

"He stabbed a miner in this yer camp. Dug Hewit saw the man do it."

"He is a liar!" shouted one of the crowd.

"Are you sure a man did it? Now don't take on so," as the sheriff showed signs of anger, "or you 'll spile this show," added Pike.

"Yes, we are sure the man did it."

"Ye hear that, friends. It was a man as did it. Well, this yer person ain't a man. It 's a woman who dressed in man's clothes to find her brother, and if yer elect this fool of a sheriff——"

But he got no further. A signal was given, and the cord was about Pike's head. He made no sign of resistance, though had you been near, you would have seen a mist in his eyes as he looked his "good-bye" to the sun now gilding the little valley and kissing the green of the hills. In his smile there was something more than pleasure, and the smile still lingered when his spirit had fled.

The "Italiarno" was not hanged. It was proved that she had used the knife in defence of her honour, with no intention of killing the man who had discovered her secret. It was another case of "justifiable homicide"; but nevertheless the day was a remarkable one for Cutty Creek, and it was agreed that the hangin' job had been a complete success, in spite of only one being stretched instead of two.

PESTS OF THE WIRE.

By JOHN MUNRO.

TELEGRAPH wires, whether strung on poles or laid along the bottom of the sea, are harmless, inoffensive things, and by no means attractive in appearance. Yet they have numerous enemies, in the animal as well as the vegetable world. The other day, for instance, an American journal reported that a newly erected line which runs through the forests of Aristook, in Northern Maine, has been damaged by the black bears, who persist in climbing the poles and breaking off the porcelain cups or insulators that support the wires. What singular fancy Bruin has taken for these knobs of earthenware can only be conjectured, as bears do not carry their hearts on their sleeves for savants to publish. It has been supposed that he mistakes the insulators for his favourite crab-apples, and there is little doubt that he regards them as something good to eat, but it is hard to say what. Perhaps he thinks them bees'-nests. At all events, there is a large woodpecker in Norway which is deluded by the humming of the wires in the wind like an Æolian harp, and fancies that there is a nest of insects inside the pole. To reach them he toils for days, and pecks great holes into the wooden posts, or even through and through them, only to discover, as men have done before him, that his promised feast of delights was a phantom of his own creation, and his labours all in vain.

Wiser in his generation is the green woodpecker of California, which makes a larder of the red cedar telegraph-poles. It riddles the top of the post with small pits, and fills them with acorns—a nut in each cavity—thus providing against a winter famine. Surely this bird displays an ingenuity, a genius in fact, that is worthy of its nation. Is there any other woodpecker but a Yankee one that could make a pantry out of a telegraph-post? Indian crows and Australian magpies have been known to pick up the snippets of wire left by the telegraph engineers in putting up the lines, and build their nests with them on the poles; but in so doing they only followed their instinct. They did not invent.

The American bison when he roamed the prairies also showed an unsuspected intelligence in adapting the telegraph-poles as rubbing-posts, and sometimes threw down miles of the wire. An American, thinking to cure him of his passion, studded the lower part of the poles with spikes, but the hirsute buffalo required no ordinary currycomb, and ever after preferred the spikiest poles. Elephants have also amused themselves by uprooting hundreds of poles with their trunks, apparently for no other purpose than to get rid of their superfluous energy.

Ants are feeble folk as compared to elephants, yet they are far more destructive of the telegraph. In tropical countries the white ants, or termites, devour wooden poles in a short time, and it has been found expedient to employ posts impregnated with oil of creosote, or, better still, posts of iron, where these tiny marauders are known to swarm. In Japan there is a spider which is very troublesome to the telegraph men, owing to its habit of

BEAR DAMAGING TELEGRAPH-WIRES IN MAINE, U.S.A.

spinning webs from wire to wire, and causing a leakage of the electric current from one wire to another, especially in the morning, when the webs are heavy with dew. Wasps and other insects also build their nests between the wires or about the insulators, and in wet or dewy weather produce a leakage of the messages. It goes without saying that vegetation, growing over the poles and wires, has the like effect, and in the neighbourhood of Rio Janeiro the lines are infested with a parasitic plant resembling mistletoe, which takes root on them from seeds contained in the droppings of birds that perch on the wires and poles.

WOODPECKER BORING HOLES IN TELEGRAPH-POSTS IN NORWAY.

After all, however, man is the worst enemy of the telegraph-line. Not only do boys and thoughtless adults fire at the insulators as a mark with stones and guns, but they fling up rags or fly their kites against the wires, and so cause a loss of the electric current. In Belgium, for example, it pays to use insulators of an unconspicuous grey colour, instead of white ones, that offer a tempting mark to aim at. In savage or barbarous countries the natives are prone to destroy the lines, if the chiefs are not satisfied with "backsheesh" or frightened by some superstition about the wonderful virtues of the white man's talking "fetish." When Sir Garnet Wolseley advanced upon Coomassie, his field telegraph-line, on bamboo-poles through the jungle, was not molested by the enemy; but to be even with him in point of magic they ran a line of their own, consisting of a thread tied to the trees. In the Macdonald range of Western Australia, the hostile blacks were imbued with a wholesome dread of the telegraph by letting them touch the wire when it was highly charged with electricity and giving them a pretty strong electric shock. This

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Portrait by the London Stereoscopic Co.

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"dodge" has proved very effective in many parts of the world.

The weather is, of course, very destructive to aërial telegraph-lines. High winds blow them over, hoar frost and glaze frost coat them with ice and break them down. Underground wires in pipes escape these visitations, but they are not entirely free of pests, for mice and rats get at them and eat the gutta-percha which covers the copper. Lightning may attack both overhead and underground wires if they are not properly protected by lightning guards, and many a post has been splintered, many a cable fused by the violence of the flash. The lines are also subject to what are called "earth currents"—that is to say, electric currents in the ground itself, but these are seldom strong enough to injure the wires, although they often disturb the working of the telegraph instruments. They are unusually rife during the prevalence of auroral displays, and of "spots" on the solar disc.

Submarine lines would appear to be snugly placed out of harm's way, but they, too, have their pests. The limnoria worm and xylophaga shellfish devour both the hemp and gutta-percha which protect the wire, and permit the electric current to escape into the sea. A single repast of the limnoria maggot has cost the shareholders of a cable company many thousands of pounds, because it is highly expensive to send a cable-ship to grapple for the cable and cut out the fault, especially if the weather is unfavourable to the operations.

The sawfish poking in the mud with his serrated snout has been blamed for piercing cables, but never caught in the act.

AMERICAN BISON LOOSENING A TELEGRAPH-POLE BY USING IT AS A RUBBING-POST.

In any case, it is a fact that some fishes do penetrate submarine cables, for the writer took part in a cable expedition from Para to Cayenne, and scarcely had the cable been successfully laid on the bottom of the sea when it failed altogether. I was also present on the repairing expedition and actually saw fragments of fishes' teeth picked out of the faults. I am disposed to regard these faults as caused by the real bites of some fish, and not the angry strokes of a sawfish. The iron wires protecting the cable had been forcibly crushed as between powerful jaws, and, as I have said, bits of the teeth were found sticking in the indiarubber which coated the copper wire.

More than one whale has been entangled in a submarine cable and suffocated under water. A notable instance occurred in the Persian Gulf, where the cable was lying slack, and the repairing-ship hauled up the dead body of the animal. Mr. Lumsden, of H.M. Telegraph-ship *Monarch*, has told me that in repairing a Post Office cable in the North Sea, he once pulled up the wreck of a small schooner which had sunk upon the cable. It is not infrequent for fishing-boats and other vessels to cut cables with their anchors, and say nothing about it. Mr. Hockin, a well-known telegraph engineer, was once on board a steamer which anchored off Lisbon, and cut a cable in lifting her anchor. With ready ingenuity, he improvised a battery, and telegraphed the exact position to the telegraph office in the city, and so saved the cable engineers a good deal of time and trouble.

ELEPHANT UPROOTING A TELEGRAPH-POLE.

It is only at the seashore and in rivers that mischievous persons can do any harm to cables. In the earlier days of the telegraph it was not uncommon for the Chinese to steal the wires of cables to make tea-nails; and Indian coolies have been said to cut pieces out of the cable and plant them to grow more! It is certainly on record that a French fisherman who had hooked the first Channel cable with his anchor mistook the copper wire covered with bare gutta-percha for a species of tangle with "gold in its heart."

The weather has little effect on a submarine cable, except where the waves can rub it on the rocks and wear it through; but earthquakes and submarine eruptions have more than once played havoc with the wire. A submarine eruption broke a cable in the Mediterranean, off the island of Pantellaria, and an earthquake damaged the cables from Java to Australia. Floating icebergs grounding on the cables have damaged them in the White Sea and elsewhere. The failure of the White Sea cables from this cause led one of those knowing gentlemen who write to the papers to account for the breakdown by the gradual expansion of the earth, which, he maintained, was actually growing bigger and bursting its bonds!

SAWFISH DAMAGING A SUBMARINE CABLE.

FINE FEATHERS.

SCRAPS FROM LADY BABBIE'S NOTE BOOK.

"GOOD-BYE to the season, 'tis over," sang the poet of last century, but it is only in the letter, not the spirit, that we endorse his glib jingling of words to-day, for the drawing of the curtain in London merely means the raising of it elsewhere on the same people and in very similar circumstances. There is, for example, Homburg, to which many of us are bound at the present moment, and where we ostensibly go to drink the waters, or to "wash," as the American girl euphonistically put it, and where we shall see presently all our friends and dearest enemies in a new set of frocks and a background of Taunus or Tannenwald instead of town. Dinard, Aix, Spa, and Ostend likewise, with all the rest of it, are there to carry on the junketings which we have forsaken in Mayfair, but the action of the play is practically unchanged, until the 12th, when glorious "St. Grouse" summons us sportively to Scotland, and the North Country house-parties once more foregather over a cheerful waste of cartridges.

The cult of the country-house costume is now, indeed, a very carefully studied one in these days of universal sporting hospitality, and preparations no less elaborate go forward at the dressmakers' in early August than when the opening season first summons débutantes to their curtsies at Buckingham Palace.

One of the novelties of autumn voyaging will be found in the original idea of peau de suède cloth travelling-cloaks, with which so many well-bestowed women have given the finishing touch to their present season wardrobes. This new cloth has all the appearance of soft suède, and when set forth with a high scolloped collar and a double row of scalloped shoulder-capes, and the same trimming applied to the front of the skirt, the effect is very good. Six or eight lines of closely set stitching, finished with scallops, give besides that stiffly set effect to the cloth which so much improves the general appearance of any tailor-made garment.

With the approaching exodus to seaside, country, and mountains, the knockabout style of garment naturally, therefore, comes into consideration for our temporary attempts at ruralising or rusticity, and here it is that the contrast between our present smart effects and the commonplace, ungraceful autumn dresses in which we made after-season voyages a few years back is shown. These are now lost in the Lethe of forgotten things, just as much as are the ungainly waterproofs of half a generation back, or the "uglies" which adorned the bonnet-brims of our unimaginative forebears still earlier in the century.

Even the auto-car costume, which most of all others is exposed to the slings and arrows of our outrageous island weather, whether it be dust-cloud one day or thunder-shower the next, is by a clever contrivance of the up-to-date modiste rendered at least a thing of style, if not of sweetness and light.

On the subject of our growing craze in automobilism, it should be borne in mind that all dress in this connection should be of material soft, warm, and light, yet strong enough to bear repeated brushings. Thin summer cloths and serges are the best suited for this purpose.

The narrow mohair braids which are now so much in vogue and rolled or

A CHARMING DRESS WORN AT THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY'S GARDEN PARTY.

stitched seams are the most utilitarian trimmings. Perfect cut is, of course, a *sine quâ non*, and in this connection, let it be remembered, the cheap tailor is as great a vanity and affliction of spirit as is the courageous but incompetent suburban dressmaker of our other experiences.

Short vests which do not extend below the waist, and the new side-buttoned or military vests which are fastened down with two rows of buttons, are the trimmest as well as the latest style for bicycling, "moting," or walking exercises.

A new "vêtement d'automobile" which has been concocted for the Duchess of Newcastle is a charmingly made drab vicuna, trimmed with little bands of tartan, mauve, and black. The double-breasted jacket is frogged, the lapels are faced with tartan, and the cape is edged to match, while a jaunty hat of light felt trimmed with a gauze scarf in all the colours combined has a green bird set out flat where the brim turns up at one side.

The new styles in autumn hats are, indeed, a frank improvement on the unadorned appearance of the severe sailor, which has now become the uniform of the young "person" of the shop or the suburbs, and is rarely seen on a girl with any pretensions to well-being—at least, when beyond the hobbledehoy schoolgirl stage of fourteen or fifteen.

Curled or soft couteaux feathers are the most favoured modes of trimming, while the straw hats which they adorn are nearly all used in their natural colours. Hats made of plaits woven in opposite directions are again the latest among all novelties. Reeds, wild flowers, or curled aigrettes are used with this style, but light tuscan hats, which are trimmed chiefly with choux of different shaded ribbons, are also exceedingly dainty. While still on the subject of headgear, I must mention another shape, called the "Girondin," which is much used in white or coloured crinoline with twisted ribbons around the crown, and curved quills set at the side or front, according to taste. A hat of this order, the brim turned up with a couple of white birds, has been lately worn by Lady Warwick very successfully.

For hot August days in the country, nothing is more charming than the flowered muslin gowns in which lovely woman has arrayed her slender outlines this season. If she is good to look on when set forth in these alluring gauze draperies in town, her effects are still more exquisite when backgrounded by the glowing green of garden, field, or hedgerow. The new mode of matching costumes with parasols still further enhances the satisfactory altogether at garden parties and cricket gatherings, of which we shall have so many in the present and coming weeks.

The much trimmed headgear of tulle, chiffon, and spangles in which we did our social devoirs when in town is now much more charmingly replaced by the flower-crowned picture hats, which are more appropriate to our immediate country environment. And apropos of picturesque accessories, the large Louis Seize scarf, which has from time to time revisited glimpses of the modern moon, seems once again about to come into our up-to-date consideration. Both the Directory and Empire dames wore these scarves, but differently adjusted; and we can all remember them in pictures of the graceful though short-waisted, tightly curled, straight-skirted, white-stockinged girls of our grand-dames' generation, pictures and prints which have come down to their descendants with silhouettes, hair bracelets, and other quaint relics of departed days. The shawls of a later time, in black Chantilly or white Limerick lace, or in Paisley of that ilk, which our mothers wore as brides in the ugly ungraceful three-cornered early Victorian fashion, by no means recommend themselves to the imagination, but, given a certain *chic* and style on the part of the slim wearer, a Directory scarf might again become a thing of modern beauty. In Paris a few leaders of fashion have taken up the idea, but the ends of these newest scarves, instead of being fringed in the old way, are trimmed with handsome lace. In China crêpe or in silk muslin with dainty hand-painted flowers, or done in foulard to match the dress, the Paris

AN IDEAL DRESS FOR THE RIVER.

dressmakers declare that these shawls will look absolutely lovely, which, however, remains to be seen, as on this side of the Channel they have so far not at all entered into the modish consideration.

Just as March is, according to all classics, the dustiest, so August is popularly supposed to be the thirstiest month of the twelve, though why it should be put before baking July in our need of liquid refreshment one cannot tell. The old saw, however, remains, in view of which it will not be inappropriate to solve the difficult question of what to drink in this highly absorbent season by indicating the justly praised "Eiffel Tower Lemonade," a recent production emanating from Messrs. Foster Clark's factory at Maidstone. Made chiefly from lemons, it is worth knowing besides that the "Eiffel Tower Lemonade" is partly manufactured in Italy, as the fruit is taken there direct from the lemon-orchards into the factories, instead of being brought oversea, to the partial deterioration of its flavour and freshness. This concentrated juice thus prepared is sold in small inexpensive bottles which are sufficient to account for two gallons of the home-brewed nectar when mixed with boiling water and sugar. Of the "Eiffel Tower Lemonade" it may be said that its flavour is exceptionally good, and its ingredients absolutely pure, as certified by various learned analysts, and that it is an all-round thirst-quenching, wholesome, and pleasant beverage which cannot be too highly recommended.

The subject of drinkables makes one to arrive, as they say on the other side of the Channel, in natural transition at the subject of eatables, and in connection with that gentle and highly studied gastronomic art I may mention that the very last fashion for table decoration, and one, too, which is eminently appropriate to autumn ides, is the use of fruit as replacing flowers for purposes purely decorative. It should be well understood, however, that fruit requires much more skilful manipulation than any other kind of decoration, as that which can be used is not, properly speaking, what one buys by the pound, but which is actually procured from garden or hothouse with its foliage attached. Foreign grapes, which are not easily get-at-able in this way, are garlanded with leaves from our English hothouses. Peaches are cut with due proportion of wood and leaf. Currants and raspberries with their foliage make particularly good effects, and I have seen nothing more delicious to the eye or more inviting to the appetite than a table done in purple and amber plums and leaves, with candle-shades and centre en suite.

A very successful autumn table can also be manipulated with oats, poppies, and corn-flowers. The colouring is rather crude, but the effect is distinctly good, and that notwithstanding the remark made by a critical neighbour of mine at a table similarly decorated some evenings since, when he declared that the very sight of this autumnal garnishing gives him hay-fever. This fruit-table idea will, I think, catch on; people are always agog for novelties; and there are so few worlds now left for hostesses to conquer in the matter of novel floral decorations.

This is also the month par excellence for freckles, sunburn, and all the evils to which complexions fair and otherwise are heiresses. We cannot expect our faces to bear too much, and when it is considered that all other parts of the body, even to one's hands, are covered with gloves and garnitures, it seems a little unreasonable to expect that our hard-worked complexions will take care of themselves without being occasionally assisted by some harmless specific, such, for instance, as our old and faithful friend, yclept cold cream.

Many women, of course, "go to the fair," to use the old English expression, in an opposite direction by the excessive use of greatly vaunted cosmetics, lotions, and what-nots, and some have even been recently foolish enough to follow the example of a once beautiful actress, and undergo the unpleasant operation of having their first skin removed by the aid of a poisonous, ineffectual, and painful process.

A more futile attempt at rejuvenation than this cannot be conceived, for in a fortnight, when the skin has grown again,

all is as it had been before, plus the presentation of a distinctly alarming bill from the so-called beauty-doctor (of which there are several in Paris and New York, but none in London, I am thankful to say), and this remains as the only permanent result of a foolish experiment. Sufficient air, exercise, and healthy living are, as we all know but do not sufficiently realise, the only real aids to beauty, but as preventives to the guerrilla warfare and onslaughts of this unspeakable climate, an excellent and harmless remedy is the admixture of a cup of new milk with half an ounce of powdered Castile soap, which should be simmered together until a creamy consistence is acquired. The juice of a lemon may then be added. This applied at night, and allowed to dry on the skin, is one of the most harmless and effective acquaintances which the complexion can make, while for those who suffer from freckles, three lemons stirred into four ounces of pure alcohol and two ounces of rose-water will prove an effective and speedy deliverer.

Returning to our original muttons of clothes, it is always well to remember that if one is bound for a round of country houses, a couple of smart tea-gowns are just as inevitable an item as are the ornate blouses with which we provide ourselves for the Continental table d'hôte occasion. China crêpe seems to be the material most in fashion for the first form of garment, and this eminently graceful material is still more set off if trimmed with long hanging fringes dyed to match its colour. One of the loveliest tea-gowns it would be possible to wear or imagine I met the other day in a house-boat, of all places. It was of daffodil-coloured China crêpe, made over silk, the drapery closing on one side to form a long tunic-like effect. It was inlaid with ivory lace, and bordered with silk fringes to match its colour. A black velvet ribbon was tied round the white neck of its wearer, and the effect was very complete indeed.

Talking of yellow again disengages me from my immediate subject to remark that yellow leather laced-up shoes, either plain or clocked, with patent leather, are very much worn for out-of-town occasions. White leather shoes with points of yellow or black leather have also been introduced by fashionable bootmakers. For long walks or mountain-climbing, cloth gaiters to match the costume should always be provided; while with sporting costumes black stockings are not correct; but either beige or drab, with shoes to match.

I have been asked to draw my readers' attention to the fact that now and for the past year King Demos has been catered for in a new, uncommon, and eminently effective manner; one, too, which appeals to the higher instincts of the lowest type of human nature, and to which it instinctively responds—and that is music. So far little has been done to familiarise the poor with really good music; but the Passmore Edwards' Settlement in Tavistock Square has taken the initiative in this excellent scheme of well-arranged concerts, which are intended to lift the submerged tenth from this workaday world into the Elysian Fields of beautiful sound. In this connection the Charles Williams Orchestra, founded by Miss Audrey Chapman last year, deserves all praise. It is not composed alone of the best amateurs, but professionals to boot, and concerts are given by these devoted artists on Saturday nights, the musical lectures being illustrated with string or song, and so gradually educating the masses into intelligent and appreciative audiences.

Occasionally concerts are given in the West End for the object of aiding the fund for providing these free concerts in poor districts. This laudable object deserves all the encouragement that the leisured classes can so well afford to give it, and the good intentions of the society should be practically borne in mind by all lovers of good music and humanity.

And then without further heed of him I continued to embrace the dead man's hand, and knelt there with it in my desperate grasp.

See "Lady Barbarity," Page 511.

LADY BARBARITY.

A ROMANTIC COMEDY.

By J. C. SNAITH.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, the well-known Author of "Fierceheart the Soldier," has chosen the stirring times of the Jacobite Rebellion for the mise-en-scene of this story.

CHAPTER XVII.

MORE ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS.

CONCLUDING our compact in the quickest fashion, I went back to the prisoner with the news. I chose to tell him simply that he was a free man, and at liberty to go. No more; a very exact discretion being needed to keep the arbitrary rogue apart from his heroic foibles. I was also careful to announce his freedom in a tone of bald matter-of-fact, as though the circumstance was the most natural in the world. Yet my art was by no means equal to the work before it, as at the first word the provoking fellow turned a sceptic's eye upon me, and employed his lips on a long and sustained whistle of amused amazement.

"Zooks, Madam!" says he, laughing, "you ought to succeed, you know. You possess a very considerable invention. But my soul, what a front you've got to bring me tales of this kind!"

"Cease this," says I, with an imperious gesture, "but go to your chamber at once and change your attire, while I indite letters commending you to the attention of some of my friends. Off now, ere the Captain repents his clemency."

However, his incredulity was not to be overcome in this way, and point-blank he declined to budge. He was good enough to repeat frankly that he did not believe me. And to my credit be it written, I retained my temper tolerably well. My natural disposition had, I think, a severer schooling in my early intercourse with this intractable youth than in all the rest of its career. Not without benefit, perhaps; but I marvelled at the time, and do so still, that this irksome discipline should have been so equably supported.

To my stern commands and repeated protests he had only one answer to return, and that not a whit politer than the one already mentioned.

"However, I'll see the Captain," says he at last.

"Then do so, and be hanged to you!" cries I, my temper failing.

But immediately the hasty speech was uttered I strove to recall it. Beyond all, he must not hear of my compact with our subtle enemy, the Captain, for I was certain that, should he do so, he would not permit it to take effect. Yet I was unable to stay him in his impetuous course, and therefore followed on his heels to the library with the best grace I could summon. At critical moments I could at least forewarn the Captain with my frowns.

When I appeared, the prisoner was already there, and had opened a raking fire.

"Captain," he said, with what I took to be a mocking gleam at me, "her ladyship asserts that you have promised her my freedom. Be good enough to tell me, is that so?"

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"Her ladyship is perfectly correct," he answered, and the mocking gleam in his eye I also took to be directed at me.

The prisoner paused at this and turned half round that he might regard our guilty faces together. I can never say whether it was that my colour changed ever so slightly, whether the faintest shade of compunction crossed the Captain's face, or whether the rebel was supernaturally endowed with wit, but suddenly his eyes were kindled with sparkles, and he turned almost savagely on me—

"Madam," he demanded, "what is the price that you are paying for this privilege?"

The sharp question pinned me helpless. And I was forced to recognise that evasion, if still expedient, was no longer possible. There was that power in him that tore the truth out of me, even as at an earlier time it had torn it out of Mrs. Emblem.

"I am to marry my dear friend Captain Grantley," I told him coolly.

He turned to that gentleman for a confirmation. It was promptly conveyed to him by means of a nod and a laugh.

"And you, Sir, a subject of your King and a servant of his cause?" says the prisoner tauntingly.

The Captain got up, smiling through his teeth.

"If, Sir," says he, "you propose to preach a sermon on morality, I shall be glad to reach the Bible down."

"Oh, pray don't trouble," said the rebel suavely. "As your own conduct, Sir, happens to be my text, the Bible, of course, can contribute little to the occasion. Besides, Sir, my opinion of you as a man can be delivered in about half a dozen words. You are, Sir, in my opinion, a pretty, full-blooded blackguard, and I think, Sir, that for persons of your kidney hanging is a luxury."

The Captain bent his head a little under these carefully planted blows. But he remained wonderfully self-possessed and passionless.

"Thank you, puppy," he replied, making a scarcely noticeable step the nearer to his foe, "but I think that your opinion, however valuable, is not at all required. Therefore, puppy, I shall have to teach you that there are occasions when it were wiser to restrain it."

And having uttered this in an absurdly calm and listless fashion, the Captain shot his fist out quicker than the eye could follow it, and ere one might guess what had occurred, a horrid, heavy fall made the room quake and set the furniture a-rattling. Young Anthony was prone upon the carpet, with a faint streak of blood beginning to issue from his neck.

In an instant was I bending over him, and crying in my anguish—

"Oh, my dear lad, you are not hurt!"

At first he did not speak, being partly dazed with the concussion of his fall, but before I could repeat the question, behold! he was on his feet and springing at the Captain with the ardour of a lion. His enemy was wary, though, and prepared in every particular for this onslaught. Armed with his crutch, he received the charge full upon that weapon, with further disastrous consequences to the youth, who straightway met the carpet for the second time. 'Twas then that I did intervene. I ran between these combatants, and dared them on pain of unutterable penalties to exchange another blow.

"Confound you, Bab!" exclaimed the bleeding and breathless rebel. "Confound you for a spoil-sport! Why don't you let me pound your gentle husband to a jelly!"

"What, pound my gentle husband?" says I; "a pretty wife I'd be, I'm thinking."

For an instant this way of looking at the matter administered a check to his impetuosity, and by its aid I took occasion to beseech—

"My lad, if you care for your life at all go while the door is open to you. Another blow will close it; aye, perhaps another word. Go, I implore you."

"No," says he doggedly, "for the finest woman in all England I will not go. Things have gone too far. Would you have me leave you at the mercy of this nice gentleman? Let me kill him first, and then we will talk about it."

He was quite cool now, and in full possession of the arrogant decision that seemed such an embellishment to his character. Therefore he stepped to the windows at the far end of the apartment, pulled aside the curtains, and looked into the night. Immediately the white moonlight fell upon the deeper pallor of his face.

"See," says he, turning to his enemy, "there's light enough outside to settle our little controversy. Swords or pistols, Sir?"

"Boots," says the Captain amiably; "I don't fight with boys; I usually kick them."

"Well, Sir," says the lad, "my situation is peculiar. I am your prisoner, and at liberty on parole, but I ask you as a gentleman whether it is likely that I shall swallow the insults of a private person! What is your opinion, Madam?"

This was intended for diplomacy. It was plain that he wished me to induce the Captain to fight, but the risks of that course appeared too terrible by far for me to seize the opportunity.

"Save your neck first," was my answer, "then settle your private quarrels."

"And you, Madam, are prepared to purchase my liberty with your own?" says he.

"I believe so," says I, with an air of high indifference. "You foolish boy, do you think it matters one farthing to a woman whom she marries, so long as she is but able to marry someone? Now be a good lad, doff those petticoats, wipe the blood from your neck where the Captain's ring hath scratched you, and start for the south without another word."

"No," says he, "for that is the very last course I propose to take. You shall never sacrifice yourself for me."

"Sacrifice!" cries I. "La! the complimentary creature. 'Twill be a pleasure, I can promise you. Why, Captain dear, we are to have a right merry time together, are we not?"

"Yes, a right merry time," says the Captain grimly.

"Oh, indeed," says Mr Anthony. "Ah, well, I am glad to hear you say so. For I'll confess that I've had my doubts about it. Only I'm thinking that when his Majesty grows cognisant of this he may seek to mar the happiness of one of you at least."

"Depend upon it, Sir," I retorted stoutly, "that he will not hear of it."

I continued to be so insistent on his immediate flight, and at the same time my determined attitude was so well served by the grim passiveness of the Captain, that in the end compliance seemed to be the young rebel's only and inevitable course. And, to my great relief, this was the one he ultimately took.

"Well," he exclaimed at last, "it's plain that argument cannot avail."

"Not a little bit, Sir," I cheerily agreed.

"Then," says he, "I'll go and change these clothes, while you write those letters to your friends."

"You will find your masculine attire," I said, with a sly twinkle for the Captain, "up the chimney in your chamber, tied up in a cloth. When the search was done we took them there from the wardrobe of my lord."

"I am hoping that the soot has not penetrated 'em," says he, making the most comic mouth.

"Amen to that!" says I; "and now be off, Sir."

With that dismissal he left the library for his sleeping-chamber, whilst I, craving the due permission of the Captain, sat down at the writing-table before pen and paper, and set about my part of the transaction.

The best portion of an hour passed in the scratching of the quill with intervals of perilous desultory talk. I was in the most hateful frame of mind. Its alternate flutterings of hope and fear were very irksome. The lad seemed to be playing fair, and yet I knew that nothing was more unreasonable to expect, of a character like his, than that he should be content to leave me in the lurch, when that very night he had had so clear an indication of my feelings. And yet, I reflected, the shadow of the scaffold is powerful indeed. Poor wretch, torn betwixt the vigorous animal's love of life and instincts of a

higher kind! I weighed the matter with such a singular mingling of emotions that I felt I should detest young Anthony if he left me to my fate, and yet should curse him for his folly if he refused his proffered freedom. During that hour of suspense the devil enjoyed himself, I think. Ten times I dismissed the matter by an energetic usage of the quill, yet ten times did it return upon me, with now and then a quiet jibe of my smiling enemy's thrown in to bear it company.

After dashing off several letters in this savage manner, I looked up to consult the timepiece. It was five minutes short of three o'clock of the morning, and I began to grow impatient for the fugitive's departure. The dawn would be here all too soon, and with it many perils. Each instant of delay was begrudged him by my mind's inquietude. Soon, however, I heard footsteps in the hall, but the first feelings of relief that these occasioned were changed immediately into those of profound dismay. For there was a sound of voices too. A second later the door was opened, and thereupon the sight that met my eyes nearly made me swoon. Two persons entered. The first was the prisoner in his masculine attire; the second, sparsely clad in a shirt, breeches, and stockings, hurriedly put on, was, of all persons, Corporal Flickers. I can never forget the rage and horror I endured, while the Corporal, who appeared by no means wholly awake, crammed his knuckles into his eyes to rub out the remains of his sleep and protect them against the lamp glare. At first the two soldiers were too amazed to say a word; I was too afflicted; and the prisoner alone seemed able to break the oppressive silence.

"Bab," says he, "you must forgive me for this, but you would persevere in your headlong folly, and I had to thwart you somehow. I could never have allowed you to pay the grievous price you had intended."

"What do you mean?" I cried. "Do not tell me that you have delivered yourself voluntarily into the hands of your enemies!"

He hung his head in silence before the indignation of my glance.

"Ingrate," I cried, "thus to thwart and to betray me."

"The price was too great," he said doggedly, but the fear in his eyes was unmistakable. Meantime, Corporal Flickers had found his tongue, and was now engaged in giving the peculiar history of the capture to his commander.

"It's God's truth, Sir, that that's the rebel," he began, in a tone that implied that he was trying hard to set all his own doubts at rest upon that point. Rubbing his eyes with renewed vigour, he repeated: "Yes, Sir, that's 'im, I'll take my solemn oath. But it's passing funny how I took 'im. I was asleep in my room and a-dreamin' of my Mary, when I feels a hand quite sudding like upon my arm. At that I cocks up my eyes and sees a light afore me, and a man's figger a-bending across my bed. Like blue blazes, Sir, I leaps to my feet, for I sees it is the rebel, and I takes 'im by 'is throat. But he was the most accommodatin' rebel that you ever saw, for he stood quiet as a mouse, and says that I had done exactly what he had wakened me to do, for he was tired o' bein' hunted for his life, and would I bring him straight to you, Sir. I told 'im I would an' all, and I done it lively, as you can see, Sir, for I only stayed to put my breeches and my shirt on. But atween you an' me, Sir, though we 're all assembled here, Sir, and a-talking as natural as ninepence, as it were, it won't surprise me much, Sir, if I wakes up in the matter of half an hour and find that I 'm asleep, for everything seems that outrageous like that the more I thinks on it the less I can understand it. For what I asks is this: Is that the rebel that I see afore me, or is it 'is counterfeit presentiment? And anyhow, Sir, since that business o' the woods I can't be sure of 'im at all, Sir, for in my opinion he 's a bit of a soopernatural, as it were."

"You are quite right, Corporal," I interposed. "He 's a supernatural fool."

All this time the chiefest actor in this play, the Captain, had not said a word beyond a little hollow praise of the Corporal's sagacity and promptitude. Seen under the lamp, his face presented the

most ghastly and piteous appearance. False to his cause, false to himself, the dupe of his own passion, the slave of his own weakness, I began to conceive a great compassion for him, and a horror of my own callousness. As for the rebel, now that his headstrong folly had robbed him of his last chance of escape, all hope became abandoned. It was as much as ever I could do to prevent my anger and sorrow mastering my spirit and giving way to a flood of passionate tears. All our strivings to end miserably thus! It was only the severest discipline that could allow me to endure it defiantly. And yet, though his own wilful act was to drag him to an ignominious death, I could but reverence his character the more deeply for its natural courage. The wretched fellow's audacious strength had forged yet another bond about my heart.

Presently the Captain dismissed the Corporal, and thereby held himself responsible for his prisoner's safe keeping.

"I can also bid you good-night, Madam, or, rather, good-morning," the Captain says. "The day has been most arduous for you, and I am sure you need some recuperation."

"You are very kind," says I.

Knowing that all was hopeless now, and that neither prayers nor tears could prevail against the prisoner's scruples, I decided to retire.

"You will not be gone for some hours yet," I said as I opened the door.

"One of us may," the Captain said.

Had I been in a brighter frame of mind I should have perhaps heeded this mysterious speech more closely, and found in it a prophecy of that which followed. But I went dismally to bed without thinking of its import. Despite the extremity of the hour, I found Emblem, the picture of woe, sitting beside the fire in my chamber. Her customary smiling prettiness was faded with weeping; she hung her head, and rose on my entrance with a peculiar frightened air. Clasping her hands, she whispered—

"They 've ta'en him, my lady."

"And a very right thing too," says I.

"But will they not carry him to London to be hanged?" she asked, seeking for hope where hope was not.

"I am trusting so," says I, so cheerfully that my tears began to flow.

I soon came to the conclusion that my mood forbade repose; and therefore, instead of undressing and attempting to obtain a much-to-be-desired sleep, I dismissed poor Emblem, cast a cloak round my shoulders, took a chair by the hearth, and settled there for the remainder of the night, to doze, to think, and to repine.

However, this plan did not answer. It only induced a sickening course of meditation that was less endurable than the foulest nightmare. No matter what my posture, my agonies of mind grew unsupportable, and at last I cast the cloak off wearily, got up, and began to pace the chamber. It was while I was thus wrestling with my pains that I heard the far silence of the house disturbed by the closing of doors below. By the weight of the sounds and the jangling of the chains, I presumed them to be those of the great hall, and as my window commanded the whole frontage of lawn and gravel sweep, I promptly pulled aside the curtains. Lanterns were twinkling immediately below, and by their aid and that of the clear-shining moon, I was able to read the identity of two persons issuing from the house. They were the Captain and his prisoner, walking side by side across the lawn in a south-westerly direction. They were heading for the open meadows, and appeared perfectly amicable and to be talking in low tones; but the briskness of their pace and their air of strung activity proclaimed that they had some definite end in view. For the moment I had not the remotest notion what this end could be, but while I stood at gaze and musing to discover it, a horrible idea crept into my brain. Surely nothing could be more unnatural than two sworn enemies working harmoniously together towards a common end, if that end was peace? But was it peace? In a convulsion of alarm I recalled the incidents of that hateful night, and amongst them was the calculated blow which surely the prisoner was the last man in the world to take with meekness. I

then remembered the Captain's prophetic "One of us may," and at once attached to it a most sinister significance. Having reached this dark conclusion, my first desire was to defeat their wicked purposes. I cloaked myself at once for another night excursion, and having done so, stole down the stairs as formerly, opened the great hall door with wondrous care, then peered ahead to discern the course of the receding lanterns.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH THE CAPTAIN'S COMEDY IS PLAYED.

I could see them clearly. They were now some distance to the left, apparently in the middle of the first home meadow. Thither I bent my course across wet turf, in the piercing night, but with heed for nought save those baleful lanterns. For now I was never more convinced of anything than that these foes had come abroad to settle once for all their long account. By the rapidity with which I drew nearer to the lights, I concluded that their bearers had halted, probably to choose their battle-ground. Instinctively feeling this to be the case, I broke into a run. Clearing the lawn, leaping pell-mell across the grotto at its margin, and skirting the artificial lake, I emerged into the open field. It was so well lit by the bright moon, riding through white cloud, that I could see enough to confirm my coldest fears.

The lanterns were now reposing on the grass, while each man stood beside his own, perhaps at a distance of a dozen paces. They seemed to be fearlessly erect, and absolutely resolute, and this in itself was enough to prove that only death was likely to end their duel. Ere I had time to cry out, or even to overcome the first paralysis of the fear that held me, one of them, who by his breadth of figure I knew to be the Captain, raised his right hand slowly. At that, although the actual time of the whole affair could not have exceeded half a minute, such tricks can terror play upon us, that the entire strength appeared to ooze slowly from my body, as though a surgeon had opened one of my vital arteries and was bleeding me to death by slow degrees. And the instant the Captain's hand went up, I stopped through arrant horror and that dreadful sense of sheer incompetence that afflicts one in a nightmare. I made one attempt to scream out to them, but my throat seemed useless, and my voice resembled the feeble croakings of a frog. Before I could make another, there came a sound like a mastiff's bay, and in the most cold, convulsive terror I put my hands before my eyes. They must have been still there, I think, and my ears have turned to stone, for to this day I swear that I never saw the second and the fatal shot, and, still stranger, actually did not hear it. But when my vision cleared I thought I saw one man prone beside his lantern and the other bending over him.

The die cast and the deed accomplished, my limbs resumed their proper office, and I was able to proceed. Fate had intervened already, the worst had happened, the tragedy was consummated. The actual fact is ever easier to support than the suspense of it. While I ran to the scene of the murder, with my heart grown too big for my body, and apparently bursting through my side, so complete was the illusion played by terror upon my several senses, that I was absolutely sure that it was the prisoner who was hit, that I had lost a lover, and that the world had lost a hero.

When I arrived breathless upon the battle-ground the survivor was kneeling still beside his fallen foe, and appeared to be feeling at his breast. But death ever wears an aspect that is wholly unmistakable, and the lad fully extended on his face, hands straight by his side, and his form prone beneath the ghastly moon, told me all too surely that the life had gone out of him for ever. Without a word I also fell upon my knees beside the corpse, and took one of the dead man's hands within my own. The murderer, still kneeling the other side the body, appeared to raise his face and look at me, and then he cried in a voice of hoarse astonishment—

"You?"

I did not answer, but still nursed the dead man's hand, almost without knowing that I did so, such strange things does passion do.

"Lady Barbara," he said, in a voice quite unendurable to my ears.

"Do not speak," I whispered, "I cannot bear to hear you speak."

"Lady Barbara," he said again.

"God curse you!" I muttered through shut teeth.

"He was my enemy," he croaked in a voice I could not recognise.

"Oh, that I should have loved him!" I cried out wildly. "Why did you not put a bullet through this heart of mine?"

And then without further heed of him I continued to embrace the dead man's hand, and knelt there with it in my desperate grasp, oblivious of everything but the dreadful still passionate agony of sorrow that held me. I was conscious of nothing, not even of the slow passing of the hours, not even of the cruel biting of the cold—nay, not even that the murderer had slunk from me away into the night, that friend of murder, and that I and my lover were alone.

How long I was the victim of this impotence I cannot tell, but at last I grew aware that the dawn had touched my eyes, and that with it light and sanity had returned. Truly day is the source of reason. Had the pitch of night continued for ever, for ever I must have stayed by the couch of my cold lover. But broad day was too bright and bold and fearless to countenance for an instant the madness of grief my bereaved heart was craving to wreak upon itself. Therefore I rose, stiff and numb with my perishing wintry vigil, and turned my face towards the house. But with daylight to incite it, it was most strange how instantly my sleeping blood woke, and how soon my mind was restored to its fullest faculty. Once more could I think—yea act; while presently my eyes forgot the moonlight and the dead man's form, and grew sensitive to detail. There were the pistols covered with hoar, and the burnt-out lanterns cold beside them. Scarce three paces from me was the murderer's crutch, and yet more strangely his gold-laced hat with the King's cockade upon it. Verily this was mystery. How he could have made off with his damaged knee unsupported required to be explained, while his discarded hat was not the less to be remarked. It is probable that my reawakened senses, rejoicing in their new activity, discovered a latent fascination in the scene. For, certain it is, that I turned back out of the purest curiosity to observe the enlightened aspect of the corpse.

It had the uniform, the shape, the entire semblance of Captain Grantley! A fit of very violent trembling seized me at that sight, and for the first time in my life, I think, I lost the almost joyous self-confidence that was wont to make me the equal of the most infinite occasion. But after the first spasm of terror and surprise, bald daylight and the assurance of my natural disposition asserted themselves determinedly. Whatever the stress and agony of the night, whatever the morbid hysteria that had so long corrupted me, and the awful pangs I had undergone, I was certain that now I was absolute mistress of my mind. It was impossible that my vision could be distorted now; I was compelled to believe the evidence of my eyes.

Captain Grantley was lying on his face, presumably with a bullet through his heart, for there was a blotch of black upon his bright military coat to indicate the manner of his death. I could see little of his countenance, yet quite enough of it to identify him plainly. Despite the slight distortion his features had undergone in the throes of death, there was no ground for doubt that it was the Captain's body that lay stone cold in the grass. There was his figure, his uniform, his powdered hair, his large, fat nose, and the heavy bandages around one knee to convince me that I had been a most pitiable fool. What a passionate grief had I lavished on a foe! And yet, poor wretch—poor wretch! We forgive all things to the dead.

It was now that my feelings underwent a very wonderful revulsion. The knowledge that, after all, it was our declared enemy who was dead, and that the man,

my lover, whom he had hunted so long and so remorselessly was alive and at large, reinspired me with energy and hope. A vision of freedom for the fugitive, and a consummation of that which I so ardently desired, took me to the house with the swiftness of the wind. If young Anthony had had the folly not to seize his chance of escape already, it remained for me to make him do so.

When I arrived the household was astir. Two of the Captain's men stood talking on the lawn with faces of much gravity. It was plain that the absence of their leader was already known, but judging by their demeanour, I thought it scarcely likely that they had heard the tidings of his end. As I entered the hall, my thoughts were wholly for the prisoner. Had he escaped? Or was he retaken? Unhappily these questions were not unanswered long. Repairing straightway to the library, I discovered the rebel in the custody of Corporal Flickers and two men. He was seated at a table in the Captain's chair with all the nonchalance so peculiar to him, teasing his captors, and sipping cherry-brandy in gentle quantities to reanimate his blood. There seemed a touch of the sublime in the calm manner in which he bowed to fate.

"Perhaps her ladyship can tell us," says the Corporal, regarding my appearance with great eagerness. "What 's happened to the Capting, Ma'am? Is it right that this 'ere slip o' hell 's a-corpsed 'im?"

"My dear man," says I with the most flattering suavity, and a pretty considerable cunning also, "if you will just step into the home meadow, you will discover for yourself your commander's desperate disposition."

"Ha, ladyship!" the Corporal answered with a grin, "I 'm a rather oldish bird, you see. I 've met your sort afore, my lady. You 'll take care o' the prisoner, won't you, while we goes and has a look?"

"Certainly," says I, a thought sardonically perhaps, "I shall be only too happy to take care of him."

"Then you won't," says Mr. Corporal with a leer, "and that 's a moral. Don't you think so, William?"

William thought it was.

From this it will be seen that though the Corporal might be furnished with slightly less intelligence than his dead commander, he was a not the less determined foe.

All this time the prisoner had not received me with a single word. This was hardly to be unlooked for in the light of late events. But my brain was still in such a flutter of bewilderment regarding the awful passages in the meadow that at first it found no reason for his taciturnity, and was inclined to resent it deeply.

Having broken a lance with Mr. Flickers, I devoted my attentions to the lad.

"Well," I bitterly began, "you have made another pretty hash of things. You are able to defeat a gold-laced captain, and one whom I believe to be as skilled an officer as any in the service of his Majesty, and yet permit a twopenny Corporal to take you."

"Did you not call on God to curse me?" he said in a dreadful voice.

In a flash I saw in what light he had viewed my egregious behaviour. Surely it was not to be supposed that he had divined that I was the victim of the bitterest delusion! That being the case, it was only possible for him to put one interpretation on my attitude, and that the most blighting to his dignity and his happiness. I saw that the mischief must be immediately repaired.

"Corporal," says I, "I must ask you and your men to withdraw to the other side the door. I have something of great privacy to communicate to Mr. Dare."

But the Corporal seemed disinclined to move. I understood his muttered reply to be to the effect that he knew his business thoroughly, and further, that he had encountered my kind before. However, I put such majesty in my look, and opened him the door with such an air, that he did my behests against the counsels of his judgment, for soldiers, of all men, cannot prevail against those accustomed to command.

In a few words, then, I calmed the riot in young Anthony. And when he saw

what had been my error, and what had been his own, his eyes began to sparkle, and the sunshine came into his face.

"On my soul!" he cried, "I thought you could not be quite the she-devil that you seemed." And then with a tender gravity at the remembrance of his impending doom: "Bab, I wish I could live and love you. I should be a model of a husband, and we'd make a pretty handsome pair."

"Well," says I, fascinated with the bravery of his countenance, "I've the very greatest mind to make a husband of you. You are the most wonderfully handsome lad, and headstrong too, and that's why I so encourage you."

"I wish there was no Tyburn Tree," says he, with wistfulness.

Thereupon I gathered all my inches up.

"Tree or no Tree," says I, "I am going to make a declaration of my policy. Day or night I will not cease in my endeavours. Only keep a stout, cheerful heart, child, and I will show you what devotion is. I'll bully or persuade, intrigue or ruffle it, but what I'll save you. I will browbeat the King, my lad, and pass a special law in Parliament, but what you shall escape the Tree. Now here's my hand on that, and mind you do not quiver until the rope is interfering with your breath."

This was braggadocio indeed, and designed, maybe, to brace my poor spirit up to the high fortitude that was his own. And yet, God knows my ultimatum was sincere, and the hapless captive took it so to be.

Having thus decided on our future course, the lad suddenly fell again to gravity.

"I suppose you do not know," says he, "that your friend the Captain met his end by murder?"

"Impossible," says I; "it was a duel fought according to the laws; and that I'll swear to, because I witnessed it. And furthermore, the Captain had first shot, and therefore the greater opportunity."

"It was none the less a murder, as I have subsequently learnt," he says, "and I can give you the murderer's name."

"His name is not Anthony Dare, I know," I answered stoutly.

"No, her name is my Lady Barbara Gossiter."

"What do you mean?" I demanded, with an anger that his brutal plainness had provoked.

"Do you see this little bullet on my palm?" says he.

"Well, what have I to do with that?" I asked, "and what has that to do with murder?"

"Alas! too much," says he. "On returning from the fight I had the misfortune to discover this bullet on this very library carpet, and I wish I could misread its meaning, Madam, but that I cannot do; and I'll show you why I cannot. We settled all the details in this room ere we started for the field. You know, of course, that the fight was forced upon me by the intolerable conduct of the man; but you do not know that he insisted on us firing at twelve paces to make the aim more positive. Nor do you know that he tried by all means in his power to concede the first shot to me, and that when I refused to do other than allow the falling of the coin to dictate it, he looked to the contents of his loaded weapon. Certainly I never guessed that I was to shoot an undefended adversary, but had the thought but come into my mind I could certainly have found some premonitions. Seeing me a trifle pale, he begged me to be quite at my ease, as he knew, he said, that he should be the only one to fall. And further, he wrote this hasty note, and made me promise that when he perished, according to his prophecy, I would deliver this immaculately into your hands. And now have I done so."

Forthwith he concluded his singular but solemn statement, which had evidently wrought upon his mind to a grave degree, by submitting a sealed missive to my care. With trembling fingers I tore it open, and feverishly read its contents. It said—

"My dear Madam,—Looking at my sad case with what eyes I may, I find that I cannot be allowed to exist another day as an honourable man. I am a traitor to my

King, and in so being, have committed a crime against my own soul. Whatever his Majesty in his clemency may think fit to do, this is a fault I cannot pardon in myself. My dear Madam, I must beg you to believe that I do not advertise this to you that I may wound your delicacies or give you one solitary pang; but in the interests of my weak brethren I implore you, as an old friend, not to employ those marvellous advantages nature has given you for the advancement of your private purposes. It is not just, nor is it worthy of the innate humanity of your character. But I will do you at least the kindness to admit that even in this melancholy case of mine my death this morning will add yet another lustre to your terrible, triumphant name. And now, my dear Madam, permit me to give you a simple but cordial farewell; my comedy is played.—J. G.—*Post scriptum*: This paper is delivered into the care of your lover, who, by the way, is so proper a youth that I pray you to deal gently with him.—J. G."

I read this subtly phrased epistle with a burning face, and then read it for the second time, perhaps to discover some mitigation in the severity of the harsh indictment. But no; his death was at my door, and something of a cold fear crept into my soul.

Presently I gave the paper to my lover, and told him to acquaint himself therewith.

"My lad," says I, "I believe that I have slain a very admirable man."

Having read the dead man's words, he tossed the paper from him, and eyed me fiercely with the most indignant face.

"Bab," he said, "I hate you for this! His blood is most surely on your head; and it would be but common justice if his corpse still haunts you o' nights when you are a fear-ridden hag of a hundred winters."

I made no answer to his blame, for remorse was poisoning my heart.

"Yes," says he, "this was a very proper man. But cheer up, Bab, for when all is claimed, I think that you are a very proper woman too, and I am going to forgive you for your wickedness." Thereupon he rose briskly from his chair, came to my side, and kissed me right properly, with never a sign of ceremonial. I was in no condition to reprove his impudent assumption, and perhaps had I been, I might have found it scarcely possible to do so, for his behaviour was the most wonderful proof, I thought, of his magnanimity.

"Now, cheer up, Bab," he said; "but I wish that you damned women would keep your claws more regularly trimmed. You are just like soft, tame, pretty pussy-cats that go a-hunting the dear harmless birds. You will not keep your paws down; you love to flesh 'em; and, well, if you slay the dear harmless creature, the dear harmless creature 's slain, and there 's an end on 't. You are sure that you did not mean to do it, and it 's a great pity that you did; and had you thought it would have torn it so, sure you would not a-done it for a golden pound. But as he 's dead let his end be dignified, so put down twopence for some masses for his soul!"

"You may gibe," said I miserably, "but I would that I were not the wicked wretch I am!"

And I sat there tearful and in a truly repentant mind, for I could not rid my brain of the unholy image of that poor, pale man stark upon the meadow sward.

"His death was prettier than ever was his life," said Anthony, still musing on the tragic theme. "For at least he sold his country."

"But at what cost did he cede it?" I demanded fiercely. "And who spurred him to the deed?"

"That is what I never will enquire," says he; and the pledge accompanying this sweet speech was of such a gentle consolation that rapture softened my keenest pangs.

Until that moment I did not know what a tender and a faithful heart might do. 'Twas good to feel that a man was mine who could recognise my crime, and yet was strong enough to pardon me for its commission. But like the very female creature that I surely am, I did not pause

to consider then that this crime had been committed for the sake of the hero who had condoned it with such a lordly magnanimity.

CHAPTER XIX.

I SUFFER GREAT ADVERSITY.

Of our cruel parting I shall speak little. During the forenoon the soldiers buried their commander in the rude military way. Few were the honours that attended him, and perhaps fewer still the tears. But mine were with him, and also a remorse that I have never yet outlived. That he deserved to die, even as he did, I know; for the world has no room for weakness in a man, and, verily, this poor captain was the very slave of his. And yet! — was there not ever the great "And yet!" attached to this poor man's character? His mind was powerful, and, better far, his heart was true. He would have been a fitting guardian for the finest woman of us all — a tender lover, an unswerving friend, wise, temperate, of the cream of chivalry withal. I had slain a very pretty man to gain my private ends—I, who, in my ignorance, had declared that the world held no men whatever!

At two of the clock that afternoon the soldiers started on their London journey with the prisoner in their care. The admonition that I gave to my young lover was of this nature—

"Child, do not despair until you are writhing in the rope. I, Bab Gossiter, have sworn to save you, and you know my power. I will accost the King; I will browbeat his Justices; I will intimidate his Parliament rather than you shall grin through a halter at the dirty populace. Remember that I love you, and that love unaided can overthrow the devil. Be of good heart then, and continue in that most excellent way of yours of taking a quart of old ale and a solid pound of rump steak to your breakfast. As for your prayers, I would have you invariably conclude 'em in this manner: 'And, O God, do you bless my dearest Bab, for she has sworn to deliver me from this most horrid prison, that she may make a right proper husband of me to the end that my state may be exchanged to a sweeter bondage than this present one.'"

At these words his fine eyes danced with a laugh which said how inflexible his courage was. Afterwards he mounted his horse and rode towards the moors in the society of his captors. As his form receded slowly among the trees, and my spirits ceased to be encouraged by his robust bearing and the jaunty waving of his hat, an impending cloud blotted the December sun and darkened the whole of earth.

It was then I felt my heart sink. Only for a moment though, for the high buoyancy of its resolves was sufficient to support it. There was work to do, and work, I take it, is the true elixir, the secret of everlasting energy. In order to repress my tears, and to defeat a very natural tendency to suchlike female squeamishness, I began at once to prosecute the matter.

The Earl, my papa, was the earliest victim of this fanatical determination. Poor Anthony had not left the place an hour ere I repaired to the apartment of his lordship. The dear, good old gentleman was exactly in the posture that I had anticipated seeing him; to wit, he was propped up in cushions beside the fire, with divers cellarets of liquor at a little table ready to his hand, of which he was for the nonce utterly unheedful, having a nicer dissipation to enjoy. A handkerchief was spread across his face, and right lustily was he snoring, this being the hour of his post-prandial nap, a performance he undertook far more religiously than he ever did his prayers.

"Wake up, my dear," says I, for my eagerness was such that it would brook delay from none. Therefore I flicked away his lordship's handkerchief, and with my little finger did tickle tenderly his ancient chin.

"Go 'way, you flies!" he grunted, "and damn you!"

However, his nose being presently attacked, the old gentleman's annoyance grew so imperative that he shook his face, and was just about to fall into a

great volubility of language, when his eyes came open, and the sight of me immediately curtailed it. For the politest man of his time was out of his chair bowing and apologising ere one might wink, expressing with his hand over his heart his delight at my appearance, and his sincere appreciation of the honour that a visit from my fair self conferred upon him.

"And, my dearest lady," he concluded, rubbing his drowsy eyes, "if there is one thing you would have me perform, I shall esteem it a privilege to perform it, for at this moment you behold me quite as much as formerly the servant—nay the slave—of beauty, youth, wisdom, and wit. But first, dear Madam, I beseech you to accept a chair."

"Papa," says I, plunging straight into the business that had brought me, "I have a few surprises for you. First, I think you are acquainted with the name of a certain Mr. Dare, a very arrant rebel?"

"I am," says he, "and to my sorrow."

"Well, my lord," says I, "they have now reta'en this person, and he is bound for Tyburn even now."

"Very glad indeed to hear it," says my lord, right heartily. "And had this been the case a week ago, I should have been spared some shattering of sleep."

The old gentleman here regarded me with a singular twinkling keenness that required great sturdiness to meet.

"Very nice of you, my lord, to cherish such sentiments as these towards my future husband," says I, with the most brazen boldness.

"Your future what!" cries out my lord, jumping up as though some imp had stuck a pin into his chair.

"My future husband," says I winningly.

For the best part of a minute a highly comic silence took him. His brow was puckered into creases, as is the way when one is seeking for a jest that is concealed.

"Ha! ha!" he cackled presently, "very good jest indeed, my dear, very good indeed!"

"I am sure I am charmed, my lord, that you appreciate it," I says, "but I have my doubts whether this affair is quite such a jest for poor young Mr. Anthony."

"Not if you marry him, I daresay," says his lordship naughtily.

"Well, my lord," says I, "just to be as brief as possible, I desire you to see his Majesty at once and procure my future husband's pardon."

My lord took forth a red silk handkerchief and slowly wiped his wig.

"This comes of excessive beauty in a daughter," he commented. "Lord, 'tis a mercy to have 'em plain. My dear child, go and put a powder in your milk and sleep off this attack. Frankly, I do not like it. Or stay, shall I send for Paradise? It were well, perhaps, an your tongue were instantly inspected."

"Papa," says I, with awful gravity, "you appear to forget that the first duty of a parent is to be obedient. I command you, Sir, to get you to town by to-morrow morning's mail."

"'Pon my soul and honour!" coughed his lordship, "this is really——"

"My lord," says I, "must I repeat that I command you? I love young Anthony, and therefore am I going to marry him."

"He has a birth, of course?" says this wriggling aristocrat.

"Not he," says I; "left one night on the doorstep of a priory. Doubtless a bastard of the gutter scum. Even his name is not his own. Hath no more than threepence-halfpenny and a pair of ragged breeches to his fortune. Hath stood in prison several times and adorned the pillory and the whipping-post on various occasions. In short, my lord, he is the sauciest rogue that ever kissed a maid against her inclination. And, faith, I believe the very raggedest!"

"And you say you are going to marry him?"

"My lord, I have sworn to marry him."

"But, my dear lady, this is really too preposterous. I think you had better talk it over with your aunt."

The unexpected mention of that dame was perilously like cold water to my courage. But a little fortitude overcame my qualms.

"No need to appeal to the family, my lord," I said, with arrogance; "I don't care fourpence for 'em, and never did.

As for the dowager, my aunt, I hate her; and I am indulging in great hopes that this miserable match will make her very ill."

"But, my dearest girl, I beseech you to condescend to a little reason."

"Oh, if it comes to reason, Sir," I blithely reassured him, "I have sufficient reason to advance with which to endow two sciences."

"We'll hear it, then, under your permission."

"It's simply that I love the man, my lord. He's the finest lad you ever saw; a person of tenacity and kindness, of sagacity and courage, of simplicity and wit. He would die for me to-morrow, yet he would correct me in an error, and have the magnanimity to forgive me for a crime. In short, my lord, he is the very husband I've been pining for this five-and-twenty years, and, my lord, let me tell you in confidence that this is the husband that I am going to marry an I must burn Newgate to the ground to achieve the consummation. He's as sparkling as the sunshine, and keen as the shrewd east wind."

"But insufficient in his pedigree," my lord groaned, and it was really ridiculously piteous to witness his drawn white countenance.

"My dearest Bab," says he directly, and with a simple gentleness that was appealing, "pray allow me to give you a little counsel. I pray you for heaven's sake dismiss this folly! I beg you to abstain from so terrible an error."

"Papa," says I curtly, "I have a chin." And out I jutted it, and dipped my forefinger in the dimple in it, which dimple is worth about two thousand sighs a year, they tell me.

"Yes," said his lordship sadly, "you *have* a chin. It was bequeathed to you by your late mamma. She was the celebrated lady who on one occasion did box the ears of the Prince of Wales. I believe that on one or two occasions also she interfered with mine. A very pearl of women, mind, with the beauty of an angel, but she could be a domestic terror if she chose."

"But, my lord, I understand that if she so much as held her little finger up, you were wonderful docile and obedient!"

"I was never guilty of the discourtesy of thwarting a woman in her whims."

"And in your age you will not be so, I am certain; else the world will say you are arrived at your decrepitude," I cunningly replied.

"You really think they will?" his lordship gasped.

"I am as certain of it as I am uncertain of my future state," says I with fervour. "And if you order the chaise for twenty after six to-morrow, you will catch the nine o'clock from York with ease."

"'Tis horrible cold at that unseasonable hour these winter mornings," says the old man nervously.

"The journey will do you more good than six physicians," says I, with the sturdiest conviction. "And when his Majesty receives so old a friend tears of joy will fill his eyes; and when he learns the exceeding mercy of the errand that hath brought you, his compassion for you will be such that, 'pon my soul, I think he'll weep upon your neck. And I believe he'll lend us the Royal Chapel to be married in. And faith, my lord, what if he gave away the bride!"

The dear old gentleman, who never could find it in his heart to deny us women anything, was visibly shaken by my ruddy eloquence and the excited flashing of my eyes.

"But these winter mornings are most harsh towards us men of middle age," says he.

"My dear papa," says I, "your years sit so neatly on you that it is the height of affectation for you to claim the least infirmity. Now I will see that you retire at nine o'clock this evening; I will have your man prepare the baggage, and see that he puts a water-bottle in the chaise. Leave everything to me, my dear papa, and depend upon it, you shall start for town at twenty after six to-morrow as blithely as you did upon your wedding morning. But, Sir, there is one thing that you must promise me: not a word to my most admirable aunt. A long course of

theology and smelling-salts hath perverted the original poetry of her soul."

His lordship promised gallantly, but quite as much, I think, from a fear of Lady Caroline as from his natural disposition to oblige me. Having once wrung a kind of tottering consent from the old, reluctant gentleman, I was at great pains to keep him to his word. I planned everything relating to his journey with the greatest perspicacity and promptitude, nor did I omit to advise his lordship of the fact. But I had to confess to my private mind that my faith was not too great in my ambassador, who, from age and his habit of indolence, might not conduct my cause with a liveliness that would readily sway his Majesty. Therefore I took a piece and drew up the heads of what I considered his behaviour ought to be in the presence of the King, and hoped that as they were so explicitly recorded he would duly follow them. The paper ran, I think, somewhat to this tenour—Obtain audience after his Majesty hath dined, for the sake of his temper's condition—inquire after his health with concern—if it be strong, let your solicitude be quite visible; if it be weak, tell him in a hearty voice that you never saw him looking better in his life, and that you never knew a doctor yet who was not a fool, providing he was not a rogue. Casually introduce the beauty and the amiability of his children; if his Majesty attempt a jest, laugh heartily; if he undertake a story, do not by any chance have heard it previously, and encourage him with your applause long before it culminates; if he adventure a pun, flick forth your handkerchief to take away appreciative tears; if he be glum, avoid theology and politics; if he offer snuff, accept the most moderate of pinches (he is a Guelph, you know), and be horribly careful that you do not drop a grain on the carpet or his breeches; be charmed with the rarity and the beauty of the box, and if it prove a present from the Queen, comment on the chastity of her taste—if you carry a better in your fob, do not exhibit it; tell him casually that your daughter Bab is devoted to him, and contrive to let him know what the poets think about *her* (even kings cannot withstand the devotion of fair women)—tell him that she has five pictures of him to adorn her chamber, then pave the way with compliments and caution for the business of your visit.

I insisted on his lordship's retiring that evening very early, and after a pretty moderate potation. Having bribed his man to have his master wound up and set in motion at an hour that astonished him, I retired also. The following morning at the stroke of five I was in the hands of Emblem, and a little later was personally superintending the departure of my emissary. Long before my aunt appeared at eight o'clock I had got my lord upon his journey.

You may divine with what impatience I awaited his return. I might be distrustful of his years, but regarding the considerable figure that he made at Court, and the power he wielded, I never entertained a doubt. Besides, he had a tact quite wonderful in a man, and a power of soft persuasion that was irresistible as a music. And I knew the dear good soul to be devoted to me, and incapable of thwarting my most unreasonable whims.

An intolerable fortnight passed before my lord was back again. He had hardly time to doff his travelling-suit ere I was besieging him with my anxious questions. But it was very sad news he brought me.

"My dear child," he told me tenderly, "I wish to spare you all pain that is unnecessary, but I regret to say that there is really nothing to be done. His Majesty refused to see me."

"His Majesty refused to see you!" I cried out. His words had put a pitiful commotion in my heart.

"Unhappily," he says, "these Yorkshire irregularities of ours have by some means become the property of the town, and the whole family is in terrible disgrace; and, I might add, would have been in some degree of peril but for the merciful recovery of the rebel."

"Indeed," says I inconsequently, and then observed a miserable silence for a while.

"You see, my poor dear child," the old worldling said, "one cannot hope to plunge one's finger in the smoking pie of politics without getting that finger burned. I am very sorry for you, child, but I can no more save your friend than I can sway the eternal forces."

"Have you seen the Parliament men, my lord—Walpole, Harley, and the rest?"

"Yes; and quite against their several inclinations," he replied. "They felt it to be highly indiscreet to receive one who was out of favour. As for lending their assistance, I can assure you, child, that they know their business better."

"How monstrous of them!" I broke out; "set of water-blooded wretches, who will not help their friends!"

"Ah, but we are not their friends now; we are out of favour." The ancient courtier said this lightly, but I knew that his heart was groaning. He had passed his gay years bathed in the sunshine of applause and popularity; it was bitter that his end should be a dark night of contumely and neglect. Nothing could be more cruel or more wounding to this polished and successful man of fashion. Yet it amazed me to see how finely he took these rebuffs of fortune. His courage sat on him like a shining suit of mail. It filled my heart with tears to witness such cheerful bravery in the aged and the infirm.

"Well, papa," says I, turning to speech as a remedy against the weakness that strove to so insidiously reduce me, "I have sworn to save young Anthony, and never yet have I proved unequal to my word."

"'Tis never too late to create a precedent," says the Earl, "nor to enjoy a new experience. I have lived many years, but it is not until to-day that I have tasted the coldness of the world."

"I have always averred, you know," says I, with misfortune spurring me to my customary petulance, "that these sauer-kraut-chewing boors from Hanover have no more breeding than a certain native beastliness that enables them to become, like pigs, offensive to creatures of a nicer mind. But, after all, wit is the superior of power; and if I cannot find a means whereby to thwart 'em, I must be content to lose the only husband I ever can accept. I will start for town to-morrow morning."

"No, don't do that," says his lordship hastily; "I am sure it will be very ill-advised. Pray wait until this cloud is overblown. You are too much of a butterfly, my pretty lady, not to discover the shade exceeding cruel to endure. You will find London very blighting, I assure you."

But I was unheedful, and the more particularly when I was told that poor Anthony had undergone his trial already, and that at that hour he lay in Newgate under extreme sentence, which awaited execution on May 24.

It was now the 2nd of that month. It will thus be seen how little time there was to lose. Three weeks and a day were left in which to procure his deliverance; not by any means too adequate a period in which to accomplish so involved a deed, even had I had the ghost of an idea as to the manner of its consummation.

To remain at Cleeby the slave of despair and bitterness would certainly be fatal to my lover; therefore, quitting my dubious papa, I hied immediately to Emblem and bade her pack my baggage. On the morrow I was speeding to the south, evolving as I went all sorts of mad schemes in my brain for the achievement of so desperate an end.

(To be continued.)

A QUAINT HOUSE AT BALLARAT.

This strange house (pictured by Messrs. Richards and Co. of Ballarat) is owned by a retired bricklayer, who has been building it for the last fifteen years. The dwelling is one mass of broken bottles, crockery, etc., which covers the whole of the exterior; the borders in the garden are arranged in the same manner. The house is visited by thousands of tourists every year, and the bricklayer receives tribute.

FOUR-FOOTED ACTORS.

ABOUT SOME WELL-KNOWN ANIMALS THAT APPEAR ON THE LONDON AND PROVINCIAL STAGE.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

THE considerable part which animals now take in the entertainment of the public is hardly realised, I think, by the public itself. The growth of variety theatres and the decay of comic songs have greatly developed in recent years several kinds of diversion, not the least of which is furnished by the art of the animal-trainer. The Empire and the Alhambra, the Palace Theatre and the Royal Aquarium in London, and their numerous prototypes in provincial towns, almost invariably have one or more "turns" which illustrate in some way or other the intelligence of the so-called "dumb" creatures as well as the patient art of their teachers.

It need hardly be said that the dog, as the most sagacious of animals, continues to be most frequently seen on the stage, and it is impossible to enumerate all the troupes of canine performers which are "on the road." In regard to dogs, however, the public, it is said, has become much more exacting, and at the more

MDLLE. ERNA AND HER DOGS.

important places only exceedingly clever animals will be appreciated. Sir John Lubbock's success in teaching his dog to read has probably heightened general expectations concerning these stage performances. For instance, Mdlle. Erna, who recently fulfilled, with a company of twenty dogs, a long engagement at the Alhambra, introduced several startling little touches into tricks that in themselves were at one time regarded as

THE COSTER'S WEDDING: ACT I.

sufficiently marvellous. A miniature landau appears on the stage with dogs as horses, coachman and footman, and fashionable lady lounging on the cushions. The equipage drives round the stage several times, a fox-terrier handling the reins, and two retrievers scampering in their harness with unerring dexterity. The audience seems pleased, but remains silent. A wheel of the little carriage suddenly comes off; it is at once brought to a standstill, and the doggy coachman and footman proceed to pick up the defaulting wheel and secure it again to the axle, their movements being simply suggested by a word or a look from Mdlle. Erna. Then the audience, whom the incident has taken by surprise, burst into applause.

Mdlle. Erna has, with her husband, Mr. Matthew Walton, who devotes himself to monkeys, been engaged for many years in a similar "line of business." Another of the more noteworthy dog troupes, on the other hand, which recently appeared at the Royal Aquarium, was introduced to the public by a novice in the art of entertaining. It was as a hobby for his leisure hours that Mr. Percy Victor first took to teaching a dog tricks, but his extraordinary success led him, about six years ago, from the City to the stage. He appears with only six animals: a spaniel and a poodle, two terriers, and two retrievers. But they form quite a compact dramatic company, acting little plays

of Mr. Victor's devising. They are very amusing, for example, in "The Coster's Wedding Day." Two terriers, attired as 'Arry and 'Arriet, drive on the stage in a coster's barrow drawn by a shaggy poodle as the donkey. The two dogs alight and walk on their hind legs to a miniature altar, where they await the arrival of the parson, a black-faced, white-robed retriever, and in the meantime assiduously kiss each other. The ceremony is gone through in mock show, and is followed by a dance, in which the happy couple are joined by the bride's mother (wearing a gay bonnet and shawl), and eventually by the grave and dignified parson himself.

THE COSTER'S WEDDING: ACT II.

Almost as mirth-provoking is the appearance of Mr. Victor's dogs as nigger minstrels. Six little chairs are placed upon the stage in a semicircle, and each dog, attired in Moore and Burgess style, marches in on his hind legs and takes his proper place. Mr. Victor then distributes among the animals piano, harp, concertina,

"MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS."

SEALS PLAYING AT FOOTBALL.

and drum, with bones and tambourine for the "corner-men." They then "tune up" in the approved professional manner, and at a word from Mr. Victor the concert begins and continues vigorously until its finish is signalled. Mr. Victor, it may be added, has received the commendation of the R.S.P.C.A. for the kindness with which he has induced his dogs to show their skill as actors and musicians, and although the "father" of the family, an English terrier called Pepper, is eleven years old, he has still the same animals as first appeared.

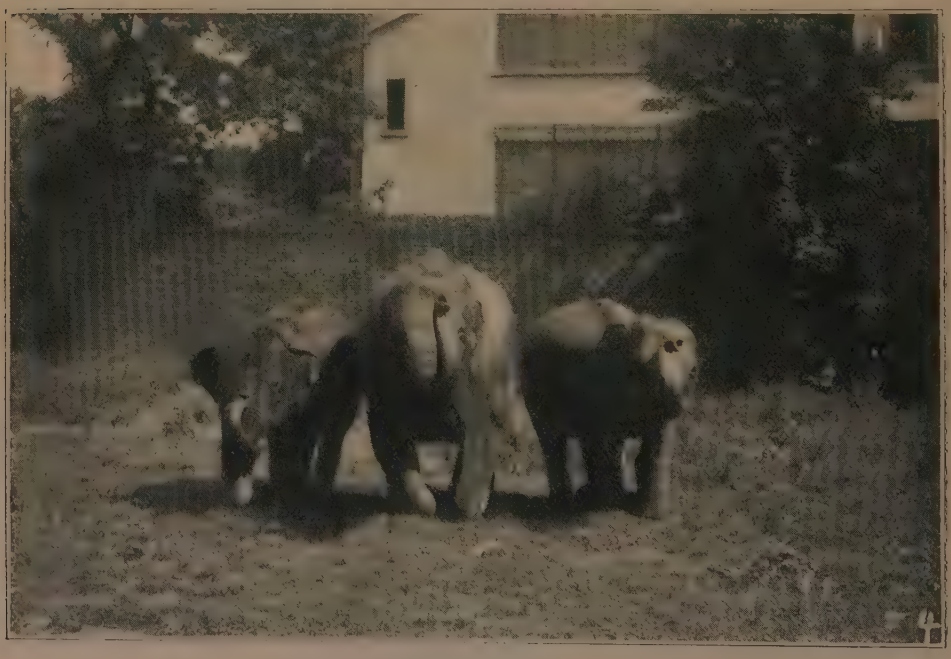
It is often supposed that in proportion to his size the dog has next to man the largest brain. As a matter of fact, that distinction is said by naturalists to belong to the seal, a circumstance which gives exceptional interest to Captain Joseph Woodward's performance with several specimens of this amphibious animal at Olympia, London, and elsewhere. The accompanying Illustrations give only an inadequate idea of the feats of memory and skill which are achieved under his direction by these seemingly—as a rule—most lethargic and useless of creatures. The way in which, for instance, the sea-lions play with a large leather football on their noses must be seen to be believed—bouncing, balancing, and spinning it in the air like accomplished jugglers. The same thing may be said, indeed, of all their juggling feats. They catch clown-hats thrown from the balcony of the theatre on to the stage, and afterwards throw them with accurate aim to an attendant about ten feet in their rear. They juggle also with drum-major bâtons and lighted torches, sending them spinning high in the air and catching them time after time as they fall. One of the sea-lions even juggles with a clown-hat upon its head, giving it somersault after somersault and always catching it again.

Captain Woodward, who is a Canadian, has studied the habits of seals ever since boyhood. He declares that they are very fond of music, and in the course of their performance they both sing and play—one of his principal features is an orchestra of six seals and sea-lions. It need hardly be said that their "music" is not pleasing to cultivated ears, but the comicality of seeing these strange creatures handling drum, trumpet, and banjo fully atones for the discord. Under Captain Woodward's conductorship they all start and stop and keep time together exactly as any band would do. Their "singing" is still funnier to behold. Before beginning, one or two of the seals will make a coughing sound, and this hoarseness is relieved (as they doubtless hope it would be) by their conductor giving them pieces of fish. As the result of their voice-training they really pronounce several words distinctly—at least, so it seems to the audience.

A SEAL AS MUSICIAN.

Elephants have always possessed a reputation for intelligence, and Mr. Sam Lockhart has been instrumental in greatly increasing the esteem in which their intelligence is held by large numbers of people. Mr. Lockhart has been over twenty years in the trainer's business, beginning with canaries, and eventually giving an exclusive attention to elephants, as the result of a two years' residence in India. From India, it may be said, all the clever elephants come; the difference between the brains of the Teuton and the Negro is not greater than between those of the Indian and African elephants.

In his time Mr. Lockhart has exhibited to the public the talents of quite a number of elephants. A few years ago his Jock and Jenny, who are now in America, made a London reputation. This year his



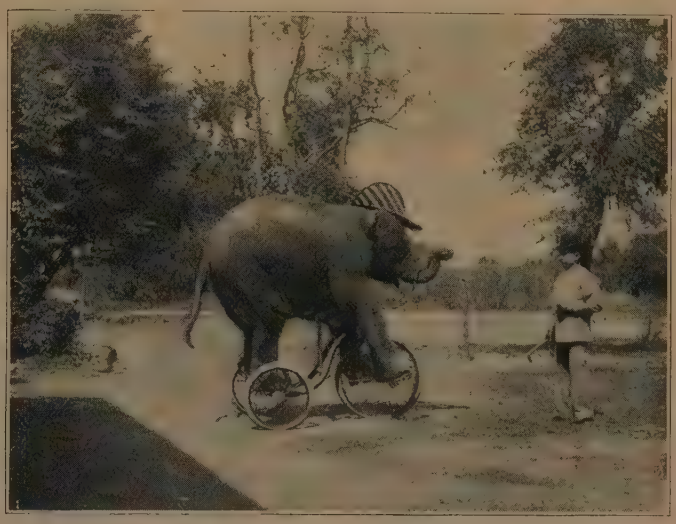
THE THREE GRACES.

"Three Graces" for a long time provided one of the most popular "turns" in the Palace Theatre programme, Wilhelmina and two baby sisters, Trilby and Haddie. Their performance assuredly touches the highest point yet reached in the education of elephants. They play a game of skittles in true sportsmanlike fashion. One sets up the pieces, another bowls at them, and the third chalks up the score on a blackboard, their zeal and discretion in these several operations exciting the greatest wonderment. "We have rarely seen"—to quote a sporting journalist's account of this feat — "anything so exquisitely funny as the long, long aim taken by the bowler before he finally hurls the ball. Like a golfer 'addressing the ball,' he swings, and swings, and hesitates, and finally cocks up one hind leg in the squirming fashion of the amateur billiard-player, while the nervous elephant behind the pieces bobs up and down in uncontrollable anxiety."

Apart from the usual elephantine accomplishments, such as dancing, see-sawing, posturing, "The Three Graces" do other things that show their exceptional ability. Trilby rides a tricycle, and Wilhelmina will actually stand on her head—the only elephant, I believe, which is able to maintain an equilibrium in that

position. Haddie will walk backwards and forwards across the stage on the tops of a number of comparatively small bottles. I saw Mr. Lockhart at the Palace Theatre one morning rehearsing these exceedingly difficult acts, and had an opportunity of observing the warm friendship which seemingly prevailed between the huge pupils and their master, who is a man of by no means exceptional statue. Mrs. Lockhart, who happened to be present at the rehearsal, also showed herself to be on the most fearless and familiar terms with the animals.

Of monkeys there must be almost as many troupes as of dogs, but I have never seen any performance by them which gave much support to the Darwinian theory. They invariably exhibit greatest talent as trapeze artists, talent which comes from deftness of foot rather than quickness of brain. On the other hand, there is hardly a more unpromising animal, intellectually, than the pig. Yet, with four pigs, Mr. Baker, of Barnum and Bailey's, has achieved some of the most remarkable results in animal-training. These porcine prodigies, which are named Black Diamond, Tommy, Dewey, and The Missing Link, have been given quite a Board school education by Mr. E. H. Baker, a middle-aged gentleman from Pennsylvania, who has devoted his life to the cultivation of animal intelligence. The first-named pig, Black Diamond, is an expert arithmetician, and with the numerals printed on cards, will arrange any ordinary combination of figures. Tommy can play various games of cards, while Dewey and The Missing Link will perform "God Save the Queen" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" on musical bells. Black Diamond, although the most brilliant member of the quartette, is not eighteen months old. He is a fine sprinter as well as "lightning calculator," being of the half-wild hog breed, kept throughout the Southern States of America because (so it is said) he is the only porker fleet enough to escape from the negro in want of a dinner.



TRILBY AS A CYCLIST.

Mr. Baker states that for many years he has taught animals as he would children, and has found as much difference in their intelligence, even though they are of the same species. "I have taught little pigs in forty-eight hours to play euchre correctly; in three weeks I have got them to work plain figures quite correctly, and in six weeks have had them play music quite well."

And this is the advice which, as the result of his great experience, he gives to those who would educate their pets—

"Let no one feed him but yourself. Cut his food down a little each meal till his appetite is sharp. Let him have his food from the hand as much as possible till he has perfect confidence in you. After three or four days, take an object with you when you go to feed him. For instance, if you have a dog, take a white card and lay it down in front of him and ask him to pick it up, calling it always the same thing—a white card. He, in the act of running his nose over the surface where

the card lays, will move the card. As soon as he does that, call him to you and give him a crumb of something that he likes. Keep repeating this at each meal-time, and you will be surprised to see how quickly he will learn to bring the card to you. Always see that he has a good appetite, and always repeat the same words in the same accent for the same thing. When you have got him to know one colour, add another colour, then the numbers, beginning with 'one,' and so on."

"MISKO" AND HIS PONY PUNCH.

A large proportion of the animal "shows" seen in London come, of course, from the Continent, where, it is said, the general public appreciate this kind of entertainment even more than in England. In the circus such as flourishes in all the Continental capitals the horse is still supreme, but his performances partake of a variety which until lately was almost unknown in London. This was recently illustrated at Olympia by the Brothers Riccobono, who are now touring the provinces with three accomplished horses and five clever dogs. One horse pranced about on a table full of bottles and glasses, which were not once touched; another pirouetted on a pedestal with a dog hanging by its teeth to the bridle, and a man holding on to its tail. In other performances through which the two Italians put their horses and dogs we are agreeably reminded of the friendship which usually subsists between the two animals most useful to man. Another demonstration of unique intelligence both amusing and edifying is given by the clown who calls himself "Misko." Misko is a Russian, and the pony which figures on English programmes as Punch was presented to him out of the Czar's stables. It was brought up like a dog, and will run about the house in the same fashion as a dog. Its quips and pranks on the stage cannot be well described; they must be seen to be appreciated.

A QUEEN'S FAVOUR.

By HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

FOR all that the Château of Pau is the greatest in the kingdom, it is not beloved. Our King Henry tolerated its labyrinths of corridors and traditional stiffness of Court etiquette for the sake of what lay beyond the walls, since nowhere could he find more royal sport than in the woods which so thickly covered the hills a league south of the Gave, which, as the world knows, washes the hill-slope upon whose ridge stands the Château. A wandering bear from the higher spurs, boars in sufficiency, wolves beyond sufficiency and the curse of our peasants, were the quarry beyond the walls; and there were not wanting those who hinted that the rambling corridors lent themselves to a pursuit less royal, though as much to the King's taste, when the rain, drifting in from the west, pent us indoors; but it is charity to suppose that these last spoke in malice rather than in good faith.

To us courtiers, bound by form and servants to ceremony, the cold shadows of Paris usages which haunted Pau were unutterably irksome. We sighed for the freedom of Orthez or Navarreux, where the King was plain Monsieur d'Albret and we his fellow gentlemen; and trebly irksome it was when—as at this time—the Queen was in Paris and the Court bereft of half her ladies.

To one who did not know the crooked policies of the day, it would have seemed the very time to fling ceremony aside and bid the Court go play, but our shrewd King and we of his council knew better. Failing the policy of assassination, what was the prime aim of Henry of France? To set wife and husband at variance, and so give himself a brotherly right to put an armed hand on Navarre for the great comfort of his sister and the aggrandisement of his kingdom. To this end spies were as thick in Navarre as priests at a burial, and that the enemy might not have cause to blaspheme, we doubled punctilio until such time as the Queen's return restored us to gaiety. For all their whimsies and occasional cross-purposes these two understood one another marvellously, and were agreed—as was wise—upon a large toleration. So long, therefore, as the same walls held King and Queen, France could do little mischief. What I have now to tell of is of a mischief that failed, even in the Queen's absence, thanks to a watchfulness as far distant as Paris is from Pau.

For five and forty minutes of a council meeting we had played with admirable seriousness at doing nothing. For the moment there was no plot brewing either by intolerant Catholics or fanatical Huguenots. We were at peace with Spain on the south, and suspiciously friendly with France on the north. As to finances, we had no money, and therefore, with the lightheartedness of empty pockets, need give no thought to the spending of it! Still, we played the game of governing a kingdom with as solemn carefulness as the Augurs of old invoked destiny, and with an equal faith in our own usefulness. There was, therefore, a general rousing into interest when the King, from his raised seat at the head of the table, demanded if the business of the council were concluded, and being told "Aye" by the wondering secretary, went on,

taking a paper from a leather pouch by his side—

"The thousand ways in which my good brothers of France have shown their love to me are known to you; now, and not for the first time, it is the turn of Madame, my mother. Remembering our loneliness, she sends my dear friend the Comte de Clazonay to cheer us. To-night the Count arrives—not, remember, gentlemen, as ambassador, but as friend and comrade. See to it that his welcome fits the occasion, and do you, Monsieur de Bernauld, remain at the breaking up of the council that I may instruct you as to his reception."

Then he rose abruptly, as if to prevent inquiry, and in the bustle that followed, Rosny plucked me by the sleeve: "What has come to him with his rounded periods and dear comrades? There will be need for a second brain in this, so I will wait you in the hall below." That was Rosny all over. In his eyes no man had the wit of a frog save himself.

While the council-chamber emptied, Henry stood in an embrasure overlooking the Gave, his hands clenched behind his back, his beard sunk upon his breast, and his face wrinkled as was his habit when in deep thought. As the door closed he turned, all his suave smoothness gone, and in its place the hawk's look we came to know so well in those long days of struggle when the throne of France was the stake of the game.

"All that," he said harshly, "was for La Vraille's itching ears. Let him earn his hire from Catherine with the telling of it. Read this, old friend, and tell me which has Clazonay come to strike; Navarre, or only Henry?"

"If he strikes the last, Sire—which, God forbid, he dreams of—he strikes the first," said I, taking the papers. "But this is from the Queen, perhaps you——"

"Read, man, read," he broke in impatiently, and turned back again to the window. "'Tis as you say, from the Queen to the King; had it been from Margot to the Lord knows who, your nice caution had been more justified."

Yet, considering many things which the King knew better than I; it was a warm letter enough, and ran something in this fashion—

Monsieur, and my very dear husband,—

Though Navarre is so many leagues away, it is very near to me in my thoughts, and that I may be brought closer to thee our good mother has lent me thy ancient and very true friend, Monsieur de Clazonay, to carry to thee news of how I fare. That, because of thy weighty affairs in Navarre, thou canst not be persuaded to visit Paris is to her a great grief, and also to our brother Henry. I kiss thee on both cheeks.

Thy very faithful and very loving wife,

MARGUERITE.

Mindful of thy love for the chase, and that thou mayest the better keep us in memory, we beg thee to wear the gift whereof Monsieur de Clazonay is bearer.

A very sweet and lover-like letter, but, as it seemed to me, somewhat unlike Madame Marguerite. The former thought I told the King; the latter, for the sake of peace, I kept to myself.

"Aye," answered he, facing me; "and the bee with the honey-bag carries a sting in its tail. Look at the seal, de Bernauld, look at the seal."

Turning the letter to the light, I found it sealed in two places, the first splash of red wax bearing the cypher "M.V."; the second a serpent reared upon its coils, and with head poised, ready to strike.

"The doves of Venus are more to Margot's liking," went on Henry; "and yon venomous thing is a fair warning. I were a greater fool than Madame the Queen-Mother has yet found me if I neglected it. Note the postscript, de Bernauld. There is much need of a gift, is there not, to freshen my memory of Catherine de Medici? By the Lord who made me what I am, it is hard to bear with patience the witch's cajoleries! The voice is Margot's voice, but the hand is Catherine's, and the man she flatters had best walk circumspectly! Note, too, the messenger. I know this fellow de Clazonay of old.

"When Bearn wedded France and Coligny was in favour, he thought our star in the ascendant, and turned Huguenot, but the mild persuasions of Bartholomew were too many for him, and he recanted. Aye, I know what

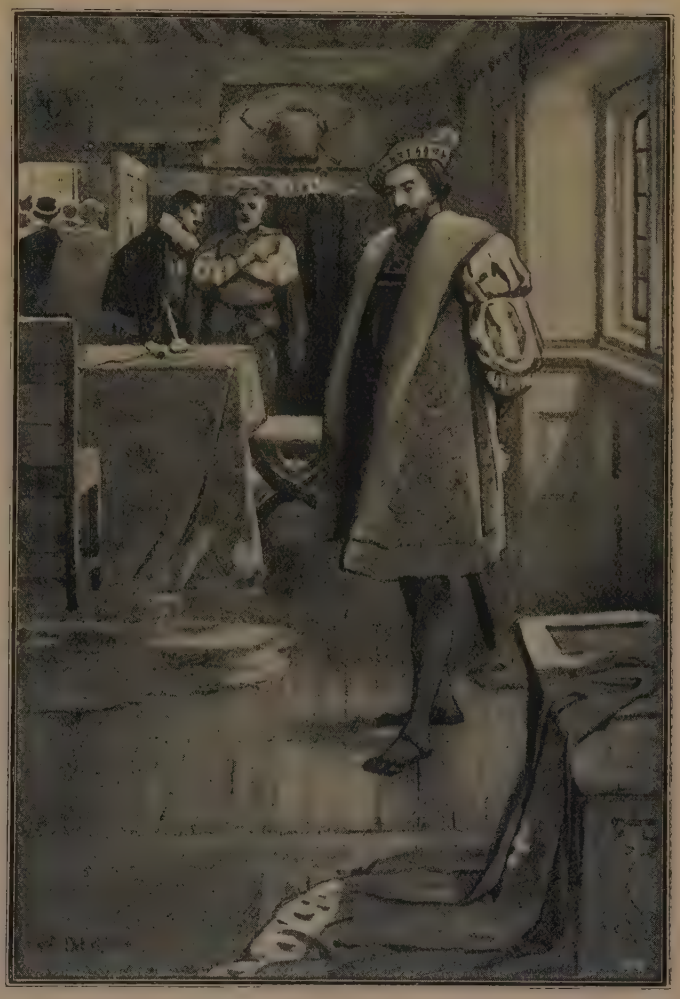
you would say, Monsieur de Bernauld; that I, too, have turned and recanted; but our cases are not equal. The liberties of a nation count for more than a place at Court. He is my very good friend, this de Clazonay, and for cause, since in the old days and over that same recantation I stood him in good stead. Guise was no more prone to mercy then than now, and but for poor Henry of Navarre, de Clazonay had been one of the forgotten thousands, recantation or no recantation. Now, like the cur he is, he comes to bite the hand that saved him."

All this seemed to me an over-large deduction from a splash of wax, but the King would hear of no reply.

"I know the man," he said stubbornly, "and I know his mistress. The only point of doubt is whether he comes to foment a quarrel or——" and he stopped short, tapping himself on the breast significantly. "For the one, see that no pretext be given him, and if he lies of the Queen with hints and smiles, turn a deaf ear and play the dullard. For the second, that is your affair, since a King of Navarre must hold himself a frank gentleman even to traitors. Meet him for me, de Bernauld, and feed him with his own honey. Speak of our anxious affection for our mother in Paris, our gratitude for her tender thought; thou knowest the trick of lies, for all that thou art a man of camps rather than courts."

Here he linked his arm in mine and drew me towards the door, as was his habit when, having said his say, he desired to throttle all reply. "Speak of our love for the Queen, the austereness of our life, our unconsoled grief at her absence! What, man, thou hast my meaning? I myself will see to it that La Belle Fadette does not cross his path." Then, his eyes twinkling and with an upward twist of his moustache, he flung open the door and was gone, leaving me staring.

Truly here was a thorny burr to handle, and one like to prick my fingers. If the King were right, a false move might give



While the council-chamber emptied, Henry stood in an embrasure overlooking the Gave.

our greedy neighbour a pretext for armed intervention, and then farewell to Navarre's liberties. As I gnawed my beard I inwardly cursed my fortune that Henry had not rather given his confidences to the more supple-minded de Rosny, to whom diplomatic lies and crooked policies were but playthings.

Yet, for all that, I kept my counsel when de Rosny stopped me in the hall below, intent to pick my brains; and from the rebuff I then gave him I date that enmity which he never forgot, even when I remained plain Blaise de Bernauld and he had blossomed into Monseigneur the Duc de Sully and the first Minister of a King of France!

With half-a-dozen fellows at my back I went as far as the Cheval Rouge on the Auch road, a league and a half maybe, and there, in company with a bottle of red wine of Burgundy, waited my gentleman's coming. Nor was my patience greatly tried, for his was the fourth dust-cloud, and if at first he looked a little askance at finding a plain soldier flanked by six pikemen where he thought to find a Court gallant, his mood soon changed. All the same, the start he gave when I greeted him in Henry's name, and when he saw the glint of the sun on the steel points, told of an uneasy conscience, and a discomfort grew within me: What if the King's guess had hit the nail?

"In the King's name, Monsieur," I began, my hand upon his saddle—'twas then he started—"a friend's welcome to a friend. He is all impatience to hear more particularly of those in Paris whom he holds so dear."

"So," said he, eyeing me closely, "the King has Madame Marguerite's letter?"

"We call her Queen of Navarre here, if we seek to keep the King's favour," I answered bluntly, for the fellow's impertinent assumption nettled me.

"Then there are a dozen who call her Margot in Paris," replied he with a laugh. "Some because it is the fashion, and some because—shall I say it?—because she is——"

"A daughter of France," I broke in. "We understand all that, Monsieur, and that the Queen is happy in the love of Paris is the King's recompense for her absence."

'Nay," said he, sneering, "not of all Paris. Only some eight or ten of the Court." But I had stopped his venomous tongue for that time, and from thenceforward as we rode to Pau we were on less slippery ground.

What I had said to de Clazonay was true enough: we understood to the full his hints and gibes; and, since the King was no uxorious fool, there seemed to me no good reason for hiding from him what had passed at the inn.

For answer he nodded thoughtfully and tapped me on the shoulder: "Confess: which was right, de Bernauld, thou or I? But to win his game he must play more boldly than to chatter idle hints and Court gossip. Say we shall receive him in the Salle d'Armes before supper. He shall sit at my right, and bid Carrier see that by no evil chance the Count's hand strays above my wine-cup, though, to be honest, I think he is more cautious than frankly to endanger his own head when some subtler plan will serve his purpose."

As the dingy grub is to the flaunting butterfly so was the dusty horseman of the Auch road to the gay courtier who came smilingly among us as we waited the coming of the King. Such a wealth of silks and laces, plumes and jewels, was, to my mind, out of taste at a Court so poor as that of Navarre, and the display made no friends to the wearer among those honest gentlemen who had stripped themselves to their barest necessities that the King might have wherewith to keep safe the liberties of the nation. His page was his very miniature, and as the lad minced and strutted behind his master down the hall, a toy blade hanging at his left thigh and a loose packet wrapped in crimson silk flung across his arm, it was hard to say which of the two showed the greater pride.

Yet it is only justice to admit that the fellow carried himself well, and did his mistress no discredit. To his braveries of dress, which—by our younger men, at least—were the more observed because

we lacked them, he added a bold carriage and a man's fine figure. If his look was crafty, and his eye overmuch on the alert, excuse might lie in the antagonisms abroad upon the air, and which it was impossible but he must have felt even through their veil of courtesy. Me he had singled out, and with de Rosny and Rohan we formed a group apart, when the great doors at the further end of the salon were flung open and the King entered, alone and dressed with careful simplicity.

It was clear that the manner of it struck de Clazonay. He had looked for an aping of the Louvre, a pinchbeck ceremony, a display of tinsel masquerading as fine gold, a puppet decked in tawdry grandeur; and found instead a simple, frank-hearted gentleman, who reigned as King by a different and more divine right than that of the Valois — the right of a people's love and goodwill.

With no more than passing greetings to right and left, the King came straight towards us.

"Welcome, Monsieur de Clazonay, mine ancient and very true friend," he cried, repeating the exact words of the Queen's letter, with the contents of which he did not doubt the Count was well acquainted. "But that none can be so dear to me as the Queen and our good mother, I would say that this gracious loan of one so high in favour would reconcile me to the loss of Madame Marguerite. 'Tis so they call her in Paris, is it not? That she finds so much of love in the Louvre is my great comfort. Presently, Monsieur, you must tell me of her conquests."

De Clazonay had fallen on one knee as the King came near, and though the smile never left his face, he felt the irony of the King's speech through the suave greeting, and his lips tightened across his teeth. He was a cur, Henry had said, and there was the cur's snarl. More than that, the King's jeering banter had angered the cur, and the cur was eagerly alert to bite.

"The Queen, my mistress, knows my poor worth more nearly," he answered, with a great show of humility, "and that

"In the King's name, Monsieur," I began, my hand upon his saddle.

I may truly win acceptance to your favour, she has made me bearer of a token of her abiding affection to your Majesty."

With the cur's snarl still on his lips, and the hard, false smile fixed in his eyes, he made as if to kiss the King's hand. But, with a mighty show of heartiness, Henry forestalled him and bade him rise.

"This," he said loudly, "is a meeting of friend and friend. Let us have none of these stiff courtesies, Monsieur de Clazonay. Gentlemen, I present to the favour of you all my ancient Paris comrade. Let him find through your assistance that Navarre, though small in size, is large of heart." Which was very kingly and gracious, and passed muster finely with the crowd, but I noted that for all his fine words, he never so much as touched the Count's hand.

"And the Queen's gift, Sire?"

"Ah, true!" he cried. "When was the Queen of France not gracious to Navarre? The list of unpaid debts will be a long one when the day of requital comes. I beg you to believe and to assure her Majesty that what Navarre lacks is not the heart to pay, but the means. This latest obligation we are under, is it here, Monsieur?"

De Clazonay turned and beckoned to his side the page, and, as I live by bread, the evil look in his face deepened, and his smile grew yet nearer to the cur's snarl.

"'Tis but a small thing," he said, taking the crimson packet from the boy's arm, "though I call all men to witness that what lies behind the gift is great beyond words."

"The love of my good mother?"

"Aye, Sire, that and all that love wills."

There was a marble-topped table two yards away, a thing of many colours, of much gilding and glitter. On it de Clazonay placed the packet; then turning, he bowed gravely to Henry, as if to say the Queen's gift had now passed to the King's keeping. It was, as I have said, of crimson silk, some twenty inches long by fifteen wide, and tied with silken cords of its own colour. For all his gratitude the receiver of the gift was in no haste to take possession.

"The honour has been yours thus far, Monsieur le Comte," he said; "let the honour still be yours, and do you unfold the covering."

Drawing his dagger—a toy affair, all damascene and jewels—de Clazonay cut the cords, and turning aside the flaps of silk, again bowed. Then he stepped back.

On the table lay a pair of hunting-gloves, and gloves truly worthy of a King's wearing. Their colour was that of the silk, a blood crimson, and from finger-point to wrist the deer-skin of which they were made was as delicately soft, for all its strength, as the most dainty Court lady could desire; while the deep gauntlet, running almost to the elbow, was stiff and glazed and so narrow as to hug the sleeve. They lay reversed—that is, the one with the palm, the other with the knuckle uppermost—and which would most win the fancy was an open question, the palm being a network of many-coloured silk cords of exceeding fineness to give a grip to the haft of knife or spear, and the back sewn thickly with pearls of large size, grey, smoky, and black.

With his hands behind him and his beard upon his breast as he had stood that day in the Council Chamber, the King stood over the Paris gloves. "Margot was shrewder than I guessed," I heard him murmur, but so low that had I not been at his elbow and had an inkling of his thought it would have passed unheeded. Then he beckoned to de Clazonay, and looking him keenly in the face, said smilingly—

"Put them on, my friend, that I may better judge the splendour of the Queen's gift;" but de Clazonay, who had stepped forward, drew back again, back to the very limits of the narrow circle that stood watching the scene, and, unless I am blind, his face grew grey in the lamplight.

"Who am I," he said, "to wear the Queen's gift before it has even touched the King's hand? If I so presumed, how could I dare face my mistress's displeasure?"

"H'm," and Henry nodded his head twice or thrice slowly; "humility is a plant of a speedy growth. How could such a slight thing displease so gracious a mistress? Women are very forgiving, Monsieur, whereas I, who am a man, am

"Put them on, my friend, that I may better judge the splendour of the Queen's gift."

not to be trifled with when the mood takes me." Then he turned to de Clazonay's page, "Wrap these dainties up again, and lay them in my dressing-chamber. Gentlemen," and he raised his voice, "these are a Queen's gift; see that no man touch them save myself lest they be mishandled. Now"—and as if to show that his veiled threat was but an outburst of momentary irritation, the King took de Clazonay by the arm—"to supper, Monsieur, and recalling old memories, we will renew old friendships; then we must plan a hunt further afield than ordinary that we may do full honour to the Queen's gift."

Than Henry of Navarre no man could at will be more winning, more frankly gracious, and the light was back to the Count's eyes, and the flush to his cheeks before his glass had been emptied twice. He was not the first nor the last who sharpened his wits against the King's, to his own wounding. The first step to failure, whether in war or diplomacy, is to despise your enemy.

Later, when the great hall was a-whirl with talk and laughter, and de Clazonay the centre of a jesting group, the King sent for me. "See to it, de Bernauld," said he, the careless smile never so much as flickering on his face; "that Marcel, your man, has speech with me when all this folly is over. Let him wait me in my cabinet half an hour before midnight, and let my toughest, speediest horse be standing ready saddled in the courtyard. The fellow is faithful, almost as faithful as thyself, and I must borrow him for eight days. See to it, too, that he is not questioned, whether to-night or later; for where and when he rides is the King's business."

As to the when he rode, it was that night, since thenceforth for something better than a week Marcel was missing; and when he returned to Pau he returned a sorely weary man, mud-spattered almost out of recognition. As to where he rode I can but guess, for he told me as much of his mission as I asked him, and that was nought.

Thenceforward, too, for eight days the King was strangely busy. Where they came from in little Navarre, those pressing claims of State which filled his mind to the exclusion of all else, was a mystery which even Rosny could not fathom, as great a mystery as the King's sudden zeal and tireless devotion. Such a glutton was he that when affairs of State failed him he called in vexed affairs of Church, and there was not a grievance in all Bearn, Bigorre, Foix, or Navarre, even though it was a twelvemonth old, that he did not sift.

"'Tis a King's business," he told de Clazonay, who all these days was Henry's shadow, "to give his life to his subjects, and not to his own pleasuring." Therefore it follows that in these eight days he did no hunting.

Then, as suddenly as he had assumed the burden of State he flung it aside, and I noted that the change came after a crumpled letter, sealed both back and front, had been brought him as he sat at supper. "We go hunting to-morrow," he said to the Frenchman who filled the place by his side, and in a pause in the babel his words travelled down the hall; "and, by the grace of fortune, by noon we shall have clipped the claws of the bloodiest wolf that ever ravaged Navarre."

"For my part, Sire," answered de Clazonay, "I hold that craft leads to more clipped claws than does fortune."

"Be content"—and the King laughed—"there shall be craft enough. We of Navarre are simple folk, but no fools. The rendezvous is for ten, Monsieur, and in my private cabinet."

That night, too, Marcel returned to report himself as once more on service, and went asleep on his feet as he spoke.

Acting upon the King's orders, I betook myself to his cabinet at the appointed hour. It was a small and somewhat narrow room situated at the end of a south corridor. To the right were two windows which overlooked the river; opposite these the wall was only broken by a deep fireplace where, to my great astonishment—it being a warm May day—there burned a fire of many faggots. At the further end of the room a curtain swept from ceiling to floor.

De Rosny was already in waiting, and as we talked de Clazonay entered, the King at his heels, and followed by a groom

"Choose," cried the King a third time.

of the chamber carrying the famous packet of crimson silk.

"Leave it there and go," said Henry curtly, pointing to the table. "Monsieur de Rosny," he went on, standing with his back to the hearth, "your place is by the window; yours, Monsieur de Bernauld, by the door; yours, Monsieur de Clazonay, there"—and he motioned with his hand to the end of the table in front of the drawn curtains. A strange prelude this to a day's sport! But we silently took our places as directed, and then stood in the hush of expectancy, for, saving the King, no man knew what was in the air.

"Honour for honour," he said, bending over the table and slowly unfolding the silken wrappings. "How can I better show appreciation of a friend's services and my love to the Queen, my mother, than by a gift to you, Monsieur de Clazonay?"

"I am deeply sensible of your goodness, Sire, and most humbly thank——" began de Clazonay. But the King stopped him with a gesture and a curt "Wait," and then fell again to unwrapping the silk; and when the coverings were removed, de Clazonay's gratitude was as dead in his heart as on his lips. There was no longer one pair of gloves, but two—and two so strangely similar that none but a wizard could have chosen between them. Alike in colour, in shape, in texture, there was not as much as the varied lustre of a pearl to say which had been the Queen's gift.

"Choose, Monsieur."

"I, Sire, I?" stammered de Clazonay; "such things are for Kings' wearing, and not for simple——"

"Aye," said Henry bitterly, "I understand you; for Kings' wearing!"

Though it was plain the fellow was a villain plotting with his eyes open, and no blind tool, yet I could not but pity him. His face had gone ashen grey, great sweat-drops were on his forehead and standing thickly through the roots of his hair, and, strive as he would, his jaw shook as if smitten by a palsy.

"Choose," said the King again; "choose and make an end; the Court goes hunting and waits."

De Clazonay drew a shuddering breath. "I will not choose," he said between the teeth clenched to keep them from chattering. "I will not choose, and you dare not murder me," and folding his arms, he stepped back from the table.

"Monsieur de Rosny," and the King's voice was very cold and hard, "draw back the curtain that Monsieur de Clazonay may choose the better."

Back came the drapery with a ringing clatter that shook even my nerves, so tense was the strain, and behind it were five soldiers of the guard standing shoulder to shoulder, their steel bare in their hands.

"Choose!" cried the King a third time. "For by the Lord who made me, you wear these gloves to-day or die where you stand. To kill a poisoner is no murder."

That the King was stonily in earnest was plain to be seen, and grasping at a straw for life, de Clazonay turned to the table and bent over the gloves, scanning every stitch, every gem, every line and curve. To him it was a veritable lottery of life or death, and at last he pitched upon two and drew them towards him with shaking fingers.

"These, Sire."

The King turned to me. "Monsieur de Bernauld, you will ride to-day by the side of Monsieur de Clazonay. See to it that he does not so much as shift a hand until our return."

"And if I return, Sire?" cried de Clazonay eagerly, plucking at the gloves with nervous fingers.

"If you return in peace," said Henry solemnly, "then God has spoken. Come, Monsieur, glove yourself; the Court waits."

Turning, he raised the tongs from the hearth, and lifting the remaining pair of gloves, thrust them deep into the bosom of the red embers. "To horse, gentlemen," he cried; "and, de Bernauld, let there be neither mistake nor pity. This is a State matter; see, therefore, that your sword sits light in its sheath. You understand, Monsieur de Clazonay?"

Of that day I will say little, only I pray God I may never see again the sorrows of

a tortured soul. As for the gloves, I had the King's orders, and where they were they stayed until we had clattered up the winding causeway that leads from the Gave de Pau to the gate of the Château.

bravery, he that morning entered the King's cabinet.

"Pray God all 's well," said he, with a deep breath that was almost a groan; but even as he spoke he stumbled in his

But even as he spoke he stumbled in his walk.

Once within the courtyard my charge was done with, and it was nought to me that de Clazonay shook off the crimson leather from his hands as a man shakes off a hornet. They were as white and smooth from wrist to finger-tip as when, in all his hunting walk, pawing the air as a man does in terror of the dark. That night he died.

"The fool," said the King when one told him; "did he think that René had no second pair of gloves; or that Navarre was too poor to pay the price?"

HIS PASSPORT.

By W. A. FRASER.

IT was so cold that winter in Canada. They said that I would be all right when the warm weather came in spring. But the cold lasted so long that I thought spring would never come.

He was a small, thin man, with a small, thin mind.

At last I fell asleep. When I awoke, the first person I saw was Pathanine.

When I had known Pathanine years before in Burmah he was a Buddhist. Even at that time I had suspicions that he was a Christian according to my ill-defined lights—a Buddhist Christian.

I had always understood from the Reverend Hoskins that the Buddhists had absolutely no chance whatever of acquiring anything but unmitigated torture.

Hoskins was the regular station Padre at Yenan. He was a small, thin man, with a small, thin mind, and sometimes I used to think that, perhaps, after all, he might be mistaken.

But bearing in mind Padre Hoskins's version, you may understand I was very much surprised to see Pathanine where he was.

Later I met others there who were as unorthodox as any Buddhist, but my wonder at first was concerned with Pathanine alone.

Pathanine's face had always been one of the most amiable that I had ever seen, and when his eyes fell upon me advancing toward him, it took on a delightfully sweet look of pleased recognition.

"I am so glad that you have come here, Sir," he said, just as he used to when I returned to Yenan after being absent for some time. "I was a little lonesome, Sir," he continued, in his delightfully simple, straightforward way. "So few of those I knew before are here. Perhaps some will come by-and-by."

Everything was so confusing. I had always been so mistrustful of myself that when I woke up there I was almost afraid there was some mistake. And then to meet an out-and-out devotee of Buddha in a place that I'd always been taught was reserved for Christians alone, was certainly perplexing.

"I got letters from the Commissioner."

I asked Pathanine about it.

"I don't know, Sir," he answered; "I felt like a little rest, and when I awoke I was here. I hope Ma Thee won't be long coming—Ma Thee and Mindah."

Ma Thee was his wife; Mindah his daughter.

But it was about his faith that I questioned him most. He had not changed any: he had sung the same guttural Buddhist prayer up to the last.

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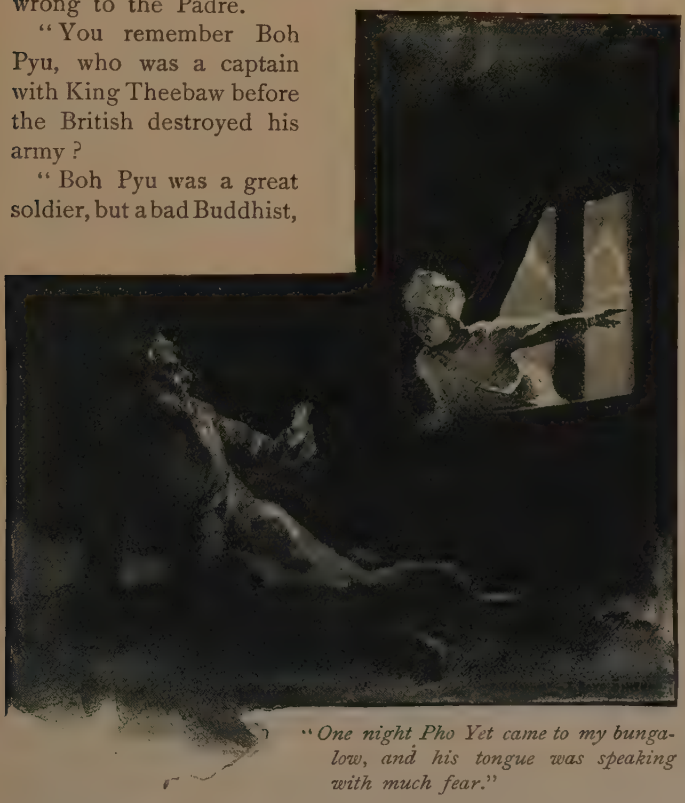
"Hoskins Thakine did not make a Christian of you, then—did not prove to you that Gaudama was wrong?" I queried him.

"No, Sir," answered Pathanine; "but my brother, Boh Pyu, who was a wicked fellow, tried to do a great wrong to the Padre.

"You remember Boh Pyu, who was a captain with King Theebaw before the British destroyed his army?

"Boh Pyu was a great soldier, but a bad Buddhist,



"One night Pho Yet came to my bungalow, and his tongue was speaking with much fear."

for when the war was all over, he continued fighting on his own account and became what the English call a dacoit.

"Sometimes he came to me, because he was my brother, you know, Sir, and I begged him to be less wicked and stop dacoiting, or never come to see me at all.

"But the wrong he tried to do the Padre Thakine was this way, Sir, and because of me; and for that I had much guilty fear.

"You remember I was the Woon of Yenan, and Hoskins Thakine was always writing to the Commissioner that I was not making my official work proper.

"Also my people were telling me that the Padre Thakine was speaking ill of me, and saying that if they believed in me and my false gods, even the sacred Gaudama, they would all be burned with a greater heat than was in Yenan the hot days before the rains.

"When they spoke of Nirvana, he told them there was no Nibban—no Nirvana; nothing but torture and unrest for all who died in my faith—the faith of my fathers.

"But when they did not believe what the Padre spoke, he said that it was because of me; and wrote to the Commissioner that I was always putting his work to the wrong side.

"I was not angry, for I knew he thought he was right, and was serving his Master, even as I was serving Gaudama. That was his way. My way was not to take life—not to eat meat, nor eggs, nor anything that had life, and to give alms.

"To his Church I gave, too, for they were trying to do good to my people. He did not know; because if I spoke of it he might tell the Commissioner that it was bribery.

"One time a Burman, Nat Glay, who had joined the faith of the Padre, spent money on foolishness that belonged to the Padre's Church.

"Nat Glay came to me because of this, and he was afraid of going to jail. I paid the rupees for Nat Glay because if the case were called in court—my court, you know, Sir—there would be much disgrace to the Padre's Church, and Nat Glay, and my people.

"But Padre Hoskins did not know all these things; and still wrote to the Commissioner that I was a bad man, and what he called a 'pagan.'

"When Boh Pyu came in the night to

Yenan to see me, for he was my brother, Pho Yet, whose tongue is like a *tucktoo's*, always croaking of evil things, told Boh Pyu that Hoskins Thakine had made trouble for me.

'Then my brother, who was also a dacoit, went back to the jungle; and I did not know.

"Many times after I got letters from the Commissioner to not make trouble for Padre Hoskins; and all the time I was telling my people to do good things for him.

"One night when I was sleeping Pho Yet came to my bungalow, and his tongue was speaking with much fear. Boh Pyu, my brother, was hiding with his dacoits down where the tamarind and mango trees are thick—just where the paddy-fields come up close to Yenan. You remember, Sir, it was where the three little white pagodas rested on the hill.

"Well, Boh Pyu was hiding there till my people would all be sleeping, then he would steal down to the church bungalow and kill the Padre.

"That was what Pho Yet said, and his voice was so low I could scarcely hear him, for he was afraid.

"I, too, was much troubled, Sir; for there were none of the Sircar's police at Yenan; they were at Minbu, twenty miles from Yenan.

"Then I spoke to Pho Yet.

"'Sabah will gallop to Minbu in two hours, for he is strong. Will you go, Pho Yet, and bring the Police Thakine?'

"But Pho Yet was like a bazaar pariah, a skulking dog; he would yelp, but was afraid. He would not go because of the dacoits, and because of the evil spirits, the *Nats* of the jungle.

"Then, Sir, Pathanine's little daughter, Mindah, rode Sabah away at a gallop into the dark night.

"Mindah rode Sabah away at a gallop into the dark night."

"I took the gun which the Government allowed me to keep because I was a Woon, and went and spoke to some of my people. They, too, were afraid. If the dacoits came to their houses, they would run away, because the Government had taken their guns.

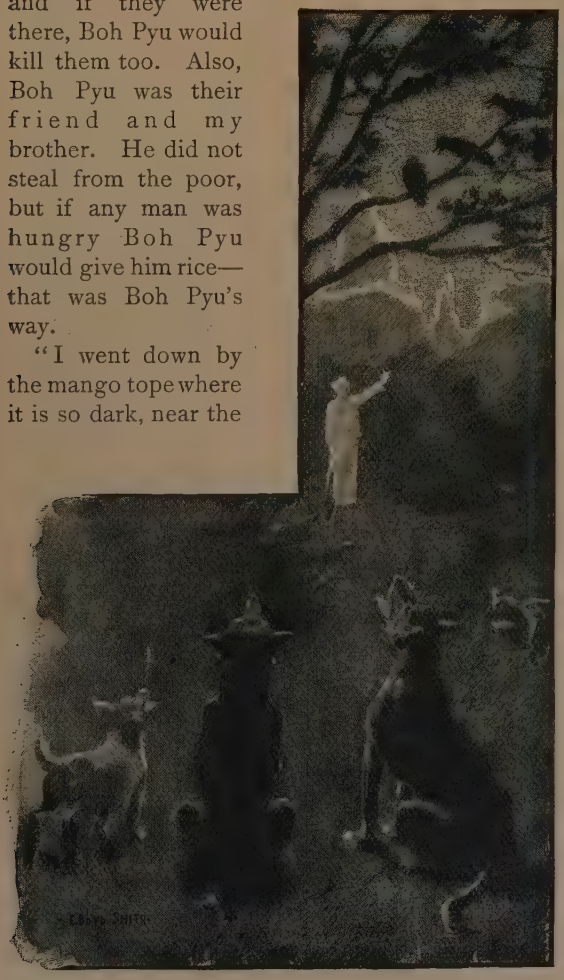
"Anyway, if they had guns they would not stop to be killed, for the dacoits could

shoot straight—it was their business to shoot straight.

"Also they had not much to lose, and if the dacoits came they would give what they had—that was their way; it was easier.

"If Boh Pyu killed the Padre, that was not of their doing; and if they were there, Boh Pyu would kill them too. Also, Boh Pyu was their friend and my brother. He did not steal from the poor, but if any man was hungry Boh Pyu would give him rice—that was Boh Pyu's way.

"I went down by the mango tope where it is so dark, near the paddy-fields, and called for Boh Pyu, but no one answered.



"All the pariah dogs in the village took up the cry."

"The sound of my voice raised only the crows, which sleep in the big tamarinds there in thousands, as you know, Sir. They screeched back at me like a thousand evil spirits till my voice was drowned.

"Then all the pariah dogs in the village took up the cry, and howled as they do when a great *phoongye* dies and goes to Nirvana. I called many times, and looked, but I found no one. The dacoits are like the cobra: they hide and you cannot see them till they sting. Then I went to the church bungalow, for I knew the dacoits would go there too. I will talk to Boh Pyu, who is my brother, I thought, as I walked along, and keep him from doing this evil thing. I was thinking too of the Padre Thakine's wife and little girl, who was almost of the age of Mindah. The dacoits would also kill these two, even the little girl with the hair like gold from Shwebo.

"When I told the Padre of the dacoits he was angry. That was his way. He said it was my treachery — that I had brought them there to drive him from Yenan, so that my pagan gods—even Buddha Gaudama — might destroy the souls of the people.

"I was not angry, for I could see that he thought this was so.

"'It will be four or five hours before the police can come,' I told him. 'We must shut the doors and drive the dacoits back until we hear the beat of their ponies' hoofs.'

"We hung a light out on the verandah, just at the top of the steps. Inside the bungalow was dark. By-and-by, while I was watching, I saw dark figures moving in and out among the crotons in the compound.

"They were coming closer to the bungalow. One man crept up the steps to the verandah: it was Boh Pyu.

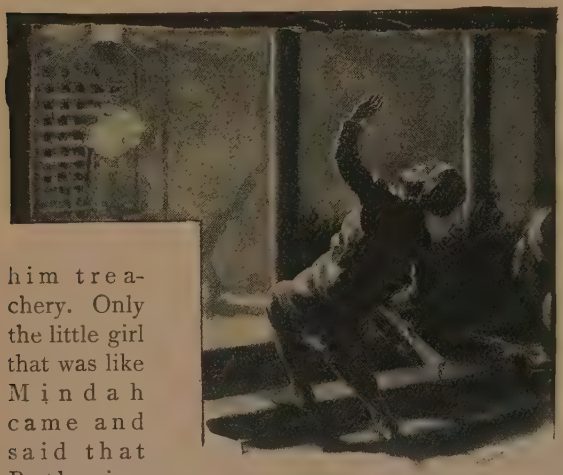
"I called to him: 'Ho, brother! It is I, Pathanine. Go away, if you have come for evil!'

"But he only laughed, and spoke as the Burmans do, using bad words.

"I said I would shoot him; and then he crept down the steps again, and it was still for a time. They were talking.

"It was so odd, Sahib: my brother, Boh Pyu, who had come to kill the Padre because

of me, was there in the dark, and soon we would be fighting like enemies, trying to kill each other. And in the bungalow beside me was Padre Hoskins, watching lest I do him treachery. Only the little girl that was like Mindah came and said that Pathanine would drive the dacoits away. My heart grew much stronger because of that.



"I fired too, and one of them dropped."

"Mindah had started at ten o'clock, and while Boh Pyu was talking in the compound with the other dacoits, the Padre's clock, which was on a table, struck twelve. 'Mindah is at Minbu now,' I told the Padre; 'in two hours, or perhaps three, the police will come.'

"'If the dacoits break in before that,' asked the Padre, 'what will they do?'

"'They will crucify you with your head down,' I said.

"'And the women?' he asked.

"'I don't know,' I answered. That was a sin, Sahib, to tell that lie, for I did know, but I thought it would be much wrong to tell them what I knew—the mother and the girl that was like Mindah.

"'And you?' he again questioned.

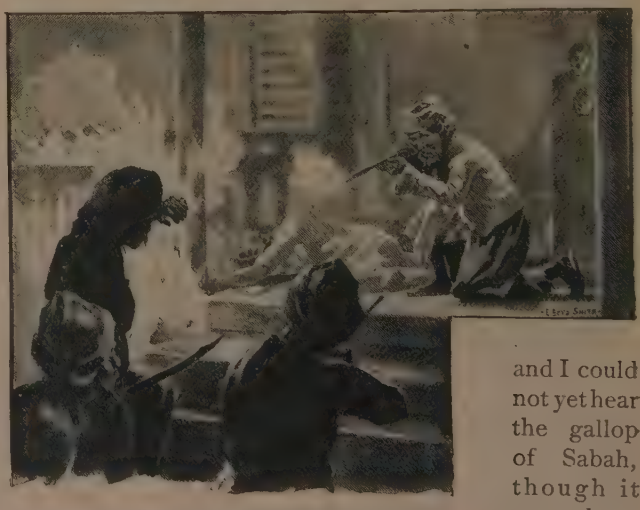
"'I shall be dead.'

"Just then I saw the figures creeping close to the steps again—three of them. When I called to them, they shouted, 'Strike, strike!' in our tongue, and rushed up on the verandah, firing the old muskets they had. I fired too, and one of them dropped just across the top of the steps. The others went back into the darkness again. When they fired, I felt my arm as though someone had drawn a sharp nail down along the skin—a hot nail.

"When the dacoits went back I looked, and there was much blood. Something from one of the muskets had torn my arm.

"The girl who was like Mindah cried when she saw it; and helped her mother bind it up while I watched at the door—the wooden door with lattice in it.

"Three times the dacoits came back just the same way, Sir, only fiercer and more wicked each time. The last time another piece of lead from a musket went through my body; and my heart grew heavy, for I was getting weak,



"I was dizzy, but I rose to my knees and shot."

and I could not yet hear the gallop of Sabah, though it was close to the time for the police. And the Padre: he, too, fought the dacoits even as he fought against Buddha, with wicked determination. He had no gun; but once when two dacoits had

forced the door open a little, he rushed at them with a *dah* I had given him, and smote one of them so strongly that he lay on the verandah dead. That time, too, they were beaten back, and we waited for the sound of the gallop of Sabah.

"Even while we waited, I saw a light at the posts on which the verandah rested. While the others fought, Boh Pyu had set fire to the bungalow. 'I will put it out,' I said.

"'You will be shot—it is my place to go,' said Hoskins Sahib; and with a blanket in his hand he dashed through the door.

"I, too, went, because if they attacked him I could shoot. But Boh Pyu, who had fought much in the jungle, had planned it that way. You can't shoot a tiger in his lair he knew, but if he comes to the bait it is easy. So they waited till we got close to the light of the fire, and then they shot with many guns, and rushed upon us. The Padre Sahib fell because of the gunshots, and I, too, fell because of another bullet.

"I was dizzy, but I rose to my knees and shot: once, twice, just as they were reaching Hoskins Thakine. I thought of the little girl who was like Mindah, and called aloud to Gaudama to help me. I heard Sabah galloping, for the road is hard where it sweeps up past the church bungalow; and then there were many shots.

"I heard an English voice crying, 'Thank God! We're just in time.'

"Then the fighting and the noise pushed farther off into the dark; and the Superintendent, Gordon Thakine, came running up the steps to where we were both lying. And Mindah came too. I grew more dizzy, and I could only see Mindah and the girl who was like Mindah kneeling beside me. And Mindah's arm was under my head, and just as I fell asleep Mindah and the other girl kissed me. When I woke up I was here."

"And Padre Hoskins," I asked of Pathanine. "Was he killed?"

"He is not here. If he, too, had fallen asleep he would be here. He did not mean to do wrong, and thought to do good for my people."

Then I knew why Pathanine was there. Padre Hoskins meant well, but did not know.

"Mindah's arm was under my head."

AN OLD FRENCH SILHOUETTE.

(*See "Silhouettes," next page.*)

SILHOUETTES.

By P. E. MORRELL.

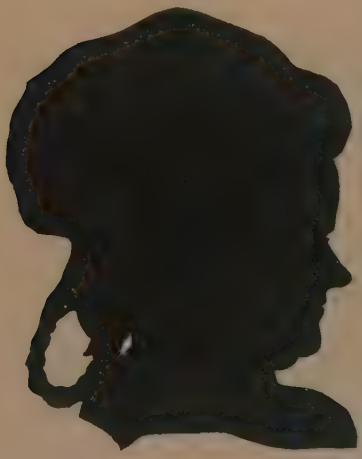
THE silhouette, it must be confessed, has had its day. To a generation accustomed to see itself under the elaborate disguise of the camera these delicate profile studies can have little charm; and the attempts that are still made to revive the art have neither the elegance nor the humour of the old engravings.

The origin of the name is somewhat remote. In the year 1759 the Minister of Finance to the French King was a certain Etienne de Silhouette, who was, it seems, a stern economist; and the wits of Paris, it is said—though one suspects that it was really the shopkeepers—would nickname after him any cheap invention. So you had coats à la Silhouette, snuff-boxes à la Silhouette, and last of all, these quaint, half classical portraits which have immortalised so curiously their patron's name.

EDWARD GIBBON.

It must have been soon after its invention that the process was introduced into England, and it quickly became fashionable. For more than fifty years the silhouette was, in fact, the ordinary portrait of the day, and the figures of the distinguished men and women of that time were outlined by its means in a hundred windows. And what a delightful collection they still make! There is a sort of natural humour about them, beside which the modern caricature is a very clumsy effort. If exaggeration was permitted—and in some of the present examples you cannot help suspecting it—the change was so slight as to be scarcely noticeable. It did not disturb the pose of the figure. But for the most part a man's character revealed itself. The engraving of Gibbon, which was prefixed to the edition of his Miscellaneous Works, published only two years after his death by his intimate friend Lord Sheffield, was, it seems, quite seriously intended. But how accurately you see him here developed from that little boy of "between three and four years old" who, when his father was contesting the borough of Southampton, took a "childish revenge" in shouting, after being whipped, the names of his father's opponents! This was, he tells us, the

first event that he could remember; but the spirit that inspired it never died. And as the humour of Gibbon's autobiography is only enhanced by the dignity of his style, so, no doubt, that wonderful appearance was no small part of the man's attraction. Writing at the age of twenty-seven, he describes a conversation he had had with two royal Princesses, "in which I grew," he says, "so very free and easy, that I drew my snuff-box, rapped it, took snuff twice (a crime never known before in the presence-chamber), and continued my discourse in my usual attitude, of my body bent forwards and my forefinger stretched out." Thirty years later, when this silhouette was done (it was in the year of Gibbon's death), the change in his proportions had made, perhaps, the bending forward less possible, but in other respects the pose was the same. The figure was cut with scissors by a certain Miss Brown, and was done, we are told, without a sitting; but "the extraordinary talents of this lady," adds Lord Sheffield, "have furnished as complete a likeness to Mr. Gibbon as to person, face, and manner, as can be conceived."



A TYPICAL GERMAN HEAD.

In the spindle-legged portrait of King George III.—done, also, one may suppose, from memory—the sincerity of the artist is less evident; so that one is inclined to attribute it to some secret Jacobite. The incongruity of the monarch who gloried in the name of Briton, and yet remained to the end, in the words of Lord Rosebery, "the German Princelet of his day," must have been to that party a perpetual delight. But obstinate and fat as he afterwards became, George III. is still here the gallant young man whom ladies would compliment upon his handsome

THE GOOD QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

person, and of whom it was reported that, at a private ball at the Court, he danced from half-past six till one in the morning with his newly wed Queen. And certainly, if the lady was in fact as piquant and charming as she appears in her silhouette, King George was on this occasion a wise man.

The portrait of Pitt, with what the same King from bitter experience described as "his d——d long, obstinate upper lip," is curiously disappointing. You are unwilling to believe that a Heaven-appointed hero, who became Prime Minister before he was twenty-five, and who, during seventeen years of power, inspired a whole nation with enthusiasm, should have looked so

HIS SACRED MAJESTY KING GEORGE III.

unremarkable. Perhaps the little black profile, which has none of the charm of a full-length figure, does him no justice. But Pitt's appearance was never distinguished, and a lady who once met him at a country-house wrote bitterly of the impression he made on her. "I was disappointed," she says, "in that turned-up nose, in that countenance in which it was impossible to find any indication of the mind, and in that person which was so deficient in dignity that he had hardly the air of a gentleman. If no tropes, I fully expected the dictums of wisdom each time that he opened his mouth. From what I then heard and saw, I should say that mouth was made for eating." Hard words indeed if true! But then Pitt, you must remember, was always indifferent to ladies' society.

Of his contemporary, Burns, this certainly could not be said. Nay, did not an enthusiastic Duchess once declare that his conversation carried her off her feet? But the prim portrait taken by Miers, a well-known artist, in 1787 — the year of Burns' walking-tour on the Scottish border, in which his bardship's heart fell in love with almost every other girl he met—hardly suggests the fine fellow he was. Every lover of good song can appreciate the pathos of such lines as those out of the parting song of Clarinda—

> Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met and never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

It would be strange if, in the face of such a man, something of his fire did not appear. Still, Burns was well contented with his portrait.

It was just forty years after the date of this portrait that Monsieur Edouart, the famous silhouettist, was able to advertise that his likenesses, which were produced by the scissors alone, were preferable to

A SURE AND CONVENIENT METHOD OF DRAWING SILHOUETTES.

any taken by machines, "inasmuch as by the above method *the expressions of the passions* and *peculiarities of character* are brought into action in a style which has not hitherto been attempted by any other artist." Poor Burns, what a chance he missed!

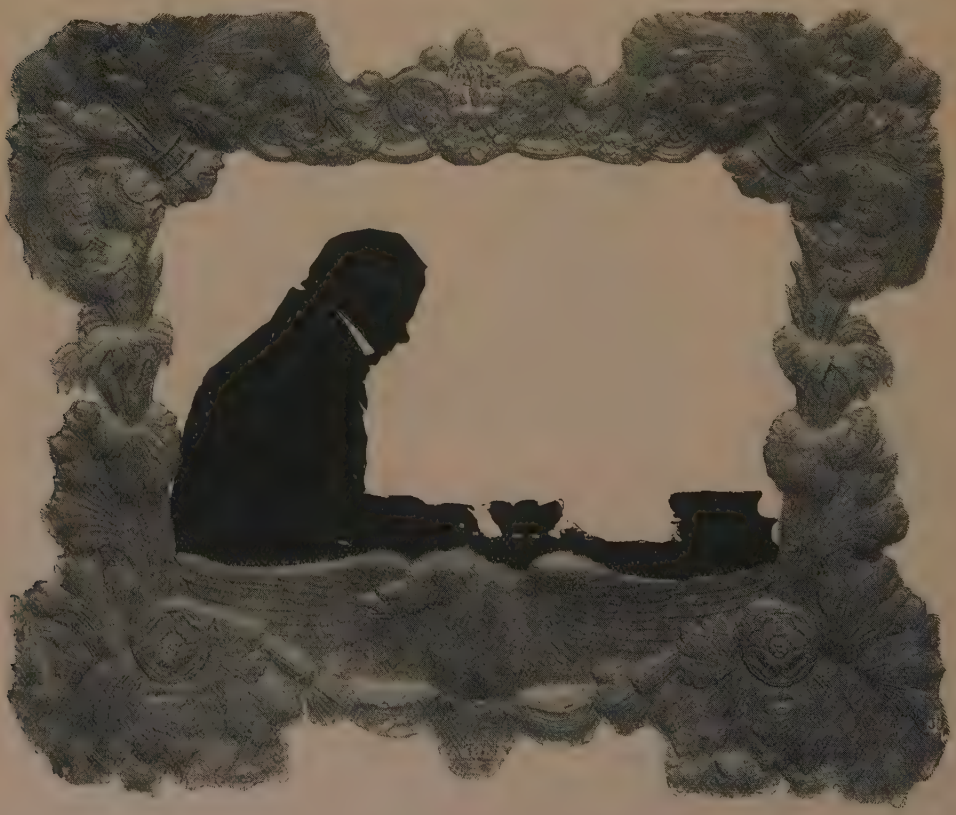
In the matter of date Sir Walter Scott's fortune was not much better, though in his case one may doubt if "the expressions of the passions" would have been equally

apparent. But looking at the figure here reproduced, one may also doubt if these same expressions are so important to a portrait as the silhouettist of 1827 supposed. For what a charming philosophic quality this engraving of Scott has, sitting there benevolent, capable, contented, "writing impromptu novels to buy farms with!" Never was a man of genius who took himself more simply. To himself, whatever foolish people might think of the author of "Waverley," he always remained plain Scott of Abbotsford; and when,

MDLLE. VARAIN,
A French Opera-Singer of the last Century.

in the autumn of 1815, after visiting the field of Waterloo, he went on to Paris and was introduced to the Great Duke, it was probably a real disappointment to find that his hero should think so much of "the author of a few bits of novels."

The two in some ways were curiously alike. To Napoleon, if he had taken the trouble to inquire, the idea of Sir Walter preferring a country seat to an author's fame would have probably been as unintelligible as was the idea of Wellington giving up without a pang the joys of war to become a



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WILLIAM PITT.

peaceful Constitutional Minister. "A celebrated Commander on the retired list"—it is the epitome of Wellington's later life. To the end of his days he remained an officer. His conversation was as simple as the furniture of his bed-room. And yet he lived to be remembered better perhaps for his qualities as a citizen than for his greatest military exploits. A man equally without passion or pettiness, he has become the type of a certain side of the English character. I like the account which the Spanish General Alava gave of Wellington, when they travelled together in the Peninsula. When Alava used to ask him at what time they would start next morning, the answer was always "At daylight," and when, in the course of their journey, he would again inquire what they would be likely to find for dinner, the only answer was "Cold meat." "*J'en ai pris en horreur*," said Alava, "*ces deux mots*—daylight *et* cold meat!"

ROBERT BURNS.

Such a character, it must be confessed, is out of date. Even our features seem to have taken a softer cast. The old-fashioned Oxford Don, whose figure is here reproduced, and who was President of St. John's from 1828 to 1871, was supposed to be remarkably like the Great Duke. How seldom one sees such a type now!

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Between the aristocratic Wellington and Nathaniel Meyer Rothschild, the little Frankfort banker's son, who first came to England in 1797, there is an interesting connection. For it was he who financed Wellington through the Peninsular War, and afterwards obtained the first news of Waterloo three hours before the Prime Minister

himself. He thus became the founder in this country of the great house of Rothschild, and an English peerage and the glories of Waddesdon are the rewards of his descendants.

At the time of Waterloo, Peel was a boy of seventeen, Lord John Russell just four

A FINANCIAL GENIUS: THE FIRST ENGLISH ROTHSCHILD.

AN OLD-FASHIONED OXFORD DON.

years younger. The one lived to become the colleague of the Duke, the other his most vigorous opponent. In character as in politics they were utterly opposed; but both have something of the fastidious look, due, I suppose, chiefly to the fashion of dress, which one associates particularly with the early years of this century. In the portrait of Peel, you see him for once, not as the mere local genius of the City—by the City so cruelly immortalised, where he stands for ever with his hand on his thigh overlooking the prosperity he has brought to Cheapside—but as the young gentleman of promise, the son of the

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

wealthy Tory squire, who, though he carried off all the honours at Harrow and Oxford, took care to be always fashionably dressed. I do not know whether it is from statues in the City, or because he was sprung from the middle classes, or as Mr. Gladstone's model and first chief, commemorated by him as "the great member of Parliament," that Peel's career has so modern an air. Beside him Lord John seems a relic of the past. It was indeed, one might think, by the irony of fate that this cadet of a great house, with his weak voice and delicate constitution, who in his leisure hours wrote plays and translated poetry, should have been selected, or, rather, should have selected himself, to carry such a revolution as the Reform Bill of '32. There is a story that in the midst of this struggle, when the Government had been defeated on the third reading and had appealed to the country, Russell travelled down to Tavistock, where he had to seek re-election, in the company of Sydney Smith. Lord John was then the hero of the hour, and all along the way people crowded to see him pass. "They were," wrote Sydney Smith, "very much disappointed by his smallness. I told them he was much larger before the Bill was thrown out, but was reduced by excessive anxiety about the people. This brought tears to their eyes."

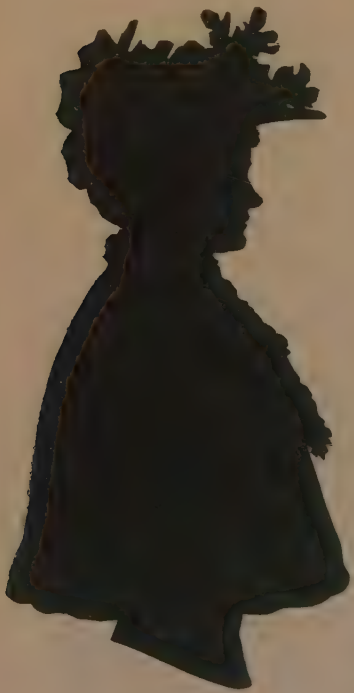
And through all the crisis sits the King, the despair of the Tories, the butt of ridicule to the Whigs, in excellent spirits, a bumper in his hand, wishing "Peace and affection to all."

The silhouette of the Duke of Cambridge, the last of the Georges, with his strapped trousers and spurs on his heels, taking you back to the days of Colonel Newcome, makes almost the end of the older style. The fashion was already going by, supplanted by the efforts of M. Daguerre; and such advertisements as that of Mr. Thomas, of 83, Long Acre, undertaking to supply these portraits at one shilling each "in a way superior to those by any other artist at 2s. 6d." show to what straits the silhouettist was brought. It is true that the advertisement goes on to say that "Mr. T. is able to make this

"Peace and affection to all."
KING WILLIAM IV.

liberal offer in consequence of an order he has received from a gentleman of eminence to procure 50,000 different profiles of the human countenance for a treatise on physiognomy." But then one has doubts if either the treatise or the gentleman ever existed except in Mr. T.'s imagination.

The modern silhouette, if such a thing can be said to exist, is little more than an antiquarian curiosity, an experiment in portraiture, bringing out, perhaps, some new qualities or characteristics in a familiar face, but not comparable as a work of art to the old figures. It is, indeed, but another proof of the decay of this art, that in all the collection of portraits from which these Illustrations are taken, there should be only four of living men, and one — Miss Terry's — of a living woman. Perhaps the humour of the thing is past—indeed, the portrait of Miss Terry with its hat of yesterday has already almost an antique air. But one cannot help feeling how much a clever silhouettist might still improve the humour of the day. What delightful studies we might have of Mr. Balfour's long figure or of the Lord Chancellor's smile; or how well might Mr. Chamberlain be compared with his supposed prototype, William Pitt!



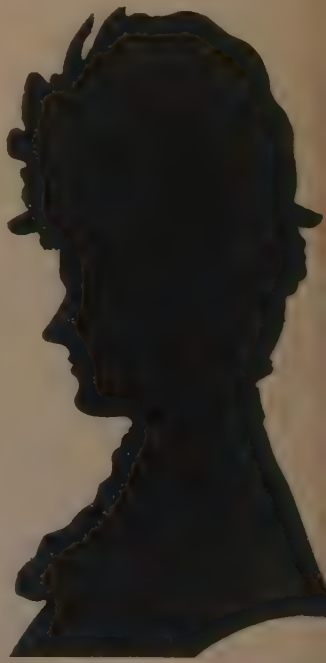
MISS MARION TERRY.

As it is, one can only ask, in looking at the heads here given, if every benevolent cynic has a dome as capacious as the present Prime Minister's; or how is

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AS HE APPEARED THIRTY YEARS AGO.

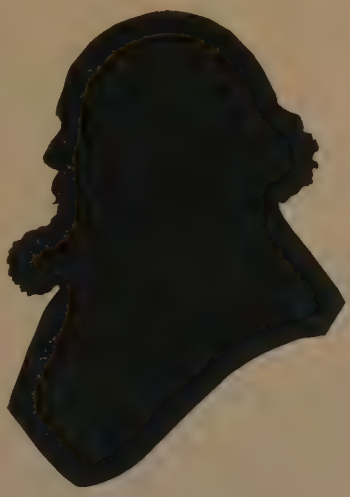
Protestanism or the love of temperance denoted in Sir William Harcourt's chin? Very young and modern beside these veterans appears Sir Henry Irving's handsome face—a face said to be the most familiar in London, and certainly here one of the most distinguished.

Of Mr. Gladstone it is still early to speak. One can hardly believe that Gladstone, the most hated, the most popular man of his day, is already of the past. You must wait, says Mr. Frederic Harrison, for one hundred years after the



THE LATE DUCHESS OF LEINSTE

death of any great man before you can begin to appreciate his character. But, in the profile here given, you seem to see the traces of that aristocratic temper, that passionate authority which, from the days of the prophets of the Old Testament, has been the mark of a great leader. And, indeed, was there not always something of the prophetic note in Gladstone's character; a sort of religious enthusiasm, impelling him not always directly, but persistently, irresistibly towards the end he had set before him, till at last his life closed, as those of so many great men have done—in failure and almost in solitude?



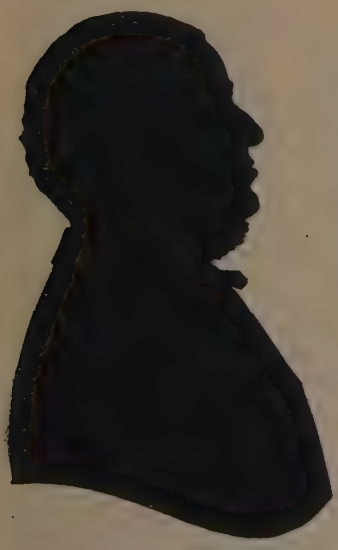
THE PRIME MINISTER.

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

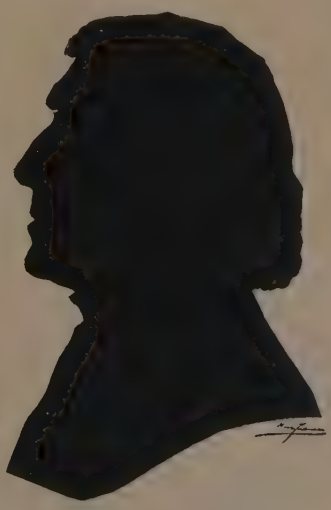
In primitive, less sophisticated times he would have become, one thinks, a national hero; and legal systems or religious temples would have been known by his name. Instead of such monuments of a great personality you have subscriptions to a Gladstone Memorial Fund and a silhouette portrait in an Illustrated Magazine.

Mention has already been made of the dubiously successful attempts to revive the art at the present time. Clever, some of these undoubtedly are, but our more prosaic age declines the subtlest flattery of the silhouette. It is essentially of the period that knew the periwig, the queue, the square-cut coat, and the knee breeches. To the habit of the Regency it still had something to say; with our own it holds but feeble converse. One had almost pronounced its expression clap-trap.

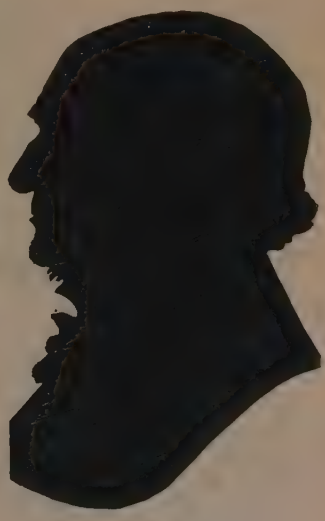
So I bid farewell to M. Silhouette, to whom every art critic and struggling man of letters has been obliged for an æsthetic term. Poor, forgotten Minister of Finance! By what strange chances, as Herr Teufelsdröckh has said, do men live in history!



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.



SIR HENRY IRVING.



MR. GLADSTONE.

FLASHES FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS.

MISS LOUIE POUNDS.

THE prettiest player in "The Dream of Whitaker's Almanack," at the Crystal Palace, has undoubtedly been Miss Louie Pounds, who makes as good a boy, by the way, as Miss Violet Cameron. The sister of Mr. Courtice Pounds and Miss Lilly Pounds, she made her first appearance (at the Opéra Comique in "Joan of Arc") in 1891. Next year she

Photo. by Russell.

MISS VIOLET CAMERON AND MISS LOUIE POUNDS IN "THE DREAM OF WHITAKER'S ALMANACK."

made a hit (with Miss Kate Cutler in "In Town," at the Gaiety) as one of the Duchess of Duffshire's daughters; but

Photo. by Talma, Melbourne.

MISS PATTIE BROWNE AS SWEET NANCY.

by far the best thing she has done was her Prince and her Princess in Mr. Basil Hood's charming versions of Hans Andersen's fairy-tales at Terry's at the Christmas of '97. Miss Cameron is too well known to be biographed here. Miss Violet Lloyd, of the Gaiety, is her cousin. Miss Florence Lloyd, the sister of Violet, is perhaps the most handsome "boy" on the stage.

MISS PATTIE BROWNE.

From the day (in 1893) when Miss Pattie Browne made her bow to an English audience as Lady Tommy in "The Amazons," at the Court Theatre, to the day she left London as the beauteous Miss Bunn in "Trelawny of the 'Wells,'" the delightful little comédienne has been a great favourite. Long before London knew her, however, she was the pet of playgoers in Australia (where she was born); and when she toured the Colonies last spring her countryfolk welcomed her right royally. She is back in London now, looking fresher and younger than ever. Miss Pattie Browne owns a beautiful white and tan collie, called "Dinnet."

'SPECT SHE GROWED.

I cannot say when Topsy Sinden was born. She has always been so graceful that you expect her to have "growed," like the little nigger-girl in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." As she danced at Daly's in "A

MISS TOPSY SINDEN.

Gaiety Girl" the other day she looked quite a girl; yet it is over twelve years since I first saw her—when she was figuring as the miniature vivandière in "The Old Guard." She began to amuse us when she was just six. Since then she has rarely been "resting." Her brother, Bert Sinden, is, like herself, a very clever dancer.

Photo, by Ellis and Walery.

MISS VINCENT AND MISS BRANDRAM AS JOSEPHINE AND LITTLE BUTTERCUP IN "H.M.S. PINAFORE."

A SAVOY VETERAN.

An outstanding figure at the Savoy, ever welcomed by that younger generation which is usually intolerant of the goddesses of yesterday, Miss Rosina Brandram increases her charm with the passing years. Her talent is inherited, for her father, the late Samuel Brandram, was an admirable elocutionist. At the age of eight, Miss Brandram, who was then staying in Italy, discovered that she had a beautiful voice. She was trained by Signor Nava at Milan, and Mr. Frank Romer in London. She joined Mr. Carte's company in 1877, making her first appearance as Lady Sangazan in "The Sorcerer." Since then she has been rarely out of the bill at the Savoy, appearing in nearly every production there, except "The Nautch Girl," and one or two of the more modern productions.

A SAVOY RECRUIT.

Miss Ruth Vincent is comparatively a newcomer, and, curiously enough, she entered her Savoy career under the especial tutelage of Miss Brandram, for her first appearance was as Kate, the niece of Dame Carruthers (so admirably played by Miss Brandram), in "The Yeomen of the Guard" revival the other year. Miss Vincent-Bunn (for that is her full name) comes of an old Norfolk family. She was trained by Mr. Fred Walker, R.A.M., and is just two-and-twenty.

THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED ACTRESS.

Miss Marie Studholme has probably been photographed in more disguises than any other actress, for she figured as the model

Photo. by W. and D. Downey.

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME AS ALMA SOMERSET IN "A GAIETY GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

of scores of Mr. Downey's photographic "studies." At first she was mainly noticeable as an exceedingly pretty woman. But she took to the stage with enthusiasm; and has developed into a very good prima donna in Mr. George Edwardes' companies, both in the provinces and in London.

Photo. by Elliott and Walery.

MR RICHARD TEMPLE AS DICK DEADEYE AND MR. LYTTON AS THE CAPTAIN IN "H.M.S. PINAFORE."

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

Only one artist has appeared in all the three revivals of "H.M.S. Pinafore" (1878, 1887, and 1898); Mr. Richard Temple, to wit. He is fifty-two years old, and made his first professional appearance in 1869. In 1877 he began his career with the Gilbert-Sullivan-D'Oyly Carte cycle; and ever since he has been available for that wonderful combination, even although he is sometimes for years out of the bill. His son Richard is a clever operatic singer, married to Miss Evie Greene. Mr. Temple himself has trained many a beginner; and is an excellent stage manager.

MR. H. A. LYTTON.

Mr. Lytton, who is shown in the picture with Mr. Temple, is the most all-round man that has appeared at the Savoy for years—a beautiful dancer, a fine elocutionist, a graceful actor, and a very good singer. He began life as an engineer, and for many years played leading parts in Mr. Carte's provincial companies. He has recently blossomed out as a manager, for he is running Mr. George Arliss's farce, "The Wild Rabbit," at the Criterion.

A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN.

Miss Maxine Elliott is probably the most beautiful actress that America has sent us. She came to us first with Mr. Daly. Since then she has learned to act as well as to look beautiful, and has married Mr. Nat Goodwin, who has bought her a palatial house, Jackwood, at Shooter's Hill, apparently as if he meant to settle permanently in our midst. Miss Elliott's sister, Gertrude, is even more clever than Maxine as an actress.

Photo. by Bushnell, San Francisco.

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT.

To The Willow.

THOU ART TO ALL LOST LOVE THE BEST,
THE ONLY TRUE PLANT FOUND,
WHEREWITH YOUNG MEN AND MAIDS DISTRESSED,
AND LEFT OF LOVE ARE CROWNED.

WHEN ONCE THE LOVER'S ROSE IS DEAD,
OR LAID ASIDE FORLORN,
THEN WILLOW GARLANDS 'BOUT THE HEAD,
BEDEWED WITH TEARS ARE WORN.

WHEN WITH NEGLECT THE LOVER'S BANE,
POOR PAWNS REWARDED BE,
FOR THEIR LOST LOVE THEIR ONLY GAIN
IS BUT A WREATH FROM THEE.

AND UNDERNEATH THY COOLING SHADE,
WHEN WEARY OF THE LIGHT,
THE LOVE-SPENT YOUTH AND LOVE-SICK MAID
COME TO WEEP OUT THE NIGHT.

HERRICK.

THE MOTOR-POACHER.

By A. S. APPELBEE.

THERE was no question that the Sergeant felt distinctly happy. He had won eighteenpence at nap, and, as he put it, he had liquidated the debt; he had possession of his favourite armchair at the club; his cigar had a special piquancy from the fact that he had not had to pay for it. When the hour for going home drew near the Sergeant gave utterance to a huge guffaw, and called for silence with his mighty voice.

"Genelmen," he said, "you are telling steep tales in a way that clears the groun' for me. The motor-poacher made me look rather foolish at the time, especially as the case did not turn up till five years after I was qualified for a pension, and might be expected to know better. I say I was a fool, and that is why I talk uncommon little about it, but still every word I am going to tell you is as perfec'ly true as the Gorspel, and the oldes' orf'cer is liable to make mistakes. I have heard something like that before, I think, though I can't 'zactly recall where.

"I first got mixed up with the motor-poacher through a man by the name of North-eye. That was, of course, because he looked two ways at once. When you thought you had got him fixed up looking at you square, ten to one his other eye was skeering aroun' all up the street. His proper name was West, and he was a poacher's receiver—one of those fellows what go between the man in your preserves and the shopkeeper in the town, for if you did away with middlemen and shopkeepers ready to take a risk for a double profit there would be precious little poaching. When there was anythink special on, North-eye would take a hand himself, but for the most part he kep' out of the way.

"He was a 'cute 'un, and had never been nabbed till I had him for a trifling offence—clearing some hen's eggs out of an open out-house—and he did not relish it a little bit.

"'It 's all right, North-eye,' says I, to console him, 'it 's not a hanging job, but it is a job to bring before the beaks, so come along!'

"'Cert'nly,' says he, 'seein' I can't help it; but look 'ere, a smart orf'cer like you ought to be picking up bigger cases than this—mere bits of burds'-nesting. Now, you let me go, and I 'll put you on to the case of the day, orf'cer, one that 'll make you remembered as a special sorter Sergeant when there 's promotion knocking aroun."

"'You 're a scoundrel,' says I, 'trying to give somebody away; but is it straight?' For it was a long time since I had done anythink, and I reckoned that as I should meet him again I could count on his being square.

"'Straight,' says he.

"'Done, then,' says I, loosing his arm.

"Of course, it was all against orders, but what 's the use of too much orders? The public wants the thieves nabbed, and the Chief wants nothing but orders followed. The smart orf'cer is the one that can draw the best line between them two—catch the thieves and keep right with the Chief at the same time.

"Well, it seemed North-eye knew of a big poaching do coming on at Fenton Court, which he would give away for the sake of his own liberty. Fenton Court is where Squire Fayes died a year before, and is just beyond the line where my

proper work ended. The old man used to preserve very strick. He had no family, you may remember, only one daughter, who married the present Squire, Mr. Whittington-Fayes. This was jus' about the time the new Squire was coming home, and North-eye's set had had a fine time of it during the twelve months that a woman had been in charge. None of us had seen the new Squire, but I s'pose North-eye and his gang of rarscals counted on one more good haul anyhow before the new man showed 'em whether he was a fool or no.

"It was to take place on a Thursday, and on that very afternoon Johnson, the P.C. at the Singleton Station, this side of Fenton, gave me the noos that the Squire was 'spected home that day. The night was clear and never quite dark, and you bet I was up to time, p'rading roun' the outskirts of the park as keen as a terrier. I went single-handed, for I meant having all the credit of this job to myself, even if I only brought back one of 'em in consequence; and while poachers do get violent sometimes, they won't risk a swing if it can be helped, especially for a man of my size."

Pausing for breath, the Sergeant leaned back in a chair that groaned under his weight, and with a yawn he stretched his hands some six and a half feet apart, in a manner threatening to the buttons down the middle of his capacious chest. His appearance suggested that the poacher might never survive to the swinging stage.

"I don't mind if I do have one more," he resumed. "Your good health, genelmen! As I was saying, I had not waited many minutes when I heard shots fired on the top side of the mansion. There are a number of covers that way, towards King Charles's Road, and I started cautiously for them. When I had gorne about half a mile I reckoned I must be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the poachers, for the night was uncommon still. I was walking roun' a spinney with a ring fence to it, listening carefully, when all of a suddin I came right upon a man with a gun, walking by himself in the opposite direction.

"'Hallo,' says I; 'now, what may your business be here, I should like to know? A bit of quiet poaching, eh?'

"'Well,' says he, quite easy-like, 'you would hardly know me, my man. My name is Whittington-Fayes, and I just warnt to come acrorss some fellers what are making free with my birds. What is your name, keeper?'

"It was rather too dark, you understand, for him to see my uniform. He was wonderful pleasant spoken.

"'Beg parding, I'm sure, no keeper, but Sergeant Girdlestone, your Worship,' says I, for he was a beak. 'I would have knowed your Worship if you had not only come home to-day.'

"'Very well,' says he. 'You did quite right, Sergeant. I shall not forget. Now listen. There is a man dodging me round this spinney, which is a large one. You slip round the fence this way while I go the other, and I fancy one of us will come acrorss him before we meet at the top. I will give you a sovereign if you hold him till I get to you.'

"'Never fear, Sir,' says I, 'but what I shall hold him.' And so we parted, each hugging the fence, and me thinking how uncommon lucky I had been to get a interduction to the noo Squire like this.

"I went on quietly up the slope, and sure enough before I reached the top I heard footsteps approaching. I stepped back into the fence, and waited so as not to alarm the man, although in doing so my foot went into a rabbit-hole, and I had a job to keep up. I should say the fence was made of brambles. Jus' as he passed me I stepped out and put my hand on the man's shoulder."

Suiting the action to the word, the Sergeant extended his digits. As a pianist, he would have had a reach of about an octave and a half.

"'Come along of me,' says I.

"'What the thunder do you reckon you're at?' says he, trying to squirm.

"Now, it is no use a man trying to squirm with me. He was pretty strong; but, bless you! he was like a baby.

"'It's no use, young man,' says I. 'I'm a p'leeceman, and Squire Fayes

himself is waiting to see you at the top of this bank. So come along of me.'

"'Who?' says he; and I thought he seemed very quiet-like all of a suddin.

"'The new Squire — a cove named Whittington-Fayes,' says I. 'I saw him two minutes ago. So you may as well chuck it and come quietly.'

"'Oh! The devil you did!' cries he. 'Well, my name is Whittington-Fayes; and you did not see me, you thick-headed dolt!'

"'Don't try that game on me,' says I. 'You can't bluff me, young feller. The Squire is walking round this very spinney — the real Squire. He'll be here in a brace of shakes, and then we'll see who you are.'

"'Why, you dunder-headed old fool,' says he, 'I'm the new Squire, man. I've just been looking after some poachers who were here a minute ago. Are you dreaming or drunk?'

"'It's no go,' says I. 'You can't both be the new Squire, so jus' you walk round with me till we find which is the right one. Besides, if you are the real Squire Whittington-Fayes, you will be glad to meet the other one, won't you?'

"I turned my light on him at this, for you understand it was too dark to see a man. I was rather took aback a bit when he said—

"'Cert'nly, I *should* like to see him, orf'cer, so slip along, and do not waste time.'

"We started to walk at a fair pace, and soon reached the top of the bank. I 'spected every minute to meet the right Squire, but we did not run on to him, and after a time my prisoner began to get narsty.

"'What about that Squire, p'leeceman?' says he; 'that Whittington-Fayes, you old caricatoore in blue?'

"I felt a bit queer, but I made a good show, and says—

"But is it straight?"

"'You come on, and keep quiet. He's a bit farther roun'.'

"We went on without meeting him, and the prisoner got narstier and narstier at every step, till at larst he was what you might call personal.

"'Now then, old fat fossil,' says he,

"He said one or two more things, too, of the kind that we do not repeat in court, and I let him go. He seemed a bit mollified when I pointed out that I had only been trying to do my best for him if he was the right Squire.

"Jus' then we heard another shot,

"We drank whiskies-and-sodas like lords."

'what the flaming blazes do you mean by arresting me—do you hear, arresting *me*? We have just come back to where we started from.'

"'I'm afeerd there 's something in it—something wrong,' says I.

"'Something wrong, you idiot, I should just think there is something wrong!' says he. 'Jus' let me go at once!'

rarther higher up King Charles's Road, and we started off together, quite sociable-like in a minute, in the direction where the shot had come from. In point of fack, Sirs, afterwards the Squire was always a very good frien' to me; he said I was so honest. We spent a long time searching aroun', for the preserves were very big, but we never found the sign of a poacher, nor

never a whiff of anything like one. It seemed like hours of hunting, and it was all for nothing.

"At larst the new Squire had had enough of it, me being three parts dead, for he was young, and most uncommon active. He said he was going home for a drink and a smoke, and I did not altogether say 'No' when he arsked me to go along with him. We went and sat in a tremenjous dining-room, I s'pose it was, and drank whiskies-and-sodas like lords, until by the time I started to tramp home it was getting near morning, and the Squire was quite jocular about his arres'.

"I had five miles to go, and by the time I was clear of the Whittington-Fayes groun's there was plenty of grey light climbing up in the eas'. I walked gently along the high-road, the light increasing at every step, until I was about a mile from the park gates. There I saw an unusual obstacle in the road, and went on at a leisurely pace to see what was the matter. The affair was the furst motor-car, in point of fack, that I had come acrorss. It was one of the carriage kind, like you may see plenty of now, with a seat in front, and a large space at the back, on which a number of sacks were piled up, and in the misty light there looked to be a man lying on the top. The affair was standing still, and there was another man down at the side, doing something underneath. Jus' as I got within hearing, he shouted out—

"'She's cured now, George. Shove her along—we are late.'

"'Half an hour lorst through this cursed tinkering,' replied the man on the box.

"At the same moment, jus' as I was drawing near them, the affair snorted once or twice, and began to move slowly forward. The stooping man raised his head, and sprang on to the machine, climbing up at the back beside the man who was already there. The man lying down looked up in my direction, and the recognition was what you might call mootual. It was North-eye.

"*By-by, Sergeant.*"

"At the same moment it came acrorss my mind that I knew the voice of the man who had been stooping down. He was the one with the gun what had bounced me into letting him give me the slip roun' the Squire's spinney in the middle of the night.

"'Hi!' I yelled, starting to run after the grunting machine, and looking at North-eye, 'Hi! Pull up harf a minute. I warnt to speak to you partic'lar.'

"North-eye turned and spoke to the other man, but the car went slowly on, with me running behind, rather short of breath. The other man turned himself round, and sat on a bag, and said—

"'Nex' time you warnt a good thing, ole chap, you'll know better where to pick up a tip, won't you now? You won't be so ready to think a feller wants to split on his pals. And when you get the tip, you won't be quite so ready to waste your valuable time prowling about on the wrong side of a big game estate, jus' because of a few stray shots, whiles we fellers are making a clean sweep the other side, will you? And when you catches the pore cove who is following you to let orf shots for the benefit of the force, as they may be wanted, you won't turn him loose, and call him "Your Worship," will you, for your own sake, you know? Ha! Ha! Ha! By-by, Sergeant. Give her her head, George.'

"I had run behind the thing till I could very near touch the rarscal's legs, but at this point the driver turned a handle, and the machine gave a splutter and a fizzle, and went away from me at about thirty miles an hour up the Birmingham road. It was almost out of sight before I could stop running and find wind enough to think of an answer."

The Sergeant paused, and that answer was evidently still in readiness.

"Were they caught?" I ventured by way of a diversion.

"Caught!" said the Sergeant. "Caught! No. The p'leece force are not a lot of bally machine experts. With that turn-out they might have sailed past a regiment of coppers, every man of which would have stopped them if they had been on an ordinary cart. They only used a motor because the thing was noo, and they guessed every fool would turn and gape after them, and think they were trying 'sperimental speeds with a load when there was nobody about. But you should have seen some of the shops after. They fairly reeked of birds, they was that full."

The Sergeant was overcome at the recollection, and we left him to simmer down.

SEASIDE RESORTS: PAST AND PRESENT.

Illustrated from Photographs by F. Frith and Co., Reigate, and from Old Prints.

"IT is the fashion," wrote Thackeray in "The Newcomes," "to run down George IV.; but what myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing Brighton." The numbers of thankful people, not Londoners alone, must be increasing, for with the rapid growth of travelling facilities seaside towns have shown a proportionate progress in affluence and influence.

The possibilities of tourist entertainment have been grasped by far-seeing and enterprising public men, with the result that the mere coast hamlet of yesterday is now in many cases the modern city of palaces, adding to its natural attractions every amusement that an artificial metropolitan society craves even in its retreat from the capital.

BRIGHTON IN THE REGENCY DAYS.

In 1782 the Prince Regent found Brighton a small bathing-place, which persons of fashion, acting on the advice of Dr. Russell, had begun to visit. Thirty years before his advent it was but a meagre town, inhabited by about eight hundred poor fishermen. About 1770, however, Londoners had given it some recognition, and in that year we find Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, and Fanny Burney among the visitors. When the Regent, in 1784, established a permanent summer residence at Brighton he laid the foundation of its present fortune.

Description of modern Brighton is almost superfluous, for who does not know its four miles of splendid sea-front from Kemp Town on the east to Hove on the west. Passing from Kemp Town westward along the sheltered under-cliff drive, so genial for invalids that it has been styled "Madeira," one finds spacious halls and covered walks. Nearer the sea runs the electric railway, connecting with the original sea-going car which plies to Rottingdean. Close to the site of the old Chain Pier, now vanished in favour of a fine modern structure, shortly to be completed, is the famous Aquarium, the most extensive of its kind in the world. The West Pier, not far short of a mile in length, has promenading space for 2500 persons, with a fine pavilion for musical and other entertainments. The Dome and the Pavilion are household words. The latter, the Regent's pleasure house, was begun in 1784 and finished in 1827. Public distaste of the lavish outlay which

it demanded was voiced by Byron in the lines—

> Shut up—no, *not* the King but the Pavilion,
> Or else 'twill cost us all another million.

Since 1850 the scene of so much royal gaiety has been the property of the Brighton Corporation, and the rooms, which still preserve much of their old splendour, are used for entertainments and public meetings. A fine water supply, excellent sanitation, architectural magnificence, and splendid accommodation, combine with situation and a dry, bracing climate to make Brighton the first watering-place of the world. All the year round it is well patronised, but the aristocratic season is from October to December. Then the scene at "Church Parade" upon the beautiful lawn at Hove is as brilliant as Rotten Row on the Sunday after Ascot. July to October is the bathing season

BRIGHTON FROM THE PIER.

Among the other watering-places of that famous Sussex coast, Hastings and St. Leonards hold a position in point of importance about midway between Brighton and Margate. The climate of Hastings varies with different altitudes, which consequently greatly increases its value as a health resort. The death-rate is exceedingly low, and the place is considered very beneficial for chest diseases. Although by no means a roaring watering-place, Hastings provides plenty of recreation of every kind — musical, dramatic, and aquatic. Pleasure-steamers make trips along the coast and across the Channel during the summer months. The parade of Hastings and St. Leonards is quite as fine as that of any other watering-places of the South. Cricket and golf, tennis and archery, may be enjoyed. During the hunting season the East Sussex hounds meet within easy distance. Among the beauties of the town there are to be reckoned the Alexandra Park and Gardens, ornamented with miniature lakes. There are two piers on which the visitor may enjoy the invigorating sea breezes. For quieter people, who really desire to enjoy the sea and the fine country inland, Hastings and St. Leonards offer peculiar advantages.

HASTINGS FROM THE PIER.

Of newer growth is Eastbourne, but this younger member of the great Sussex family of watering-places can hold up her head as proudly as any of her sisters. Sixty-two miles from London, and three miles north-east of the romantic steep of Beachy Head, the town is one of the finest and most healthful resorts of the South coast. Charmingly situated on the South Downs, amid the loveliest scenery of Sussex, Eastbourne, with its pure and bracing air, its handsome buildings, and fine streets, fully justifies its rapid rise in popularity.

In the last century, Eastbourne was but a small village, but the late Duke of

THE GRAND PARADE, EASTBOURNE.

Devonshire saw the possibilities of the place, and set to work to develop them. To the present Duke is also due a large share of the credit for the uniform and beautiful arrangement of the modern town. The late Duke bore the whole cost of the esplanade, with its splendid mansions and gardens, its great hotels and boarding-houses. Trees, shrubs, and parterres of flowers everywhere refresh and enchant the eye, and relieve Eastbourne from that dry white glare which is often one of the things to be put up with at the seaside.

Eastbourne rejoices in a very low death-rate, the result mainly of its genial, equable and invigorating climate, and excellent sanitation. Its substratum of sandstone, too, allows the free escape of superfluous moisture. Its record of sunshine is one of the highest for the south coast. Small wonder, then, that the town has become a favourite. Its visitors are and have been distinguished. Here Princess Alice is still affectionately remembered; here Jenny Lind and Tennyson resided. At the Duke of Devonshire's beautiful home, Compton Place, the Prince and Princess of Wales have been not infrequent visitors, his Royal Highness's most recent sojourn having fallen only the other month.

As regards amusements, Eastbourne has always something attractive to offer, both summer and winter. There is boating, bathing, golf, tennis, coaching, pleasure-sailing, two fine theatres, and a music-hall, besides the pier entertainments and the excellent concerts and lectures held in the Town Hall. Open spaces abound, the most beautiful being Devonshire Park, with its splendid Pavilion of iron and glass. Here the promenade concerts and flower-shows are held. But the limits of the present article are too narrow to treat exhaustively of the delights of Eastbourne. Enough, however, has been said to prove its perfect equipment as a home of health and pleasure.

BOURNEMOUTH: A GLIMPSE OF BRANKSOME CHINE.

THE PIER, BOURNEMOUTH.

Before quitting the

south coast let us travel westward, to catch a glimpse of the beautiful evergreen valley of Hampshire where Bournemouth lies embowered. The modern history of this lovely retreat dates from 1802, when several thousand acres of heathland on the shores of the great bay that stretches from Hengistbury Head almost to Poole were planted with firs. These trees now form the magnificent woods which have won for Bournemouth the name of "the town in a pine forest." Bourne, as it was originally called, made its first step towards expansion in 1856, when it applied to Parliament for the powers to elect a Board of Improvement Commissioners. Under this board it prospered for thirty-four years, and the town was incorporated in 1890. In 1861 the population was less than 2000; in 1891 it was 37,781, sufficient proof, surely, of municipal wisdom and enterprise.

But to leave dry statistics for some account of the beauties and delights of the place. The beach, of hard, clean sand, extends for four or five miles east and west of the pier approach. It is exceptionally safe, and possesses the remarkable peculiarity of "double tides," which give the appearance of a constant flood-tide. Here bathing may be enjoyed to perfection. The pier is one of the finest along the south coast, and has a length of about a thousand feet. Pleasure-sailing at Bournemouth is particularly attractive, owing to the ease with which trips can be made to Southampton, Portsmouth, Weymouth, Portland, the Isle of Wight, the Channel Islands, and other centres of interest. The two steam-boat companies often carry 5000 passengers per day.

For inland delights there are the pine woods, the lovely gardens, and the romantic "chines," easily reached by public conveyances. The principal woods are the Talbot Wood, the Branksome Wood, and the Westover Wood, with its famous invalids' walk. The virtue of pine woods in chest diseases is perhaps a commonplace, yet an important and well-established medical fact. The beauty of the woods, with their rhododendron groves, has long been a theme of enthusiastic praise. Branksome Chine, with its chain of miniature lakes, has been celebrated by at least one verse-maker, whose lines, if they lack inspiration, have certainly an inspiring subject. Hotels and boarding establishments are at Bournemouth of the best.

MARGATE JETTY AND FORT.

If there is one seaside place *par excellence* for the Londoner it is probably Margate, which has been famous for its sea-bathing since the middle of the last century. The town has a respectable antiquity, and boasted a wooden pier before the days of Henry VIII. There James I., William III., the first two Georges, embarked and disembarked, Marlborough landed and set sail as he went and came to and from his

campaigns, and in 1863 Princess Alexandra of Denmark anchored off the town, which offered her the first municipal congratulations of her adopted country. About the year 1790 a huge impetus was given to Margate by the ingenuity of one of her sons, who invented the bathing-machine. Since then the attractions of the town have steadily increased, until the annual number of visitors is now at least 100,000. Railway and steamer service has made Margate practically a suburb of London.

WEST CLIFF, RAMSGATE, IN THE 'FORTIES.

Margate, situated on the north of the Isle of Thanet, is built upon the slope of two hills and along the low ground at their base. It is well laid out with good streets. There is a sea-wall of about a mile in length. Marine Terrace, Royal Crescent, Marine Drive, and the Parade are favourite promenades. The "Fort" is also a fine promenade eastward of the town, with a green and band-stand. This part of Margate is now called Cliftonville. A handsome pier of Whitby stone, forming a grand promenade, was built in 1815. In 1854 the famous "Margate Jetty" was erected as a parade and landing-place for steamers at all tides. It has since been considerably enlarged, and is completely

RAMSGATE BEACH IN THE SEASON.

equipped with pavilion, bandstand, and kiosks. Every form of diversion that the ingenuity of watering-place directors can devise flourishes here, justifying the name of "Merry Margate." The bracing qualities of Margate air need only be tested to be appreciated. Many a fagged City toiler with hand or brain, running thither for a few days' respite, comes back a veritable "new man."

With Margate mental association at once connects Ramsgate, famous also among the Thanet watering-places. It stands four miles south south-east of Margate. There is an old and new town, the older portion occupying a depression of the chalk cliffs. The new town has fine crescents and terraces overlooking a splendid ocean prospect, and is perfectly equipped as a bathing-place, for which recreation the sands, which stretch as far as Broadstairs, are specially adapted. The railway is so close to the beach that visitors are set down practically upon it. From the station the Granville Marina slopes east, and then sweeps westward by a gradual ascent to the summit of the east cliff. The promenade pier and Ellington Park are among the notable attractions of the town. Four years ago a great improvement was completed by the opening of a new road along the sea-front. This connects the quay by gradual ascents with the east and west cliffs. The air, the sea, and the general convenience and pleasantness of Ramsgate amply justify its popularity.

ON THE BEACH AT BROADSTAIRS.

Broadstairs, Ramsgate's beautiful neighbour, possesses advantages of climate and situation as considerable as any of the Kentish watering-places. It prides itself on having retained its delightful old-world flavour, which Dickens has so well portrayed in "Bleak House," and it has never courted the swift spirit of modernity which has swept all before it at other seaside resorts. Therewith Broadstairs has retained its charm, and has found its reward, for the tide of fashion has not left it in neglect. Though quiet, Broadstairs is not dull—it possesses pleasant sands, a remarkable old pier, and the country inland is charming for cycling, driving, and walking. There are fine orchestral concerts, and the residential facilities, public and private, leave nothing to be desired. The Grand Parade and the Victoria Gardens are favourite resorts.

To take a long flight northwards, some account of Scarborough, the Queen of northern watering-places, will make an appropriate conclusion to the present article. Scarborough as a spa dates from about the year 1620, when Mrs. Farrer discovered the mineral springs. No long time elapsed until it became popular with the gentry of the county, but it was not until seventy years after the discovery of the springs that anything approaching to a pump-room was erected. Primitive, however, as the building, a mere wooden contrivance, was, it speedily became a popular morning lounge, where the visitors found diversion in the quaint personality of Dicky Dickinson, the first governor of Scarborough "Spaw." Dicky was a shoemaker and a vendor of gingerbread, and

is said to have been a living proof of the variety of nature's works. The old spa-house was destroyed by an earthquake in 1737, and for a considerable time the springs were lost. Diligent search, however, was made for them, and a more pretentious pump-room was erected. This room, to which the visitors descended by a long flight of steps, is described by Smollett in "Humphry Clinker." Earthquake, storm, and fire destroyed successive spa-houses, including the fine building erected by Sir Joseph Paxton in 1858. The new Spa, which was opened in 1880, includes a grand hall which will hold three thousand persons, a theatre visited by first-class companies, billiard, reading, and reception rooms. It is altogether an admirable centre for the pleasure-life of the place..

OLD SCARBOROUGH SPA.

Scarborough of to-day is a creation of the last half-century. The town stands on the north and south sides of a rocky promontory, upon which the historic castle is built. The old town is on the north, the new town on the south side. The new town is divided from the west by a ravine, the two sides of which have been laid out as a public park. The ravine is spanned by handsome bridges. There is an ornamental pier about a thousand feet long, on which is the usual pavilion and band-stand. Among the more recent improvements in the town are the Clarence Gardens and the Royal Albert Drive. All the customary amusements of a seaside centre abound at Scarborough, but they are, as would be expected, of a somewhat higher order than in places more intimately dedicated to the cheap tripper. Rightly to catch the tone of Scarborough society one has but to see the brilliant throng which morning, afternoon, and evening during the season frequents the lower promenade opposite the Spa.

One of the most charming features of Scarborough is that part of the sands known as the "Children's Corner." By general consent this retreat, which lies under the South Cliff, and is protected by the wall of the Spa, has been dedicated to little people. Here they gather and enjoy themselves to the full, often running a close race with the swiftly incoming waves. The sands of the North and South Bays constitute an ideal playground for children; cricket-matches are frequently played upon them, and merry troops of riders on horses and donkeys canter in every direction.

South of the Spa are the fine Holbeck Gardens, from which there is a splendid view across the bay in the direction of the castle. In these gardens the visitor who seeks quiet in which to enjoy the natural beauties of his holiday resort will find his heart's desire. From this we may pass easily to the Esplanade above Spa Cliff, where the most fashionable crowd assembles. The beauty of the outlook from this promenade is held to compensate for its shorter extent. Here, on Sunday mornings, there is a "Church Parade" that recalls the most fashionable moment of Brighton.

Space would fail us to describe in detail the Aquarium, the Museum, the Exhibition, and other resorts of Southern Scarborough. A glance, however, must be taken at the North Bay, where excitement, life and gaiety, which on the south hold uninterrupted sway, have given place to quiet and unconventionality. Here you may find elbow room; here you are out of the

hurly-burly, free to enjoy at your leisure capital bathing and refreshing sea views. Here the sounds of Nature are rivalled only by an occasional band performance; here, if you are a quiet man, or suffer from jaded nerves, you will find the peace you crave. A new marine drive, however, and a revolving tower have already brought some touch of a giddier world to the North Bay, and in time it seems as if the popular voice will claim this retreat also for its own. So much the better, of course, for North Bay people, who cannot be blamed for wishing to attract visitors in the greatest possible numbers.

Whether the visitor be a professed antiquary or no, he will not fail to visit the interesting remains of Scarborough Castle, one of the most picturesque ruins of our northern coast. It is believed that the keep was built in the year of William the Conqueror; it may, indeed, have been the work of that monarch himself. It has several times been altered and enlarged, and seems to have been rebuilt by Henry II. It has seen many sieges, and many grim deeds have been perpetrated within its walls. Among its famous prisoners was George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, who lay here for twelve months from 1666. During "the '45" the Castle was put into a temporary state of repair, but has since been allowed to moulder to its present condition of picturesque ruin. The tottering keep is now the only considerable remnant.

SCARBOROUGH SPA OF TO-DAY.

'TIS · NOW · THE · VERY · WITCHING · TIME · OF · NIGHT :
SHAKESPEARE
A. BAUERLE

MISS KATE CUTLER,

As a Seventeenth Century Beauty.

Portrait by Lallie Garet Charles.

PRINTED BY OXFORD SMITH, LTD., ST. ALBANS.

A Mass House in Moorfields

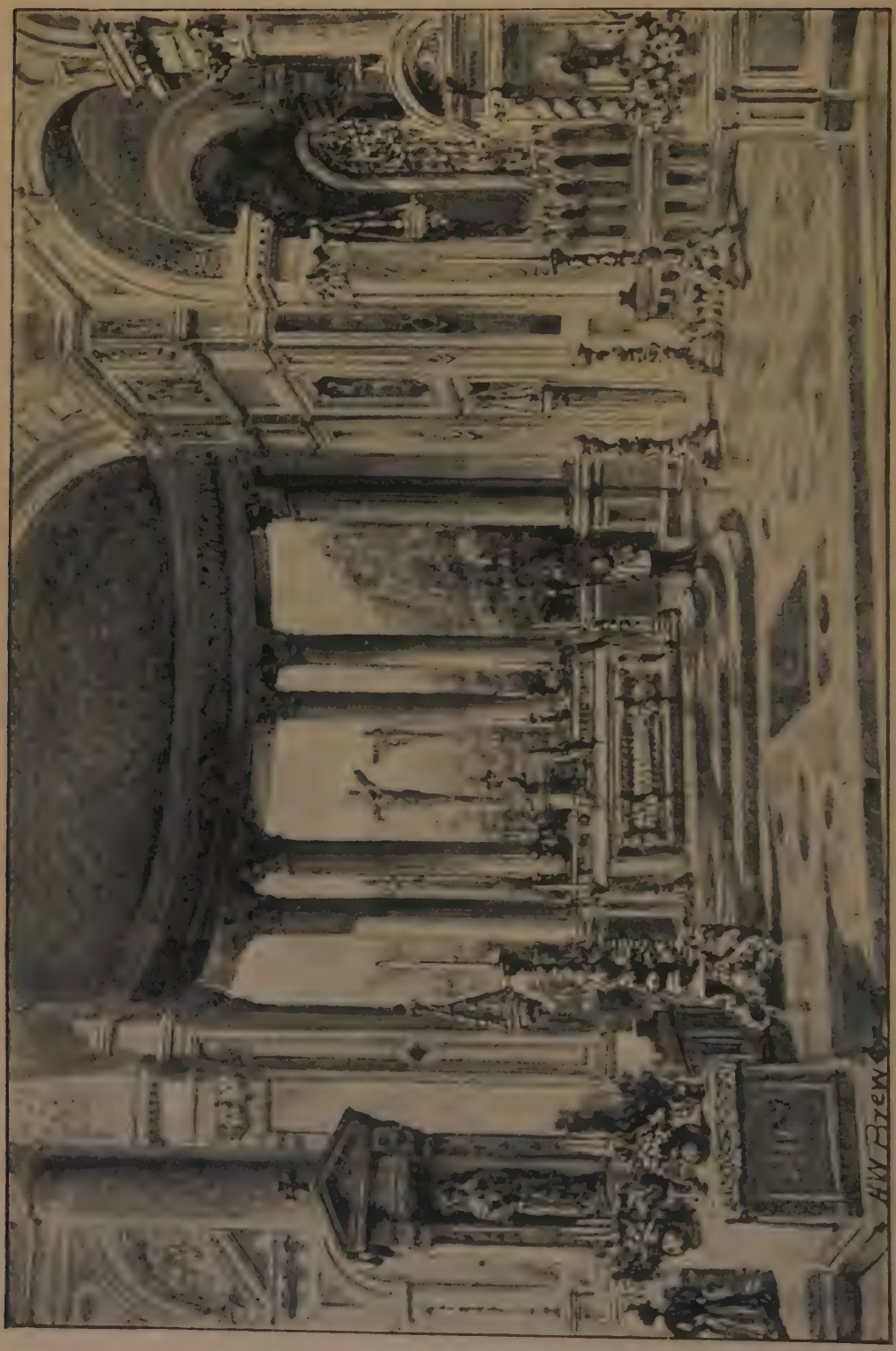
By Scott Damant

"TWO Romish priests were taken out of a private Mass-house near Moorfields to be dealt with according to law." So we read in the "Universal Museum" under date of Oct. 21, 1765. As a matter of fact, there had been not one, but two Mass-houses situated in Ropemakers' Alley, Moorfields, at least twenty-nine years prior to that date. The probability is there had been an illicit chapel there for an even longer period, but existing records prove that at all events since 1736 there has always been some place in the vicinity of Moorfields where the adherents of the Roman Catholic religion might meet for worship. Since 1820 that place has been the stately and imposing church dedicated to St. Mary.

No wonder, then, that when, in the spring of the current year it became generally known that St. Mary's, Moorfields, was doomed, and that the ground upon which it stands had actually been sold, a feeling almost approaching consternation was experienced in Catholic circles. Many, whose sympathies are far from being with the form of religion taught and practised at St. Mary's, have expressed considerable regret that what has become quite a historical landmark will soon cease to exist.

The demolition of Anglican churches in the City has gone steadily on, although the process has been stayed very considerably, thanks to the efforts of the Society for the Protection of City Churches, of which Mr. H. C. Richards, Q.C., M.P., is the most eloquent champion. But although several Anglican churches have been razed to the ground, many more remain; St. Mary's, on the other hand, is the only Catholic church actually situated within the City. Moreover, whereas, owing no doubt to their plentifulness, the services at most of the City churches of the Establishment are very scantily patronised, those at St. Mary's are comparatively well attended. That the church has not been so well attended recently as it was in years gone by is only natural, considering the multiplication of Catholic churches in all the many suburbs surrounding the great Metropolis; none the less, it has remained the centre of much religious activity, and its day schools have more scholars now than they had twenty years ago.

There are few churches in all London occupying a more commanding situation. Facing Liverpool Street, it is in the immediate vicinity of Broad Street Station, the terminus of the North London Railway; Liverpool Street Station, the terminus of the Great Eastern Railway; and Bishopsgate, one of the busiest stations on the Metropolitan Railway. Indirectly it is its proximity to this latter station that has proved its undoing. When, in 1874, the Metropolitan Railway was extended from Moorgate Street to Bishopsgate, Finsbury Circus and West Street were tunnelled under. Finsbury Circus is at the rear of St. Mary's, and West Street runs parallel with its south side, and the



INTERIOR OF ST MARY'S, MOORFIELDS

tunnelling so shook the foundations of the church that the railway company was obliged to solidly underpin or build new foundations under the walls and pillars of the church. Unfortunately, it was not then considered necessary to compel the company to underpin the walls of the vaults under the church on which the flooring of the sacred edifice rests.

In these vaults and in the small strip of land adjoining the church repose the bodies of some 5500 Catholics—bishops, priests, and laymen—all of whom were buried there prior to 1853. The coffins are all hermetically sealed, and no protest has ever been raised against their existence from a sanitary point of view, but the church was condemned as a public danger in 1895, owing to the walls of the vaults giving way. It was, of course, then much too late to obtain any further aid from the railway company; funds, however, were soon collected to temporarily underpin the vaults with wooden beams, and plans were prepared for substantially completing the work in stone. Then Cardinal Vaughan intervened. Knowing the immense value of the land upon which the church stands, and moved by the pressing needs of Greater London, His Eminence was unwilling to sanction the expenditure of more money upon St. Mary's when funds were so urgently needed elsewhere. As a consequence, although a Catholic gentleman, well known for his charity, generously offered to defray all the necessary expenses, the Cardinal obtained permission from Rome to sell the whole site on which the church, schools, and presbytery at present stand. The sale has now taken place, the sum realised being £202,000, and St. Mary's is to come down, notwithstanding the sentimental reasons in favour of its retention.

And there are sentimental reasons in abundance. It is not merely that the church was opened for worship nine years before O'Connell obtained his Catholic Emancipation Act; not merely that it was the first Catholic Pro-Cathedral in London on the restoration of the hierarchy; far and away its greatest claim to consideration is the fact that so long as it stands it is a living link with the vicariates and a memento of those dark days of the penal times when, hounded from pillar to post, and back again from post to pillar, the ministers of the proscribed religion carried on their sacred calling at the risk of life itself.

The two Mass-houses in Moorfields, of which mention has already been made, were served respectively by Fathers Dillon

STATUE OF THE VIRGIN.

and Fuller, and Fathers Bernard and Dunn. For politic reasons they were known as Messrs. Brown and Thompson's Penny Hotels, Brown and Thompson being the names of the caretakers. Somewhat about the middle of last century the two chapels were amalgamated. Fitted with a spy window and a grating in the door whereat sentinels were placed throughout divine service, the worshippers were fairly secure from outward molestation. But it is an easier thing to fight avowed enemies than traitors within the camp. By the terms

of two Acts passed at the instigation of William of Orange, any priest convicted of having said Mass was liable to be sentenced to death or transportation for life,

ONE OF THE MARBLE ANGELS.

and any informer who secured the conviction of a priest became entitled to a gratuity of £100. To obtain this sum a creature named Payne wormed his way into Catholic society, and professing himself desirous of embracing the Faith, was freely admitted into all the illicit chapels. Having obtained the names of several priests, he made application to Sir William Stephenson, the Lord Mayor, for warrants to arrest them. The kind-hearted Chief Magistrate of the City not only refused the application, but sent privately to warn the incriminated clergy. The worthy Payne then turned his attention to the Surrey side, and with more success, for in the "Universal Museum" of Aug. 23, 1767, we read: "Last Friday, at the Assizes at Croydon, John Baptist Moloney was tried for unlawfully exercising the functions of a Popish priest, and administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to divers persons after the manner of the Church of Rome, where he was convicted and received sentence of perpetual imprisonment."

The following year Payne caused four more priests to be arrested and brought before the Court of King's Bench. Lord Mansfield, who presided, more humane than the law he administered, threw every obstacle in Payne's way, insisting that he should prove, first, that the accused were priests, and secondly, that he had seen them say Mass. These proofs the informer failed to produce, so the four priests were acquitted. The next year Payne shot at higher game. He not only secured the arrest of Fathers Dillon and Fuller, but that of Dr. Talbot, titular Bishop of Bertha and coadjutor to Dr. Challoner, the then Vicar Apostolic of the London District. In his evidence he said: "At the time Sir William Stephenson was Lord Mayor, I was then officer, and hearing of two Mass-houses in the City gates, I went into Ropemakers' Alley. There is a Mass-house there which will hold, I believe, a thousand people. It was on June 2, 1765. I saw this gentleman (Bishop Talbot) dressed in white with a cross on his back, and, I believe, on his breast, with a mitre on his head." Through a fortunate error in the writ of indictment the prosecution had to be abandoned.

On no less than four subsequent occasions were the same Bishop and priests indicted, the last time being Feb. 27, 1771. That was the final prosecution of Catholic clergymen for pursuing their sacred calling in England. The trial took place at the Old Bailey. Payne, never a model of sobriety, was hopelessly confused. He called Father Dillon "Mr. Dilton"; he called Father Fuller "Mr. Fowler"; he could only prove that Bishop Talbot administered Confirmation, not that he said Mass. In disgust, the Public Prosecutor threw up his brief, saying, "My Lord, we despair of being able to make out the charge against the defendants!"

These prosecutions, with their ignominious conclusions, created a feeling of

genuine contempt throughout England, and in 1778 the two oppressive laws of William of Orange were repealed. There were, of course, still many vexatious enactments against Catholics unrepealed. They were still denied all civic rights, and it was not until 1791 that a Catholic school or college became lawful in England. Slight as was the measure of justice meted out to Roman Catholics by the Act of 1778, it roused the ire of certain fanatics, and in 1780 the notorious Gordon riots took place. Catholic chapels throughout London, including even the privileged chapels attached to the Bavarian and Sardinian Embassies, were burnt, and the chapel in Moorfields did not escape. In the "Annual Register" for 1780 it is recorded: "The riots, which were so alarming on Friday evening, partly subsided on Saturday, but on Sunday afternoon, June 4, the rioters assembled in large bodies, and attacked the chapel and dwelling-houses of the Catholics in and about Moorfields. They stripped their houses of furniture, and their chapel, not only of the ornaments and insignia of religion, but tore up the altars, pews, and benches, and made fires of them, leaving nothing but the bare walls." The blind fury of the mob did not stop at injuring property. Father Dillon was getting on in years, and was, moreover, ill at the time, but neither his age nor his infirmities protected him. He was dragged from his bed of sickness, and so brutally mauled and beaten that he died a few weeks afterwards.

With their priest martyred and their chapel ruined, the congregation of Moorfields was indeed in a sorry plight. But its members pluckily put their shoulders to the wheel, and in 1781 took on lease a large house in White Street, Moorfields, which was in existence until quite recently. By 1816 the White Street Chapel had become totally inadequate to meet the needs of the congregation, and the Rev. Joseph Hunt, the rector, called a meeting of the congregation, whereat it was decided to erect a new church. Circulars were issued soliciting contributions, and the appeal was so generously responded to that sufficient money was realised to purchase from the City Corporation and the Fishmongers' Company the freehold plot of ground on which the church, presbytery, and schools of St. Mary's, Moorfields, now stand.

From the Painting by Romney.

BISHOP POYNTER,

Who Consecrated St. Mary's, Moorfields.

On Aug. 5, 1817, the foundation-stone of St. Mary's was laid by the Right Rev. Doctor Poynter, titular Bishop of Halia and Vicar Apostolic of the London district. The term "Vicar Apostolic" having been used, it may perhaps be well to explain that England was, from the Roman Catholic point of view, divided into vicariates from 1685 until 1850. Until 1840 the vicariates were four in number, and the prelates in charge of them were consecrated Bishops of titular sees, and known as the Vicars Apostolic for the

London, Midland, Northern, and Western districts respectively. In 1840 the number of vicariates was doubled, as a preparatory

THE CALVARY.

step to the ultimate restoration of the hierarchy ten years later.

The architect employed was Mr. John Newman, a man well known in his day. The exterior is certainly severe, the internal proportions, however, are excellent. In one respect the church presents an appearance quite unique in this country; that is in the lighting of the sanctuary. The idea was taken from the churches of St. Roche and St. Sulpice, in Paris, the effect being obtained by skylights which remain quite invisible to the congregation. The result is weird and mysterious, but surpassingly beautiful when a sudden ray of sunshine flashes across the wonderful mural painting of the Crucifixion. That painting is the largest of its kind in England, and was the work of Signor Aglio. Three or four years ago, when it was never dreamed that the church would have to come down, this famous picture was practically repainted by Mr. Henry Jacobs, to whom the church is indebted for many other embellishments. The marble steps, columns, and altar were also designed by an Italian, Signor Comulli, the celebrated sculptor of Milan.

The total cost of the building and embellishing amounted to £26,000. This did not include the cost of side altars, the side walls and piers being perfectly plain when, on April 20, 1820, Bishop Poynter consecrated the church. The ceremony was carried on with all the pomp and circumstance usual on such occasions, but nothing like it had been seen in London for over two hundred years. The foreign ambassadors from Catholic countries came in state, there were representatives of nearly all the old Catholic families of England, and the collection realised no less than £632 2s.

When, in 1827, Bishop Poynter died, his body was buried in the vaults directly under the high altar at St. Mary's, but

THE PULPIT.

his heart, enclosed in a case covered with purple velvet, is deposited at the foot of the altar in the chapel of St. Edmund's

College, Old Hall, Ware. Dr. Poynter had been last Prefect of Studies at Douai, and when the French Revolution broke up the English College there, he, in company with many more Douai men, migrated to St. Edmund's, becoming first Prefect of Studies at that College. In a figurative sense, his heart was always with St. Edmund's during the greater part of his life, and it was his desire that it should be literally so when he should be dead. Now it has been arranged that his body shall also be interred at St. Edmund's.

Dr. Poynter's immediate successor, Dr. Bramston, titular Bishop of Usula, who ruled the vicariate from 1827 until 1836, also sleeps at Moorfields. Dr. Bramston was a convert, and in his Protestant days had been a lawyer. His own comment on this fact was characteristic: "Being a Popish priest grafted on a Protestant lawyer, I ought to be a match for the devil." Another good story of this Bishop is apropos of a lady who came to see him with a view to securing his interest in arranging a marriage between her daughter and a mutual friend. Throughout the interview she addressed him as "Mr. Brimston." The good man let the mispronunciation pass till she had quite finished. Then he remarked quietly, "Madam, I see you are making a mistake. My name is not *Brimstone*, and I have nothing to do with making *matches*."

Photo. by Maull and Fox.

THE LATE MONSIGNOR PROVOST GILBERT,
Rector of St. Mary's, Moorfields.

Yet a third Bishop is buried under the high altar at St. Mary's in the person of Dr. Gradwell, who acted as coadjutor to Bishop Bramston, and predeceased him. The body of Dr. Griffiths, titular Bishop of Olena, and Vicar Apostolic of the London District from 1836 to 1847, was also buried at St. Mary's for a short time, pending the erection of the present fine tomb at St. Edmund's. Weber, the famous composer, was also originally buried at Moorfields, but after a few years his remains were removed to Dresden.

It was twelve years after the death of Bishop Bramston that St. Mary's, Moorfields, reached the zenith of its fame. Then the ancient Catholic hierarchy was restored. Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, titular Bishop of Melipotamus, was raised first to the dignity of the Archiepiscopate, and then to that of the Cardinalate, and as first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster made St. Mary's his Pro-Cathedral. He had started his lectures there on "The Truths of the Catholic Faith" as far back as 1836, and when he had mounted to the highest dignity, save one, that is possible in the Church, thousands flocked to hear the great preacher. It was from the pulpit of St. Mary's that he delivered his "Lectures on the Blessed Eucharist," and on "The Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church." Those lectures have become classics, but we who read them miss the impassioned eloquence of the preacher. How forcible yet persuasive a speaker Cardinal Wiseman was can best be gauged when it is recalled that it was after hearing him preach that Lord Macaulay gave vent to his famous exclamation, "There are but two powers in this world—Rome and Babylon." It was the great Cardinal's dearest wish that he should be buried at St. Mary's, but when he died, in 1865, views as to interments in the City had undergone a salutary change, and the

sanitary authorities would not hear of the dead Cardinal's desire being gratified, so nothing remains to remind the visitor at St. Mary's of Dr. Wiseman but a marble slab, with its modest epitaph, composed by himself when in the full vigour of health, and his Cardinal's hat, which, carefully protected by a glass case, hangs on the west wall to the right of the visitor on entering the church.

Other treasured articles at St. Mary's are the famous gold chalice and paten bestowed upon the church by Pope Pius VII. The chalice, which is exquisitely chased and set with precious stones, bears an inscription dictated by the donor. The set was valued, when given, at 10,000 Roman crowns. Dean Fleming, when at Rome last year, looked through the Papal Treasury, where magnificent articles of this kind are kept, and he declares that he does not think he saw any he would exchange for those under his charge.

In 1858 Dr., afterwards Monsignor Provost, Gilbert was appointed rector, and during the thirty-seven years during which he was in charge a great transformation was effected by him in the internal appearance of the church. The beautiful figures in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, and in that of the Holy Family, the striking Calvary group, the two chaste and imposing figures of angels in white marble, the stations of the cross in bas-relief, and four stained-glass windows, all remind one of the loving care bestowed upon the sacred building by Monsignor Gilbert. His funeral, conducted by the Bishop of Emmaus, and attended by about one hundred clergy, was the last great ceremony to take place within St. Mary's.

A more lasting memorial to the work of Monsignor Gilbert is the famous Refuge and Home he started close on forty years ago. The clergy of St. Mary's had long been helped by Sisters of Mercy, who, until 1860, occupied a house in Broad Street. In that year Monsignor Gilbert procured a house in Finsbury Square, with a large stable in the rear, separated from the house by a yard, and opening on to a narrow street appropriately termed Providence Row. The Community moved into the house, and the stable was opened as a Night Refuge on Oct. 7, 1860. At first there were only fourteen beds, but the following February thirty-one more were added, making in all forty-five. The applications for admission so outran the accommodation that within a few years Monsignor Gilbert purchased, at a cost of £7000, the land on which stand the Convent, Refuge, and Home in Crispin Street. At a further cost of £12,000, the present handsome block of buildings was erected. Since 1860 very many thousands of poor and destitute men, women, and children of all creeds have been given nights' lodgings, together with supper and breakfast in every case.

And this refuge will remain when the church of St. Mary's is no more, when the bodies of the faithful departed now resting under it have been reverently removed and buried in some other hallowed spot. That spot, in the case of the bodies of the thirty-three priests and the great bulk of the laity, will be the new Catholic cemetery at Wembley. The remains of the three Bishops will find a final resting-place in St. Edmund's College.

So when all the memories of the trials and triumphs which cluster round St. Mary's, Moorfields, are blotted out by mighty buildings devoted to commerce; when the worship of Mammon reigns supreme on the spot once sacred to the worship of God, the work of the Refuge and Home will still go on. And, after all, that which is in some respects the more essential, remains. The building of churches where necessary is obviously a sacred duty, but if need arise, divine service can equally efficaciously be conducted in a cellar or in a loft just as it was in Moorfields "long time ago." To help the poor and needy, however, is absolutely obligatory, for the command comes from Him who founded the Church: "Feed my sheep."

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VAN DER DYN'S INSPIRATION.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

"I MET Van der Dyn," said the Black Sheep meditatively, as he viewed his neat little feet on the smoking-table, "at a very low sort of place on the confines of the Bowery, New York. Know the Bowery?"

"By repute only."

"Well, and that's enough for any man who wishes to keep out of temptation. Van der Dyn was a fellow of five-and-twenty, with the laugh of a schoolgirl who has just learnt what the word 'flirtation' means. An agreeable enough fellow, too, keep him from cards and 'Mayflower' rum. His predilection for that iniquitous alcoholic composition was one of the points in his character that I never could understand. Not that it matters. Men who are to be read as easily as printed pages are interesting only to women, who soon snap them up and convert them into fathers.

"It was rather strange, and perhaps not altogether flattering, that Van der Dyn took a fancy to me at first sight. I was grovelling around at the time, and ready to do pretty nearly anything for a sound dollar. But I have always maintained that once a gentleman ever a gentleman, and, as you know, we Damingtons can't help to some extent carrying our passports on our faces. A Damington nose, for instance—but, hold hard, I hate prosiness, and if I get on that elevated horse I'll never get off it.

"'Let's spend the evening together,' said Van der Dyn to me after very few words.

"As evenings go, it wasn't a rank bad one. Any Judge on any European bench would decline to lift an eyebrow in reprobation of it in any of its details. But after the evening came the night.

"'Come and have a pipe of sweet fancy with me, friend,' said Van der Dyn, as we hesitated on the curbstone, and I was thinking of my melancholy flea-bitten shake-down in the Irish diggings to which I was then condemned for a few of my sins.

"He meant opium, it seemed. I was easily persuaded, for opium was not then on my list of familiar vices.

"Well, now, I'm not going to describe this particular Bowery hole, because in its main features it was like the ruck of them, which furnish weekly copy to enterprising and very youthful journalists. These young gentlemen seem angelically content to enjoy twenty-four hours' headache and a Satanic amount of remorse for anything from ten-and-six to one-pound-one. Give me oblivion and a coffin rather than fame and ten pounds a thousand words as the sequel to such abominable first steps on the ladder.

"These are my sentiments, at least now that I'm getting an elderly stager, with the 'devil' squeezed out of me. They're safe, if they're nothing else.

"They fixed us up with the pipes and stuff in rather a neat little den furnished in blue plush—quite luxurious for such a place. But Van der Dyn had money, as he soon explained to me.

"'My boy,' he said, when he had smiled very pleasantly at the looks of doubt with which I eyed my little dose of smoke and dreams, 'keep off it a few minutes. You're down in the mouth—a blind horse could see that; and I want to put some pluck in you. I'll tell you how I got the three hundred thousand dollars last year that

I'm playing cock-a-doodle-do with in this present year of grace.'

"I imagine I showed all the interest I felt. Anyhow, I put the pipe on one side. Not so Van der Dyn. He inhaled deeply, and the strangest of expressions came into his eyes as he stared at the ceiling. Then he sighed deeply and turned towards me."

"One merry night in May last year" [he began] "I was so much the ass that I go with my acquaintance Baron Doss to the Fifty Club in St. Stephen's Square, Vienna. You do not know Vienna? Well, it is all the same.

"They play several little games there, and I go all to the bad on baccarat. You see, I by myself was not much, but there was my uncle the financier, a sixteen-quartering man like myself; and Doss, he know well that the Count von Raschkin will not permit a blemish on his dear family pride. It was a sister of my mother that von Raschkin marry. He have no children, and no living wife besides. But he have his money and his pride, and he love antiquities. *Voilà* for my poor uncle von Raschkin!

"But when it come to twenty-five thousand of florins of debt, Doss, the wise rattlesnake, pull at his waxed moustache ends and whisper me to stop. He have doubts if even family pride rise quite so high.

"Stop! Oh, my goodness, how likely!

"Instead of that, I go up to the man who I owe most to, and I say, 'Will you cut cards with me for double or nothing?'

"At first he laugh and say 'No.' But the others push him at it, and so we take a pack.

"Come and have a pipe of sweet fancy with me, friend," said Van der Dyn, as we hesitated on the curbstone.

'The high wins,' I say, 'and *après vous, Monsieur!*' Oh, it was just what was to be expected, for he shows a king and mine is a seven.

"Then I write him a note for fifty thousand florins and go off with a very large hump.

"What to do I know not more than the man in the moon. I sit up all that night till the morning, and then, when I have remembered not one fool that I can skin of so much wool, I fasten my mind on my uncle von Raschkin in his lonely house.

"Then I take my coffee like a mad fellow, and read the paper and learn how a common street thief had stole from a bank clerk ninety thousand florins in the Wilhelm Strasse in full daylight. My boy, I envy that thief. And it is while I envy him I think to myself it ought to be more easy for me to do something like that with an uncle than for a common thief to steal and get clear away.

"When I go out, I hate my uncle von Raschkin like a Jew hate pork sausage.

"All the same, I turn my feet towards his house, feeling very much the '*pauvre diable.*'

"I think I see his nose hook upwards when I tell him I want a little trifle of fifty thousand florins, and me with nothing in return—no character, no future, no nothing. The way I snort up the streets and toss my head for rage and hit at the air with my silver-topped stick make a nice picture, I am sure, if someone had known what thoughts were in me, and had followed me all the way.

"But there was no one to know that except just my sweet self, Hermann Van der Dyn.

"And also I did not go all the way in such a temper, for it was, I think, in Blutgasse that I stop and stare at something.

"This something, my good young friend Damington, was a chair—only a chair. But what a chair! What a heavenly imp of a fiend of a chair!

"I shall describe it. It was of dark oak, with pink leather seat, and it have great thick sides with shut-ups to it, only the shut-ups were open when I stand and feel my heart go 'Now, then! now, then! now, then!' as I think and wish. And the shut-ups being open, they show two bright shining steel knives on each side, that are shot from the chair-arms and stand at a charming useful angle towards the person that is not sitting on the pink leather seat of the chair.

"Such lady-like, slender little knives.

I imagine I showed all the interest I felt.

you know, but quite six inches long. And between the points of the knives on the one side and on the other there is not more than another six inches. Look at your own self round the breast and fill up that pretty little picture if you had to sit on the chair and its knives spring out at you.

"Then, Damington, I swear it, I go pale, for I know what I shall do. My uncle von Raschkin was very fat—a large man in all the ways, from the purse to the bumps of pride on his bald head. And I see how that chair might be made for him.

"I bounce into the shop and laugh at the chair and ask the price, and make them shut up the naughty knives so that it is just an innocent pretty old common chair, fit for a bed-room or a study, or where you please. And they explain it all. It come, they say, from a Middle-Age castle where the lord of the castle was very wicked. He arrange the springs and screws so that the next person that sit on it is stuck fast and bleeds dead in ten minutes. It have a name, too—the 'Innspruck Squeezer,' or something like it.

"The more I look, the more I feel it is meant. With von Raschkin dead, I am sure to inherit something, I tell myself. And it was so easy to give him the chair and tell him nothing, and let him commit suicide, and then in the morning write to the papers that he must have forgot himself and all I inform him about the danger of the chair.

"I think it all out while I stand, and the pudding-face shopman feel his cheeks and hope he have a bargain. 'The price?' I say. 'A mere seven hundred florins, most gracious born!' says he. Then I talk of my uncle von Raschkin, and remark that I do not want it for mine own self, but that I know for a solemn fact that the Count will like it.

"At mention of von Raschkin's name it all come out. The pudding-face fool wants no money down, and says it shall arrive in Ferdinands Strasse as soon as I can walk there.

"And so I say 'Very good!' But I make him first show me how the springs do work, and I tell him to send with it two little Persian silk cushions to put at the side, so that my good uncle shall not see the little brass heads. And afterwards I lean on the bridge and smoke a cigar, and wait till the cart with the chair come by. It all work very well so far, for it is the time my good uncle go to the Stock Exchange to make a few thousands, and his man Hans have a great admiration for me because he was required to hold me when I was being made a little Christian baby in the church.

"It was good, I feel, to have the thick-head Hans on my side.

"I whistle as I go to the door just before the cart and chair; and I whistle just the same though I see with my thought the four little deep stabs I have arranged for my uncle, to make sure of his remove to a better world.

"And Hans smile at me, and is sorry von Raschkin is away, and open his eyes like sunflowers when I say I have bought a thing for his master. It was not usual for me to buy things except for myself, you understand.

"Then, between them, they carry the chair into my uncle's favourite room, which was upstairs, looking to the south, and with his bed-cabinet adjacent. And I send the man off with a florin to stop his mouth, saying that I know everything. And Hans he begin to go 'Ach!' and 'Zo!' with admiration of the size of the chair.

"'It shall,' he say, 'be the perfect thing for his worshipful when he rise in the night and want to sit upright for the gout. With the little yellow cushions and all, it might be made for a nobleman that have the gout.'

"Now at these words I cry 'Bravo!' inside me. I agree with Hans, and we lift the chair into von Raschkin's bed-chamber.

"'By-the-bye,' I say then, 'who looks after the room, to clean it and that?'

"'There is the slut Marie,' he say, with contempt. 'She is new three days back—quite a cabbage of a girl.'

"'Very good, my worthy Hans,' I reply. 'Just bid this cabbage girl not touch the chair on any account whatsoever. And you the same, my friend. And now I will sit among the flowers in the conservatory till my uncle return.'

"I sit long among those flowers, so long that I lose patience. But he come at last, with a very white face and bad temper. And, *ciel!* how he open his eyes at me when he perceive me; for he suspect me of many things before this!

"But I have good sense, and I do not bore him very much. I make it seem that I am very anxious to beg him to give me the happiness of accepting the chair. He lift his eyebrows at it, and then at me.

"'A very good specimen of guild work, possibly from Nuremberg!' he say, 'and I expect expensive,' he add.

"'The expense is nothing,' I say back, with a laugh, and I make my bow, laughing more, and say I will leave him, for he look so tired.

"'So tired am I, Hermann,' he reply, with another look at me under his bushy eyebrows, which were grey, 'that I shall not examine my new treasure until the morning. I shall eat my dinner quietly, drink my coffee, and then to bed.'

"And so I go.

"But my uncle he do more than eat his dinner and drink his coffee before he go to bed. He take the pen and make another bit to his will, and Hans and the coachman put their marks to it.

"That is all I know, my good Damington, till I am fetched from the Fifty Club by an express at eleven o'clock to say my uncle von Raschkin is dead.

"How I do tremble as I go to Ferdinands Strasse with the fellow. He know nothing except that the Count is dead.

"But I try to be gay in my heart all the same. It will not do to stammer when it may be the police are watching.

"And so I come on tip-toe on to the stairs, and the thickhead Hans and the doctor meet me up above.

"The price?" I say. "A mere seven hundred florins, most gracious born!" says he.

"'It is his heart that has failed,' said the doctor. 'A sudden fright, I think. That infernal chair is just the thing to have done it.'

"Oh, how I start at the words!

"'You do not mean,' I cry, 'that my poor uncle has seated himself in that ancient instrument of torture?'

"'Praised be the Virgin, no,' reply Hans, as he drop a tear; 'but will your nobility come and look for yourself.'

"This puzzle me, and I wonder a little.

"But not for long; for when I come into the room, with its red Venice swing-

"My uncle's bolster upstanding in the chair, with the four knives stuck into its middle."

lamp in the middle, I see my uncle dead on the bed and his bolster upstanding in the chair, with the four knives stuck into its middle. Von Raschkin's nose look very sharp, and I think he peep at me from under the florin on his left eye. All the same, I exclaim with horror, and inquire what the bolster mean.

"And Hans explain. 'His graciousness like not the bolster,' he say, 'and throw it off once already since the cabbage-headed Marie come. But she remember not and put it on again, and he pitch it on to the place that is nearest, which is the chair. In my own room I hear a click, and then a scream; and when I come, I see his unfortunate Excellency in a heap on the floor, and he breathe no more.'

"While the man say this, I think; and when he stop, I exclaim, with clasped hands and emotion: 'Oh, how glad I am I told him about the horrid thing, or else he might have sat on it himself.'

"There, my little Damington, and now you know how I get my money—with innocence, too. I do not kill my uncle, and he leave me, in the codicil he write in his last hour, three hundred thousand dollars. And if you keep up your heart, you, too, shall have some luck. Now suck away at happiness."

"Such," said the Black Sheep, "was my introduction to Van der Dyn. And his general character was in keeping with this autobiographical portraiture. One of the most agreeable, insensitive—and even generous—rogues it has ever been my good fortune to meet."

A PARISH SCANDAL.

By ATHOL FORBES.

THE Squire of Burgh St. Oslif, in Norfolk, was a very wicked man, and a worthy successor of a long line of the same race, who had burnt, plundered, and pillaged in the good old-fashioned way that one reads of in story-books, and which must therefore of necessity be true.

Had you visited Burgh St. Oslif with a view of inquiring into the Squire's wickedness, and finding out the exact gravamen of the charge, you would have been greeted with a significant shake of the head, and a corresponding elevation of the eyebrows. This combination of gesture meant that its precise nature was too bad for words, especially the words of maiden ladies, who claimed to know all about him.

One bad fact stood out in bold relief, and it was one which modesty permitted them to speak of. It was this. Once, and once a year only, did this unregenerate man go to church, and that one occasion was Christmas Day. This was sufficient of itself to stamp him as unfit for Burgh St. Oslif society. No further evidence was necessary.

Now society in Burgh St. Oslif consisted chiefly of unmarried ladies. This was not their fault. What I mean is, apart from the labouring class, there were very few gentlemen; in fact, they could be reckoned up on the fingers of one hand. There was the vicar, of course, and there used to be a curate, but he did not stay long. He preached a sermon on the Ninth Commandment, and left immediately afterwards. Miss Sparrow said he was a dreadful man, and the proof of this was he once went to a hunt dinner. There was the doctor of the parish, and a retired naval officer, who fought like a churchwarden of the old school against anything and everything the vicar suggested. A new hymn to be learnt by the boys and girls forming the choir was treated as the thin edge of Popery; and when kneeling-pads were introduced, Commander Allditch, R.N., immediately wrote to the Bishop, begging him to save the country from Ritualism, Romanism, and Rationalism, generally spoken of in Burgh St. Oslif society as the three R's. This, together with the scandal which had its incarnation in the Squire, were the stock topics of conversation.

In contrast to the small number of men was the extraordinarily large number of ladies, chiefly elderly spinsters. It was said a young and attractive member of the gentle sex could not live in the place, but would have been pecked to death at once by her older sisters. You see, it was a very peculiar parish. But it is only just to state that the aged female society, as the vicar improperly termed the more active ladies, did a large amount of good. They visited the poor and sick regularly, and it was, indeed, considered to be a valuable sinecure to be a poor person in that little town. The indigent poor were simply overwhelmed with gifts, and the sick were always killed by kindness and over-eating, so the doctor said. There would have been more poor, only there were no houses for them, and the wicked Squire would not build. But what could you expect from such a man?

There was great competition for a cottage when it did fall vacant, for the poor of neighbouring villages had heard of that land that flowed with soup and half-crowns.

One of the most prominent of the Burgh St. Oslif ladies was Miss Blayney, a daughter of a former vicar, and therefore holding an established position in all branches of church work. Next to the Squire's wife, she was the great lady of the place, for the vicar was still a bachelor. She doctored all the babies, showed all the newly married women how to cook and manage their houses, inquired carefully into the state of each person's soul, and generally knew everyone's affairs.

One summer it was arranged to take the Sunday-school children to the seaside, and it fell to Miss Blayney's lot to call upon the Squire for his subscription to this object. In spite of his wickedness, he was liberal and generous in his gifts to everything except certain missionary societies, but, of course, you can expect such objections from so bad a man. An under-current of gossip said that Miss Blayney in olden days had set her cap at the Squire. They had grown up together as children, and were very intimate still. Miss Blayney strongly denied this accusation, and avowed that she never thought of such a thing—that if the Squire had proposed, he would most certainly have been ordered out of the house by her dear papa, the late vicar. But it was noticed that she always called the Squire by his Christian name, and that she raised no objection to his calling her Annie.

Miss Blayney's bosom friend was Miss Lucas, daughter of the Rev. Charles Edward Lucas, rector of Snipe Magna, the adjoining village. The two ladies were about the same age, though the former looked much younger. Snipe Magna was an agricultural parish, pure and simple. There was no society, so Miss Lucas had come to Burgh St. Oslif, and was contented apparently to be patronised by the society she found there. People said she was pushing, and for ever hanging on to the skirts of those above her. Miss Blayney had done much for her friend, socially, but in her heart of hearts Miss Lucas was a veritable *anguis in herba*, and resented her friend's patronage, but she could not do without it. Thus it was that Miss Lucas was a great church worker in another parish, and became a member of the St. Oslif Ladies' Sewing Guild, generally known as the S.O.L.S.G.

One afternoon, it happened that Miss Lucas had to leave the S.O.L.S.G. rather earlier than usual, and in taking a nearer cut through the Priory grounds she came face to face with the wicked Squire.

"Good-day to you," he shouted, as soon as she was within hailing distance; "what is the latest scandal from Snipe Magna or Burgh St. Oslif?"

In an ordinary way, from a common man, she would have resented such impertinence; but she always looked up to birth, and such a thing as snubbing the Squire to his face never entered her mind. She could only blush as he shook hands with her.

"Are you on your way to Snipe?" he inquired, switching the grass with his stick.

"Yes," answered Miss Lucas, with a lisp.

"Well, I am going in that direction. This is the nearest way," and he indicated with his stick an alteration in the route.

"So you are going to take the young brats to Yarmouth this year?"

Miss Lucas smiled; she was pleased at the Squire being so nice.

"I had one of the ladies of the guild at me the other day for a subscription, but I refused to give her anything unless she kissed me," and he went on switching the grass.

"You must be joking, Squire," cried Miss Lucas, in amazement, but she did not know whether she was more pleased than shocked. An idea had struck her, and she whispered to herself the name Blayney, Annie Blayney: oh, what a degraded creature! The Squire laughed boisterously over it.

"Yes, Miss Lucas, one of your ladies," and he chuckled. "What do you say to that?"

"But did—did she really kiss you?" she asked shyly.

"Yes, indeed she did, but I must not tell you her name. I hope you will not mention what I have told you to anyone. She might hear of it, and refuse to kiss me

any more, but I doubled the sum I gave her last year as a recompense," rattled on this wicked Squire of modern time.

"You surprise me," she gasped. "Is she really a member of the S.O.L.S.G.?" she asked, with deep concern on her face.

"She is a prominent member of it," he replied.

"Annie Blayney beyond a doubt," she whispered to herself. Here was news. Here was a chance. Secretly she was pleased. She had just to mention this in

"You must be joking, Squire," cried Miss Lucas, in amazement.

Burgh St. Oslif society, and—well, Annie Blayney was done for, sure enough.

"I am shocked," she said, as the Squire held out his hand to say good-bye; "shocked and pained."

"Now don't tell anyone," said the Squire in a serious tone.

"Certainly not; I would not dream of repeating it," she answered solemnly in her best Sunday-school voice. "But what would the vicar say if he knew?"

"Now, Miss Lucas, promise me again that you will keep my secret. I do not want to have a row with the vicar. It was, perhaps, wrong of me to tell you, perhaps wrong of me to kiss her, but I have known her so long."

"Oh, no; it wasn't wrong of you to tell me. Good-bye, you can trust me. It will remain locked up here," and she indicated a certain part of her blouse.

"Very well. Now remember, I trust you. If my wife heard——"

"But she never will," cried Miss Lucas in a tragic voice (she had once acted in amateur theatricals). "Good-bye."

Next morning, immediately after an early breakfast, Miss Lucas started off at a quick pace for Burgh St. Oslif, and without loss of time was at the pretty little cottage occupied by Miss Blayney. Her heart beat—like a drum it called her to the path of duty which was to expose this scandal as soon as possible. At least, that was the way she regarded the matter. She scarcely gave herself time to get over the ordinary courtesies of greeting, before she blurted out the question—

"Have you got the Squire's subscription for the school treat?"

"Oh, yes," answered her friend, and her assumed innocence of face staggered even Miss Lucas, "and he gave ten pounds this year instead of five pounds as in former years. This, with the few contributions we have, will cover everything, and there is no need to beg for more."

"Oh! will it?" snapped Miss Lucas, who was anxious to get out, now that she was convinced of her guilt, and tell her friends of Annie Blayney's duplicity and wickedness. She would, however, put one more question.

"Did you see the Squire the day before yesterday?"

"Yes," answered Miss Blayney. She coloured somewhat, as she rather resented Miss Lucas's tone, which as a rule was of a subdued and humble character.

"Umph!" muttered Miss Lucas.

"What did you remark?" asked her friend.

"Nothing. Only I must go now. Good-bye, dear," and she was gone.

In her hurry she was soon out of breath, and when she arrived at Miss Sparrow's, it was with difficulty that she could gasp out a request to see this lady. It was still early and the maid said her mistress was not down, but Miss Lucas hastily scribbled a few words on a piece of paper which she bade the maid take up at once to her mistress. In less than three minutes Miss Sparrow appeared in curl-papers and dressing-gown. She was aghast at the story unfolded to her, and she called in her maid to undo and take out the curl-papers while she talked with her informer, of course taking care to mention no names in front of the servant. Certainly that morning Miss Sparrow made a hasty toilet, and together with Miss Lucas, she called in several ladies of the S.O.L.S.G.

They were astonished, but most of them confessed that personally they were not surprised.

Miss Lucas had in a night risen to the very pinnacle of power in Burgh St. Oslif. She accepted seven invitations that morning, and had to decline as many more.

"It was dreadful. If only her poor dear father could have known such a thing! It was enough to make the late lamented Parson Blayney rise from his grave!" So said Miss Ramshaw, but she smiled sweetly on the Squire that afternoon as he passed her in his high dog-cart and waved his whip.

For the culprit, no word was bad enough. Miss Sparrow said they ought to be thankful that a judgment had not fallen upon them before this for having such a creature in their midst. Miss Lucas thought that under the circumstances, they ought to refuse the Squire's ten pounds, and request the vicar to

return it. This opened out another question. Was it not their duty to see the vicar? All agreed that it was. The only drawback was unless they were ready with their proofs he would not believe Lucas had worked herself up to the heroic spirit, and said, in spite of her promise to the Squire, if they felt it was for the good of the parish, she would willingly go with them to the vicar and tell him all. This

She was aghast at the story unfolded to her, and called in her maid to take out the curl-papers while she talked with her informer.

them, for, strange to say, the reverend gentleman did not treat these ladies with the courtesy which they had a right to expect. And sometimes he said very unpleasant things about slander and gossip. So they agreed to let this part of the programme stand over. But Miss declaration was received with murmurs of approval, and someone was heard to say: "The dear child—so good of her."

The next night at a whist-party, Miss Ramshaw confided to Miss Sparrow that she had cut Miss Blayney that day publicly. That she had her family to consider, and

that she was quite sure her mother's cousin, Lady Brown-Windsor, would approve of her action. It was also at the same party arranged that the S.O.L.S.G. should meet

He took down Miss Lucas's statement, and impressed upon her the necessity of being strictly accurate.

a day earlier, and that no notice should be sent to Miss Blayney.

Next day the patience of the ladies gave out, and a deputation, accompanied by Miss Lucas, called upon the vicar and laid the damning facts before him, with a few additions by way of embellishment to the story. Their spiritual pastor did not faint, cry out, or show any signs of emotion beyond a grunt, but then, what could you expect from such a man who went to Masonic banquets and hunted with the wicked Squire? He took down Miss Lucas's statement, impressed upon her the necessity of being strictly accurate, and then bowed them out, promising that he would see to the matter and write to Miss Sparrow. They were disappointed, but still, he might have behaved worse, as Miss Sparrow said.

The same evening, just as the Squire finished dinner, a note was handed to

him, marked "Private and confidential." Opening it, he smiled as he read—

Dear Jary,—Can you call and see me to-morrow after breakfast, in order to settle a matter which is calculated to cause considerable mischief, unless it is at once promptly dealt with?—Yours ever,

EDWARD UPJOHN.

The Squire wrote back—

My dear Vicar,—You can expect me at ten o'clock to-morrow.—Ever yours, GEORGE JARY.

On the day after, Miss Sparrow received a letter from the vicar asking her to come to the vicarage that afternoon at four, and to bring as many members of the Guild as were able to come.

The excitement on receipt of this was indescribable.

A preliminary meeting was held at Miss Sparrow's house at 2.30, at which the sentence about to be passed on Miss Blayney was discussed. All agreed that she must leave the parish before she contaminated others, and various methods were suggested of making her feel the enormity of her crime.

Before four o'clock each member of the S.O.L.S.G. occupied a chair in the large dining-room of the vicarage. When Miss Blayney entered the room, followed by the Squire and the vicar, the excitement was almost too much for them to bear without screaming out. It was noticed that while several if not all the ladies

Just as the Squire finished dinner, a note was handed to him, marked "Private and Confidential."

bowed to the wicked Squire, not one offered any greeting to Miss Blayney, save that of a rude stare. Miss Ramshaw whispered to Miss Sparrow that the culprit had evidently been crying.

There was a deep hush as the vicar cleared his throat, and said that he was waiting for Mrs. Jary, and that as soon as that lady appeared, he would invite the Squire to make his explanation. Miss Sparrow ventured to say in a hesitating voice that she hoped the Squire did not think that they were prompted by any personal animosity in regard to him.

"Certainly not, certainly not," said the Squire, and he laughed good-naturedly, but the vicar sat grim and silent. Presently the Squire's wife arrived, bowed sweetly to all, and sat down on the left side of the chairman.

The vicar cleared his voice again, and then read the statement as received from Miss Lucas and Miss Sparrow, amidst a silence that was oppressive. Those present only ventured to breathe when he had finished, except the Squire, who lounged about and looked at the ladies through his eye-glass.

The vicar sat down and called upon Mr. Jary for an explanation, and Mrs. Jary was seen to laugh.

"The statement is quite true," drawled the Squire (sensation), "with the exception of one trifling error, and that is the lady's name. It was not Miss Blayney that I kissed," continued the Squire; "in fact Miss Blayney this year did not ask me for the subscription at all. She came to the Priory to do so, I believe, and stayed to lunch; but I had to leave before lunch was over that day, and I left her with my wife. In the evening my wife told me the object of Miss Blayney's visit, and I confess I said if she would give me a kiss I would give ten pounds instead of five. I trust, Mr. Vicar, there was no particular harm——"

But the vicar was laughing—shaking, almost rolling with laughter.

"As you see, I did kiss a prominent member of——" But the rest of the speech was drowned in the uproar that followed.

Miss Sparrow nodded her head in a succession of quick jerks. The rest of the Guild seemed undecided; a few looked towards Miss Lucas, who sat as if she were frozen. Two ladies grew hysterical. One called out one thing, and another something else.

"Stay!" thundered the vicar as a movement was made towards the door. "I have an apology here for some of you to sign; and when you have signed it, it is to be framed and hung up in a place I shall name in the village." Meekly they signed as they were called up. "Sign, or give the name of a solicitor who will accept service on your behalf."

This was all the consolation they got from their pastor and, as he proved on this occasion, their master.

* * * *

The vicar and the Squire had to manage the school treat themselves, but there have been no more scandals in the village of Burgh St. Oslif. In fact, it is now a model parish; and Miss Lucas, after a holiday abroad, returned to devote the whole of her energies to Church work in her own village.

Squire Jary complains that the vicar does not give him sufficient credit for the amount of real missionary work effected by him among the ladies of his congregation; and then he laughs uproariously, and he is never tired of telling the joke to his hunting friends.

THE BEST PICTURES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

(For full Details and Judges' Report see Page 609.)

FIRST PRIZE PICTURE: THE CONNOISSEUR.—JOHN F. DUMONT.

SECOND PRIZE PICTURE: "PEACE AT EVEN."—GUS EDWARDS.

THE FOLLOWING PICTURES HAVE RECEIVED HIGH COMMENDATION.

James Walker.

A LONELY SHORE.

A. E. Walters.

"LITTLE BO-PEEP."

F. J. Mortimer.

BARFLEUR HARBOUR: EARLY MORNING.

H. L. Michael.

GREENWICH REACH: EVENING.

A. W. Cooper.

THE SCOTCH EXPRESS.

Fred Bevan.

INTERIOR, LOSELEY MANOR.

J. T. Roberts.

WELLINGFORD SCREEN, ST. ALBANS CATHEDRAL.

F. Cecil Cobb.

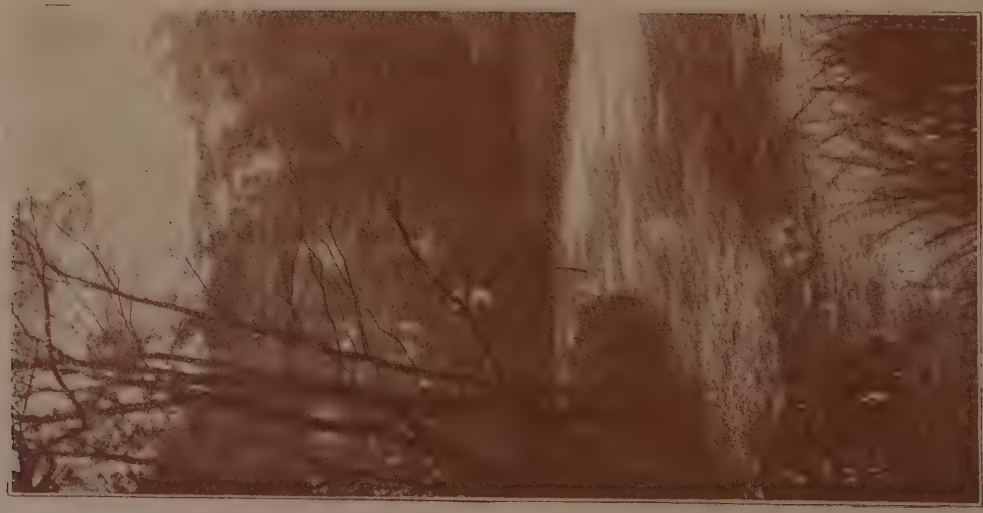
"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

John Lyon.

DAFFODILS AND JONQUILS.

CATCHING HIS SUPPER. Hugh Price.

CLOSE OF DAY, PORT ERIN. Arthur H. Davies.



SOLITUDE. Robert Struthers.

Philip John Rust.

COTTAGES IN EAST ANGLIA.

Philip John Rust.

THE GRANARY.

Hugh Price.

BROKEN REFLECTIONS.

Rev. J. Spark.

LOCH BRORA.

H. C. Verner.

MALMSMEAD, SOMERSET.

OLD MILL, WELLESBOROUGH. Rev. F. J. Wingfield.

MARE AND FOAL. H. Danby.

A VIEW IN HEREFORDSHIRE. Col. D. Pearson.

EVENING SHADOWS. Thomas B. Sutton.

RESULT OF
OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

We have great pleasure in announcing the prize-winners in our recent Photographic Competition. The amount of work sent in was extremely gratifying, and the expert Committee of Judges found it maintained a high general level of excellence.

The FIRST PRIZE, the original picture of Miss Edna May, which was reproduced as a Supplement to the May issue of "The English Illustrated Magazine," has been awarded and forwarded to—

JOHN E. DUMONT, New York, U.S.A., for "The Connoisseur."

The SECOND PRIZE, a "Swift" Cycle, has been awarded and forwarded to—

GUS EDWARDS, Alban House, Hereford, for "Peace at Even."

The work of the following is highly commended—

SYBIL D. PILKINGTON, Holme Lacy, Herefordshire.
THOMAS B. SUTTON, Lower Bibington, Cheshire.
H. DANSEY, Seafield Park, Crofton, Hants.
FRED BEVAN, 28, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
JOHN THOS. ROBERTS, 8, Hadlow Place, Anerley Road, S.E.
JOHN LYON, 18, Gresty Road, Crewe.
F. CECIL COBB, The Bank House, Margate.
HUGH PRICE, Dennis Vale, Stourbridge.
ARTHUR H. DAVIES, 19, Bentley Road, Liverpool.
ROBERT STRUTHERS, 14, Usher Road, Tredegar Road, Bow, E.
JAMES WALKER, 21, Grange Mount, Birkenhead.
F. J. MORTIMER, 10, Ordnance Row, Portsea, Portsmouth.
H. L. MICHAEL, 50, Mysore Road, Lavender Hill.
A. W. COOPER, 3, Stanley Terrace, Preston.
Rev. J. SPARK, M.A., Clyne, Brora, Sutherlandshire.
H. C. VERNER, Thurleighcroft, Devereuse Road, Wandsworth Common.
PHILIP JOHN RUST, The Vicarage, Soham.
Rev. F. J. WINTERTON, All Saints' School, Bloxham, Banbury.
A. E. WALTERS, Church Hill House, Stalbridge, Dorset.

FINE FEATHERS.

SCRAPS FROM LADY BABBIE'S NOTE BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, from the newspaper aspect, has long borne its classic reputation as the silly season. Seen from the country-house point of view, the term, indeed, might apply sufficiently well; for if ever there was a time when much cheerful fooling goes apace it is in the merry month of partridges and turnip-furrows, when men make havoc with the little brown bird of a morning, and are in their turn aimed at, sometimes brought down, and finally despatched at lovely woman's pleasure of an evening.

Thinking himself deeply versed and experienced in the unknowable sex and its winning ways, the slaughterer of feathered fowl, if new to his honours, not infrequently then falls into the error of supposing himself possessed of a complete knowledge of womanhood and all its tricks and manners, after four or five weeks, maybe, of house-party campaigning; but of all the mistakes that mere man makes, and they are neither few nor far apart, the chiefest amongst them is surely the belief that he ever can, will, or is destined by the Olympians to understand the inwardness of his opposite and often opposing gender.

The heart and mind of the human feminine are not, indeed, to be judged by her looks, speech, or manners—a truism which every wise man might recall with advantage at least once a day, and thereby remind himself of the invaluable lesson it inculcates.

Timidity, secretiveness, caution, watchfulness, are the inherent weapons of every daughter of man, and an Adam may spend a jubilee of summers with his Eve and still be far from understanding her and the hidden mystery that Nature has raised up between the sexes to fascinate on one hand and puzzle and charm on the other. For when all is said and done, the incomprehensibleness of the Eternal Female, it hath been truly said, will still remain a fact unalterable as long as the moon brings changes to the tide.

It is true that a man comes nearer to understanding a woman who is his friend than to comprehending her that he loves; but these Platonic friendships, however delightful, are rare, because, to begin with, to be unconventional is always to be misunderstood, and a false position is hurtful to a woman's vanity and destructive to her social intercourse, and what would be pleasant and harmless is therefore denied her by the tyranny of convention. It is here, therefore, that the married woman gets her innings, for there is no spinster half so free in her relations with the sterner sex as the young matron of this century-end. She is generally popular, invariably well dressed, always sympathetic, and usually in at tea-time. Can a single man want more?

Men are not frightened of her in the same sense as they are of the unmarried girl, and she can have a very good time indeed without endangering her position one whit—a situation which has never, and will never, be open to the unattached. Then, besides all these considerations, there is a husband to pay the bills; in which rôle he is, perhaps, more often appreciated than in any other: for if to be beautiful is the desire of every daughter of Eve, to be well dressed is nowadays the most necessary component of that happy estate, and the satisfactoriness of being able to visit a Paquin, a Jay,

A CHARMING BATHING DRESS.

or a Doucet is not-to-be-gainsaid, when one knows that their ensuing bills will be duly honoured by one's legal possessor on quarter-day.

Apropos of clothes under one aspect, there has been quite a new departure in the matter of bathing-dresses at most of the smart Continental seaside-places this summer.

At Trouville and Ostend, where the gay world does much foregather, lovely woman has been disporting herself by the no means sad sea waves in black alpaca bathing-costumes, frogged and vandyked with white mohair braid, white bathing-shoes, and white crinoline bathing-bonnets. The blouses this year were in most cases made quite long, almost entirely hiding the knickerbockers, a departure by means of which some modesty and much grace have distinctly been achieved.

Many women who are content to take their sea-baths without swimming have worn straw hats, simply tied under the chin, which have been found very practical and protective from the sun's rays, while for those others who do not approve of doing things by halves, waterproof foulard caps of much variety and jauntiness have been evolved, those worn *en marmotte* being much the prettiest.

The smartest of peignoirs have been also used when entering and leaving the water—molleton, which is light, soft, and warm, being in first favour. Various coloured plaids have also been used, and these, edged round the collar with fringes to match, have made a capital finish to other fascinating seaside adjuncts. A white serge dress should also be taken in a seaside trousseau. It is always smart and serviceable. High boots of white doeskin and a white Manilla-straw sailor-hat are also necessary to complete these fresh and charming altogethers.

Fishing-costumes have been also much in the bill with young women of a sporting turn of mind: they are smartest in blue, crimson, or white flannel, with the revers of skirt and the bias of the bodice done in a contrasting tone.

Short sleeves to our frocks have revisited glimpses of the autumn moon, and with them has come the reappearance of the long outdoor glove, a fashion bound to have its innings with the revival of the Empire mode, but I doubt if it will continue a lasting or permanent one.

In the afternoon, women have been displaying great redundancy of colour on the sea-front esplanades this season, while even yachting-dresses have partaken of the elaboration which has crept into the details of our present costume, entirely superseding the prim tailor-made, which was our only wear a few seasons back. Pastel-blue serge, which is an artistic departure from the old navy colour of that ilk, has been very much used for yachting-dresses. A particularly pretty model which has been worn by the Comtesse Boni de Castellane is made with a long tunic, and has a white tucked taffetas front, ornamented on either side with narrow black braid, and further enhanced by stitchings of blue silk and embroidered anchors to give the correct nautical finish. The collar is of white stitched silk, caught together in front with the conventional cravat. A striped navy-blue and white jersey material composes the yoke and sleeve-cuffs, giving the effect of an undervest.

A pretty little travelling-dress, which was made for the wife of a wealthy banker, has, among others, been worn by her with great effect at a Scotch house-party, and is made in the new material called linen silk, done in pale green, and with elaborate embroideries of white linen thread, both of which possess the necessary summer virtue of being washable. Another pretty outdoor dress of Sèvres-blue linen is stitched with white, edged with cream guipure, and helped out about the bodice with stripes of narrow black ribbon velvet, the touch of black giving that *chic* and finish which washing dresses stand so much in need of as a rule.

Tailor-made gowns of silk have been the result of this season's hot weather, and have been a good deal used by the best-dressed Parisienne, particularly at race-meetings. Glacé silk is not used, but faille, which has a more solid effect. A black silk tailor-made, with short jacket and delightfully moulded waistcoat in

AN IDEAL DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY.

cerise silk and fastened with little gold buttons, has been one of the most successful dresses of the new fashion, and was made in Paris for Lady Warwick, who is always well to the front of any new millinery departure.

A very successful Highland shooting-costume has been made by one of our West-End tailors for the Duchess of Sutherland. The short coat is of Harris home-spun with buck-horn buttons, made loose in front and fitting tightly at the back. The skirt of the Sutherland tartan is cleverly arranged in an elongated version of a kilt, and is treated to an elaborate sporran and silver kilt-pin, all of which gives the costume an exceedingly smart effect. Gaiters are worn over the shooting-boots, and with the dress has been sent up a little turned-back straw made in the Sutherland colours, with a couple of flat white birds fastening the brim back in front.

It is only in the course of a round of country-house visits that one entirely realises how absolutely callous to cost has become the fashionable woman of to-day, where exterior adornment and the crucial subject of clothes generally are concerned. We have arrived at such skill nowadays in the fine art of decoration that even a plain-looking woman can fully realise how the art of dress, as the modern coutourière understands it, owns the power of transforming a plain into a passable, a passable into a downright pretty person: given only a certain expenditure of the indispensable vile dross and a sufficiency of good taste, without which quality even an unlimited pin-money allowance falls short of its intended success.

That no one has helped more in the evolution of modern woman that the hair-dresser is a well-established fact. Some cynic has said that it is easy to look beautiful below the neck, which is undoubtedly a truism, notwithstanding the acidity of the sentiment. We can all, however, recognise how much a completely perfect coiffure helps a woman to her best attainments. It seems a miracle that our grandmothers could ever have looked pretty, when one considers their tightly drawn, flat, smooth hair, innocent of curling-tongs or the "wave" of the modern scientist, which elevates woman's crowning glory into a thing of undeniable beauty and becomingness, without which her beauty were unadorned indeed. The feather, the aigrette, the diamond ornament, the pin-curl, are all elements in the art of blandishment so exquisitely poised and practised by the up-to-date hairdresser. It would be nice to own a maid who understood to her finger-tips the altogether of this gentle art of beauty, but the exigencies of income sometimes deny us this attendant and most desirable slave of the lamp. The qualifications of the successful century-end coiffeur consist in that he should not only be an expert in the art of arranging the chevelure in the nicest and most becoming fashion, but also that he should be a past master in the art of hair-dressing made easy. The art of good looks, indeed, largely resolves itself nowadays into the accomplishment of smartness, for the "beauty unadorned" of the poet is more than half a forgotten quantity, and she who would charm a twentieth-century audience is not the drooping girl of ringlets, champagne-bottle shoulders, and the downcast air which prevailed in the 'forties. The house-wife is, amongst the better classes, absolutely a forgotten quantity, or, if remembered, it is only with the reverence which one owes to a past generation, buried tenderly in its appropriate fragrant condiments of lavender and sweet-scented rosemary.

Apropos of condiments, and to come back with a shock to this practical month of the century-end, I am constrained to remember what an indispensable part is played in our autumn manœuvres of house-cleaning, renovation, and furbishing up generally by the harmless necessary combination of elements which we familiarly know as Californian Borax—a substance which, did we fully understand its uses and beauties, would never be absent from the toilette table, pantry, kitchen, or wash-house of civilised humanity. He, in a word, who first discovered borax, found that which arrests decay, preserves,

cleanses, and elevates everything with which it is brought into contact. Even in such simple acts as washing vegetables, borax has a wonderful power of preserving the bright green colour which we admire, while assisting other edibles such as rice and all cereals boiled with it to tenderness. In the present season of game, for which dispensation the gods be thanked, Californian Borax keeps both birds and fish sweet and in good condition. For the face, hair, or skin of lovely woman, it is equally an effective restorer. In the family medicine-chest it plays an invaluable part, and those who keep greenhouses, vineries, or ferneries will understand how this arch-angel of purity stops disease, decay, and the ravages of parasites, while even the Irish pig, and other live stock which, like the Edinburgh Old Town matron, are synonyms redolent of uncleanliness, can be reduced to a clean and healthy trans-migration by the use of this transforming magic. In the matter of softening the hardest water, borax is invaluable, and as much of the powder as will go on a shilling will transform the most uncom-promising ewerful into a softening skin-wash. Its uses are indescribably beneficial for the bath, and the much-desired white hands of the eternal feminine can be readily accomplished by introducing a spoonful of Californian Borax into the washing-basin. On its uses in the sick-room one need not dilate, as they have already been so well exemplified in the various prepara-tions in which borax is now embodied, and which bring it within reach of our most familiar daily needs. There is borax toilet-soap, boraxiline, saponaceous pow-der, a speciality for the breath, teeth, borax "soluble" powder, sold in glass jars, an application for delicate skins where soap is inadmissible, and fifty other specialities beside, a list of which will be readily supplied to any one who sends a post-card to the Californian Borax Company, Limited, at 129, High Holborn, in the town of London, which let me advise any one who can control a halfpenny stamp to do without a day's unnecessary delay.

Sporting men find themselves better placed with partridges even than grouse this season, for the cold and wet spring choked off a good many of the earlier hatchings, and in some parts of Berwick-shire many nests were flooded and the eggs, of course, destroyed. This applies even less to partridges and pheasants, and in all parts of the country there is now a very fair show of healthy birds in coveys of from twelve to sixteen. The pheasants come in as usual for a good deal of petting, and few are the house-parties where bonnes-bouches of raisins are not scattered daily by sympathetic young women, who make a point of thus pic-turesquely and dexterously assisting the men of the party towards a satisfactory October.

More women than ever seem to handle the gun this year, and there are few houses which do not own at least a couple of valiant, booted young women, who, like Mrs. Micawber of clinging memory, seem to find all their joy in stalking birds and husbands together. This may seem a harsh dictum on some members of one's own delightful sex, but if girls only knew how much more alluring they become when taken in instalments and inter-mittently, they would abandon the quest of the golden male, at least, when he retires for shelter to the smoking-room, and also perhaps allow him an occasional breathing interval on the moors or in the turnip-furrow. I speak feelingly, for I know the modern country-house; I also hope wisely, and give my advice with all possible sincerity to the too enterprising contingent that now invades every autumn house-party more or less.

" You are Mr. Snark, I understand ?" I said, somewhat clumsily, I fear.

See "Lady Barbarity," Page 619.

LADY BARBARITY.

A ROMANTIC COMEDY.

By J. C. SNAITH.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, the well-known Author of "Fierceheart the Soldier," has chosen the stirring times of the Jacobite Rebellion for the mise-en-scene of this story.

CHAPTER XX.

I SPEAK WITH THE CELEBRATED MR. SNARK.

ON arriving at our town residence in Bloomsbury it was easy to ascertain that the family of Long Acre had fallen on an evil time. The troops of friends that formerly were so willing to receive and be received now kept aloof, and avoided me in every way possible, as though I were a very leper. At first I felt disposed to accept this calmly, and in an amused but not uncharitable spirit. I persuaded myself that I could surely dispense with the favour of these shallow persons. But one week of it corrected this impression. For I soon discovered that flattery, admiration, and wholesale triumphs in the social sphere were indispensable to a life in town. Nature, in endowing me with a smile that, as young Anthony once remarked, was "sufficient to sweeten sour cream," and a beauty of person that provoked more odes than a successful campaign, also cursed me with a craving for its appreciation. Therefore in a day or two, when the novelty was outworn, disfavour and neglect became terribly irksome to support. And however proud a face I might put upon the matter when I went abroad, my pain was not thereby made the softer.

It seems that the story had flown across the town with the quickness peculiar to a scandal, that our family had been so active in the cause of the Pretender Charles that it had gone the length of harbouring rebels at our place in Yorkshire, and had even plucked them from the custody of the Hanoverian's troops. Further, it was known that the King had refused the entrée to my father and myself, and soon a sinister rumour crept abroad to the effect that the Earl's name was to be cited in the House of Lords, he being guilty of a capital offence. Truly I found things in London to be dark indeed. It was evident from the first that it would be impossible to seek in high places for aid for the man lying under sentence of death in Newgate. It was this ulterior assistance that I had relied on wholly, and now for it to be quite beyond my reach was a great aggravation to my miseries. Shorn of this privilege of the powerful, I knew not which way I must turn, and in a week or less was at my wits' end for an expedient. At that time my lover had only ten days to live, and here was I with nothing done. Where were my promises? The agony that was mine during those fast-slipping days I do not care to dwell on. Every hour that passed was a reproach to my futility. The suspense, the misery, the vain repinings as I searched for a means and could not find one, while the days all too rapidly escaped, fretted me almost to the fever-state. By night I could not sleep; yet by day I could accomplish nothing. Shunned and scorned by all who had the power to help me;

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fettered by the horrid disabilities of petticoats, and the most sheer ignorance of how to achieve so grave and dangerous a consummation, there seemed nothing left for me to do other than to await, with what fortitude I might, the rebel's awful end. But this I could not do.

To farther aggravate my woes, some dear friend of mine contrived that the news should be borne to my ears that the town was in full possession of the fact that I was deeply in love with a certain tattered adventurer and rogue lying under sentence of death in Newgate, and that I was surely sickening with the thoughts of his impending doom. Although I deeply doubt whether this story was actually accepted, it was not the less industriously circulated because there happened to be a doubt about it. I laughed bitterly when I reflected how unwittingly near they had approached the truth.

When I rose, weary and unrefreshed, one morning, and reflected that there were only nine days left, I grew utterly desperate. But in the course of that night's intolerable vigil I had conceived the semblance of an idea. Therefore, while Mrs. Polly ministered to me, I proceeded to put it into a somewhat more palpable shape.

"Emblem," says I, "I have been wondering lately whether there is a rogue in all this city who, if liberally paid for his devotion, would render me some honest services."

"Would not a man of rectitude be able to perform these services?" says she.

"That's the rub, for he would be unwilling," I replied, and when I went a point farther and explained the nature of them, Mrs. Emblem agreed with this opinion.

"Well, your la'ship," says she, with a brave fidelity for which I was truly grateful, "if such a one is to be found, you can take it that I'll find him."

"Then you are a dear, good soul," I told her warmly, for surely it was encouraging to know that I had one friend in a world of enemies.

I never inquired too deeply into the means that were adopted to procure the services of the celebrated Mr. Snark. How Mrs. Polly Emblem came to hear of him at all, or in what manner she contrived to coax him from his remote and modest lodging in the Ratcliff Highway, from whence for years he had defied the whole of Bow Street to dislodge him, history hath not deponed unto this present. Yet from the moment the dear, devoted Mrs. Polly made that promise to me on that morning of culminating miseries, she never ceased to strive to make herself the equal of her resolution. Some hours later she came to me and said—

"I've just heard of the very man, your la'ship. He's not a very religious man, your la'ship, but he's an awful knowing one, they say."

Thereupon she despatched more than one emissary to scour the most questionable haunts in London for him, and every hour or so the honest creature brought me very excellent reports to restore me to a cheerful spirit.

"Mr. Anthony's as good as delivered," she would say, in the most optimistic manner. "I am most positively certain of it; yes, I am! I'm told that this Mr. Snark's a perfect wonder. They say he is as clever as the devil, only that he charges rather more. But I know it's not money that you will begrudge him!"

"Rather not," says I. "Let him but deliver my dearest Anthony, and I'll give him my estate in Berkshire."

I can well recall this celebrated person and the mode of his appearance. It was somewhat late in the evening of the sixteenth of the month that he came in great privacy to visit me. He was ushered into my boudoir and presented by the triumphant Mrs. Polly Emblem.

"This be the gentleman, your la'ship," says she, while the gentleman in question ducked and grinned.

In the dimness of the lamp I could just discern a man, extraordinarily small, dressed with a plain respectability, and with a pair of eyes set very close, and small and hard and twinkling as chips of glass. And such was the peril of my state of mind, and so precarious was the deed with which I was about to charge him, that I was

quite rejoiced when I saw that Mr. Snark had a face of the most finished and perfect villainy. Here was a man that I might trust instinctively with any crime.

At first I was uncertain as to the precise fashion of my address, because the affair demanded something of delicacy on the side of both. But in regard to talk, it was plain that I must look for no assistance from my visitor, who appeared to be of the essence of discretion. Besides, he was far too occupied in running his eyes about the room, apparently with the object of making a complete inventory of all the articles therein. At last I spoke—

"You are Mr. Snark, I understand?" I said, somewhat clumsily, I fear.

"Call me plain Snark," says he, with his horrid little eyes glistening at a golden candlestick.

"Well, Mr. Plain Snark," I nervously began, and then stopped and whispered urgently to Mrs. Emblem: "For heaven's sake stay here and keep your eye upon him! If I were to be left alone with him I'm certain that inside twenty minutes he would strangle me, pawn the furniture, and sell my body to the surgeons!"

The ears of my visitor were so acute, it seemed, that they must have caught a hint of what I said, for he looked at me and remarked with considerable emphasis and pride—

"Snark mayn't be a picture-book to look at, not a Kneller as it were, but he's a bit of a hartiss in 'is 'umble way. And modest, too, is good old Snark. He'd no more use cold cream and lavender for to beautify his skin than he'd rob a orphing boy."

Yet as he spoke his eyes still travelled over me and my belongings in a fashion that made me wish already that I could forget him as one does an evil dream. But there was most instant business to transact, and to fail to do it now was to forfeit the life of one exceeding dear. Therefore this thought gave me the courage to say—

"I have sent for you, Mr. Snark, in the hope that you will undertake a delicate matter on my behalf; a most delicate matter, I might say."

"A reg'lar tantaliser, as it were?" says Mr. Snark.

"Yes," says I, "a regular tantaliser, Mr. Snark."

"Well, now, you know," says Mr. Snark, "Snark's blue death on tantalisers—a plain job's not a bit o' good to Snark. There's lots o' the perfession can undertake a plain job just as well as Snark, and charges lesser. But in the higher branches, as they says at Bow Street, there's none like good old Snark. Why, that man fair takes a pride in the higher branches. Just look at the case o' William Milligan. Talk about hartistic! Why, Miss, the case of William Milligan was the wonder o' the age."

"And, pray, who was William Milligan?" I asked in my hasty ignorance.

"Never heard o' William Milligan? Stop my vitals, is this England?"

And then he turned to Emblem.

"Now then, Mary Jane, pipe up, just for to tell the lady who was William Milligan!"

The luckless Mrs. Polly shook her head, turned pale and clutched a chair.

"What, never heard o' William Milligan?" says he. "Come, now, I call that good. Strike me purple! you'll tell me next that you've never heard o' Peter Pearce and Johnny Margitts, and Joe the Tinker, and Ridin' Phipps o' Finsbury. Every mother's son on 'em in 'Newgate Calendar,' wi' their picters draw'd from the life fair, speakin' natural and all their pedigrees beneath. And you never to a' heard of William Milligan? What, never heard o' Bagshot Bill—old Bully William—wot in his prime would stop a beautiful fat bishop on the Heath and strip him of his duds? Why, Snark, you're learnin'."

"Oh, a highwayman, was he?" said I most inadvisedly.

"Well, Miss," says he, "I should rather think he were. He was a reg'lar poet at it, William was. Not a very big man, Miss, William wasn't, mind you, but, by crumbs! see him on his mare wi' the moon arisin' and a coach a-comin' down

the hill! They can talk about their hartisses and their Shaksperes and their Drydens too; but, Miss, that's what I calls a poet and a man. And William were that modest, too — not a smell o' pride about him! 'Ud take his pot and have his jest wi' me and you, just as if he were a common person."

"Oh, no; surely not?" says I in an earnest accent.

"Lord, he would, Miss! That's what's so grand about true greatness. All the real Number One men are as mild and silken as a clergyman. Perky Niblick treated me to a pot o' porter the day afore he so gloriously died. And Jackson, too; look at Jackson, the very height of the perfession, but as meek in private as a child! Used to bring lollipops for my younkers every time he come to sup. But to return to Snark. It was that benevolent individual wot delivered William Milligan when they was a-cartin' him to Tyburn Tree. An' he did it out o' love alone, did excellent old Snark; never took a penny for the delivery o' William, for it's wonderful what tenderness one true hartiss has towards a brother."

"I've always noticed that," says I; "truly a very noble trait."

"Now, don't you talk like that, Miss," says the recipient of this flattery, "for Snark's that modest that it makes him blush up like a girl."

"Well, Mr. Snark," says I, to stay the tide of his loquacity and to rid myself of the embarrassment of his presence, "please let me tell you in as few words as I can what I have sent for you to do."

It was remarkable to observe the change that then came over him. He listened to all I said with the most polite attention, his small eyes twinkling, and his wicked face keen and tense, with a concentrated interest. When I had finished he put a few sharp questions as to the status of the prisoner.

"Who is this rebel?" he began. "Important man at all? Done much? Any reppitation? Never know'd at all in the Highway or the Lane?"

"He is very young at present," I replied; "but you will doubtless one day hear of him as Prime Minister of England. For he's a wonderful fine fellow, and of a very alert intelligence."

"Hum, on'y a Prime Minister!" says Mr. Snark. "But will they put him in the Calendar? And do you think he's worth my time and trouble, Miss?"

"Why, my dear man," says I, "I can surely make it worth your time and trouble. You have merely to name the sum."

Herein it was that I committed an unpardonable crime.

"Pah! and pish!" he cried, and waved his hand with magnificent disdain. "Do you suppose that it is your dirty money that I've come for? It's not guineas that can make a Snark, young lady, nor guineas that can command him. There's on'y one Snark as they knows at Bow Street, and he's not the man to interest hisself in small fry. His very last deliverance was no less than Jimmy Finch. All the world has heard o' Bos-eyed Jimmy, but this here rebel man o' yours has got his name to make. An' Jimmy's was a job an' all. I never seed a cleaner. Four deep o' soldiers round the scaffle, an' a blessed barricade. An' James was prayin' white as cheese, but awful full o' pluck. An' there there was the topsman a-fingering the noose. By gum, Miss, it was beautiful! And when my boys had done the job, you should just a' heard the crowd a-whispering: 'This is a bit o' Snark's work. Marvellous man, old Snark!' And then you comes to Snark, Miss, and says you can make it worth his trouble! Why, Snark's that stiff, Miss, that he wouldn't deliver the King of England if he hadn't the desire."

Now it was pretty plain that I had not adopted a sufficient humility of tone towards the celebrated Mr. Snark. Therefore did I speed to change my tactics, and now besought his aid with great and meek solicitude. This so far succeeded that, presently, he unbent sufficiently to say that three hundred pounds would be his fee, payable forthwith. This latter clause was something of a shock. To trust persons of his kidney with their pay before they earn it is generally fatal to their promises. Yet Mr. Snark's high

reputation had made him in every way so jealous of it, and so sensitive to any slight upon his pride, that it was impossible to demur to his demand and yet keep him in an accommodating humour. Therefore, with a sinking heart did I conclude the bargain, and repose my faith in that incalculable Providence that presides over all natural affairs. So soon as the money was jingling in his hands, he prepared to take his leave.

"Thank ye, Miss," says he; "but don't forget that Snark conducts this matter at a sacrifice. He likes your solid, hearty buxom face, which is the reason for his kindness. For it's Snark's opinion that this young rebel man o' yours is on'y a beginner, and that his picter won't be put into the Calendar. But let me see, now. The execution is fixed up for the twenty-sixth at ten o'clock in the morning. Well, that'll suit Snark handsomely. An' I daresay it'll be a pretty fashionable thing. Shall you be present, Miss?"

"Yes," says I, "I have engaged the second floor of No. 14 in the square."

"No. 14, is it?" says he, with so acute a promptness that it was a proof that he was competent in all the details of his trade. "No. 14—why, that's a Providence! Its passage goes through to Piper's Alley. Now if you take my advice, Miss, you'll have the best horse in London waiting there at ten o'clock in Piper's Alley. You can leave the rest to Snark, Miss."

"Will you engage the Dover boat?" I asked.

"Yes," says he, "that's all in the three hundred, and the blessed crew that's a-going to sail it. An' there's no need to look so white about it either. Your rebel's just as good as saved. It's mere nut-cracking to old Snark. He's effected twenty-nine deliverances in all parts o' the world."

"But pray don't forget, Sir," says I anxiously, "that he is sure to be guarded dreadful strong. The Government consider him as highly dangerous, and they know that he hath some influential friends."

"Well, I reckon, Miss," says he, "that they'll want three full regiments o' the line to keep him clear o' Snark."

A short time afterwards my whimsical visitor took his leave. When he had gone, my meditations were remarkable. It was impossible to place an absolute reliance in this ingenious person, yet none the less his character and appearance had inspired me with confidence enough to repose some hope in his professions. And verily, for better or for worse, the die was cast, and if at the last this Mr. Snark should leave me in the lurch, the rebel would inevitably perish. This was the only source that I might look to for his merciful deliverance. Every other door was resolutely shut.

It was quite a painful thing to observe the cheerfulness that possessed poor Mrs. Polly. From this time until the execution day she was never tired of informing me of her firm conviction that dear, kind Mr. Snark would not fail us, and that sweet young Mr. Anthony was as good as free. But it was absurd to see the creature's red and swollen eyes, which her invincible smiling altogether failed to hide. And presently this parody of courage grew so intolerable to my nerves that, even allowing for the tenderness of her intentions, I was fain to cry out upon her for a cheat, and recommended her to desist from these malpractices.

This was a time, indeed, which I hope Heaven in its mercy will not again inflict upon me. What I endured would, I can assert, have wrecked a woman of less fibre and tenacity. Nearly all my thoughts were centred in the cell of the condemned; and at least their concentration spared them something of the bitterness of another matter, which must otherwise have keenly hurt them—I mean the cruel behaviour of the world in which I dwelt. No equipages drove up to our house in Bloomsbury. No chairmen laid their burdens down before our doors. If I took a short excursion in the park, the most intimate of my acquaintances either saw me not, or, seeing me, bowed stiffly and passed on in a studied silence. In particular my kind women friends appeared

to derive a sincere happiness from what they were pleased to call my downfall. The scornful gladness of their looks was wonderful, and yet also terrible; for alas! what could be the condition of the stony hearts from which they did proceed? Then it was that I remembered how short a time ago I was one of these contemptibles.

"Emblem," says I, on the execution eve, with hope born apparently of misery's excesses, "I have done with town and the Court, and all this ridiculous world of fashion. They are very barbarous affairs! When I wed my Anthony, I will be the pattern of an attentive spouse. I will be his cheerful slave and his most devoted friend. But I'll not forego ambition neither. I will train and educate him until he doth become a veritable power in the realm. For I mean to be the wife of my Lord Secretary Dare; and then, my Emblem, I'll turn all these dear women friends of mine just green with jealousy. Yet, in my pride, I will not trample on them as they trample now on me, but will deal with 'em graciously, and ask 'em to my routs among the ambassadors and potentates, and prove thereby that I am not a cherisher of malice, but a creature of a gentler temper than themselves."

Yet here, having indulged these harmless speculations to the full, I recalled with terror the most horrid condition of my case. What would the morrow bring? Death, perhaps, and the shattering of my hopes. But these cold forebodings I determined to avoid, and contrived to do so in a measure, for a new matter had come lately to my ears which wooed my mind a little from its dark premonitions. The fact that I had been a supreme favourite, and a trifle arrogant, perhaps, in the hour of my pride, had caused the whole town to exult at my disfavour. The cause of that disfavour was well known to be rooted in my behaviour towards the desperate rebel whom on the morrow the King was going to hang. And it was further argued that his death of shame would aggravate my humiliation.

Judge, then, of the sensation that was created when it was positively known that I had engaged the largest and most adjacent window in the square that I might be present at the execution! Yea, and in the desperation of the hour I even went a point further. I issued invitations to as many of my friends as the window would accommodate to come and share the gruesome sight with me. This was a very thunderbolt. And though they said among themselves: "The brazenness of Lady Bab really is incredible," they were quite unable to resist the fascination and delightfulness of the whole affair. Therefore they accepted with alacrity. And though I knew this to be by far the boldest stroke I had ever played, not for an instant did I falter, nor doubt my native resolution.

CHAPTER XXI.

I COME TO TYBURN TREE.

"Seven of the clock, your la'ship!"

I opened my heavy eyes, saw Emblem's pale face, then shuddered.

"Hope you've slept well," says the maid in a way that told me that, whatever I had done, she certainly had not.

"Remarkably," says I, determined to practise for the terrible exhibition of fortitude that I must display. "If all those dear friends of mine have slept as properly, they will need to have less powder on than usual. And now, my Emblem," says I, taking the cup of chocolate from her, "mind that you dress me to the utmost of your art. Not a stitch must be out of place. My headdress must be a marvel of perfection, and put 'em in a towering rage. And I'll wear the plum-coloured taffety, faced with pink. Or stay, I'll have a more sanguine colour; I think it should well consort with an interesting paleness."

"You have a black velvet that will do beautifully, my lady. Yet you do not wish to wear a mourning air?"

"No, girl," says I, "anything save that. Pale, but spirited, you know, as one who confronts adversity, yet sets her foot upon it. For to-day, if all things fail, I am persuaded that I'll receive my enemies and outface them every one."

I was robed, therefore, with much care, and it pleased me, and also braced my resolution up, to know that my personal charms could not have been displayed to more delicate advantage. I knew that to meet the fierce eyes of my enemies would be the severest ordeal that I had undergone; and yet I did not shrink, but rejoiced rather in the self-elected task. They would expect to see me spiritless and crushed with woe, for they were not aware that I meant to show them what a fortitude was mine. None the less, the time that intervened between now and the coming of the coach that was to bear me to the final scene of all was passed in morbidity and wretchedness. For several days I had sent letters of vague comfort and encouragement to young Anthony, yet the Governor of Newgate refused to allow them to be delivered, and had sent them back again. And now at the last, as the rebel must be ignorant of the efforts I was making, I became haunted with the fear that he might have made an attempt upon his life, for I was certain that, to a person of his high temper, any death was preferable to the one he was doomed to undergo. And then there was the sincerity of Mr. Snark, whose possibilities were ever present and harrowing my thoughts. Ten minutes before the coach arrived I wrung my hands and cried to the already weeping Mrs. Polly—

"I know for certain that that horrid little man will fail me. He's got my money, and therefore all he does desire. Oh, why did I give it him! Surely I might have known that he'd undo me!"

"Oh, no, I'm sure he won't!" says poor Emblem, breaking out in sobs. "I am sure he is a good man, and an honest. I would trust that man under any circumstances."

"Do you really think so?" cries I, clinging to the weakest straw.

"Yes," wept Emblem more bitterly than ever, "I am sure Mr. Snark is a good and honest man."

Very soon the coach was at the door. Even this was a relief, for activity took some of the tension from our minds, and now the very imminence of the thing numbed their aches in some degree. I paid not the slightest heed to the way we went, or to the appearance of the streets, my senses all being deadened with their gloominess. Presently the jolting of the coach grew less, the horses reduced their pace, and the low murmur of the mob uprose. My voice shook pitifully when I said to Emblem, who would insist on accompanying me through everything—

"Are we in good time?"

"The cart is not due for nearly an hour yet," she answered.

To avoid the press the coachman turned his horses into an unfrequented by-street, and shortly afterwards brought them to a stand before a door in a row of dismal-looking houses. I sprang out lightly and unconcernedly, not without a signal effort, though, but above all things I was resolved not to give one sign of weakness to the world. It annoyed and somewhat disconcerted me to find that a small company of the vulgar curious was collected about the coach, and more particularly when a fat and dirty-aproned housewife nudged a neighbour and exclaimed, with outstretched finger pointed straight at me, "That's her! That's her ladyship! 'Aven't she got a face!"

As I was passing through the throng a groom came up the street riding a sorrel mare. This was cheering in a measure, as it told me that thus far all arrangements were being religiously observed. But immediately the door was opened and then closed upon my entrance, and I found myself standing with Emblem, excluded from the crowd in the dark kitchen of the house. I was suddenly aroused by a highly propitious circumstance. I was surprised to find at my side a little, very villainous-looking person dressed in the decent plain suit of an attorney, with a remarkable clean cravat and a neat tie-wig, that somewhat softened his extremely wicked countenance. But at his first word, that came from behind his hand in a wheezing whisper, I felt my blood move quicker, for to my joy I identified him as the celebrated Mr. Snark.

"How d'ye do, Miss! Pretty bobbish, are ye?" he said in my ear. "Pretty spry upon the perch, eh? And I say, Miss, there's a wonderful sweet set of parsons, clergymen, and etcetera assembled in the front. A wonderful sweet set, Miss, wiv plenty o' good old ale and stingo in 'em; and on'y a hundred sojers on duty too. And who do you think's the Chapling, Miss? Why, the Reverend Willum Vickerstaff, the drunkenest old crimp wot ever sat in church. By thunder, Missy, I fair envies you, I does, a-sittin' at that window a-lookin' at the musick. I wouldn't give fourpence for them redcoats. For I tell you, Missy, old Snark's a-going to do the thing in style, not a-going to spare a farden of expense, for when Snark does a thing he does it gaudy. By gum, won't them blessed traps at Bow Street just open their eyes!"

At that moment I think I could have taken this outrageous little villain in my arms and incontinently hugged him. Instead, however, I fervently apostrophised him.

"God requite you, Mr. Snark," I cried, "for a good man and a true."

I pressed him to accept a purse of fifty guineas over and above the sum agreed upon.

"No, not a blessed head," he replied. "Snark's not a dirty screw, but a man o' fambly and a proper hartiss at his work. Takes a fair pride in it, he does, which is the reason why his reppitation seizes all Bow Street by the belly."

Upon this the worthy creature conducted me up the gloomy stairs to the window that commanded the execution ground. The sight that then confronted me I have often met again in dreams. The immediate look of it was enough to produce a cold sweat on my brow. The whole of England seemed already collected in that square. Tier upon tier, multitude on multitude, were swaying, elbowing, and jostling below, marvellously cheerful but awfully intent. The tall, gaunt scaffold raised upon a platform in their midst, with a treble file of bright-armed and red-coated soldiers standing round it, was a very lodestone that drew every face thereto. The blood went slow within me as I gazed at this fretful mass, whose heavy buzz of talk was at intervals succeeded by the brisk roaring of a pot-house song. The cold, grey winter morning appeared a proper background for this sordid scene, I thought, while the high dun-coloured houses that reared themselves on every side, quick with their throngs of eager witnesses, seemed quite in harmony with the horrid gloom of the tragedy so soon to be enacted.

I was still in excellent good time. The condemned man was not due for a full half-hour yet. My invited guests were beginning to arrive, however, but everything had been ordered excellently well. The room was large enough to accommodate two windows, and these had been removed, and several rows of chairs had been placed behind their apertures, and so skilfully arranged that twenty persons could be gratified with a view.

The first of my kind friends to appear was a certain Mrs. Jennings, an obese and comfortable person, with a perfect confidence in, and admiration for, herself. This was not assumption either, seeing that she had snared four different coronets for a corresponding number of her female progeny. She brought her husband too; a quite tame creature, whom she led about to routs and parties and called "Dear Harry" in a simpering, caressing manner. "Dear Harry's" conversation was limited to "'Pon my soul!" and it was his pleasure to retire to a corner early, and sit bolt upright on the extreme edge of his chair. And I think I found him to be the most fascinating being that I ever met, for I would gaze at him a desperate length of time, since it really seemed a miracle how such a large amount of man could be possibly supported by such a small amount of chair. This pair were pretty soon augmented by a parcel of the high grandees. The incomparable Countess of Pushington minced in, a perfect phenomenon of youth, considering that she brought the youngest daughter of her second marriage with her—my Lady Crabstock Parker, who, to do her justice, looked really very little older than her

adorable mamma. Mrs. Laura Wigging came, of course; a very whimsical, amusing mixture of Christianity and criticism. She was most desirous to drop a prayer-book, which she had brought for the purpose, from the window into the cart as it passed by. She thought it might shed a little light on the dark way that the dear criminal had to tread. The Duchess of Rabies was truly condescending and most affable. The men who accompanied this galaxy of talent, beauty, and good-nature betrayed almost immediately, I regret to say, the exceeding masculinity of their minds. They began at once to lay and to take bets regarding the number of kicks the sufferer would make at space before he perished.

However, the mere presence of these enemies proved a tonic to my nerves. Having to play a part before those I despised, and to combat their hostility, I was thereby enabled to forget in some degree the peculiar horror of my situation. Before ten o'clock the full number of guests were present, seventeen in all, and I could feel instinctively the zest with which they noted and minutely analysed my most trivial actions. They used a certain tone of sympathetic consideration towards me, which in itself was irony, and carefully refrained from saying a harsh or unkind thing of the rebel, as if to show that they were fully acquainted with my exceeding tenderness towards him, and that their native delicacy would not permit them to distress it. They agreed with the sweetest unanimity that he must be a charming person. Yet it should be recorded to my eternal praise, I think, and as an instance of the mind's strength conquering the weakness of the heart, that I received all these covert taunts without one betrayal of my secret rage. I laughed and jested with the men, and caressed all these dear women with my prettiest phrases. I do not think there was a solitary person present who could have divined that my very heart was bursting with a suppressed agony of terror. Snark might be as faithful as the day, all things might be ordered perfectly, and there be no ground for fear whatever; but I could not divest my mind of the knowledge that tens of thousands were assembled roaring and surging down below, and packed as thick as summer flies in a rotten carcase. I could not expel the grim image of the scaffold from my eyes, the densely populated windows, the strained awaiting eagerness of the mob; nor could I fail to hear all the sounds of portent; the deliberate slow tolling of the passing bell of an adjacent church, the striking of the hour of ten, and directly afterwards the new commotion that went up as the tidings travelled in a murmur from mouth to mouth the whole length of the multitude, "It 's coming!"

"Do they mean the cart, my dear?" one dear creature inquired innocently of me.

"Yes," says I with animation, "my dear Duchess, I really believe they do. We are coming to the fun now, are we not? 'Twill be highly entertaining presently."

The Duchess's eyes burned in her head to discover a flaw in the utter nonchalance of my demeanour, but grievous was her disappointment. My bold look fairly challenged her to find one, and I think I can safely say that not the Duchess alone, but this whole assembly of dear friends, was chagrined that I had not the consideration to regale it with my pain. The gruesome vehicle was already close at hand. It was coming at a foot-pace down the Uxbridge Road, and the throng parted readily before it to let it pass. Conversation ceased now, and we took our seats at the windows. And I think it was well for me that this new diversion held the attention of my friends, for I doubt whether, with my lover before my eyes, I could have kept up the bitter farce. Certainly, no sooner did I behold the slow-coming vehicle, with its pale young occupant, and the procession of prison officers, soldiers, the Chaplain, and the executioner, than I had to stifle an involuntary cry that sprang into my throat, and for support was compelled to cling an instant to the window-sill in front.

Even as the cart appeared, a tentative beam of the wintry sun struggled into the cold grey morning. Its effect was very

weird and strange upon that great company of expectant, upturned faces, gazing with a kind of rapt horror at the poor young creature who was to die.

The rebel and his escort were now quite near, and I could see the full disposition of his features very plain. I looked down upon him from my vantage involuntarily almost, and raked his face again and again with my eyes to discover one flaw in the perfect demeanour of my hero. And somehow as I looked I felt the vain pride rise in my heart, for a king could not have gone forth to his doom with more propriety. There was no hint of bravado in his bearing, but his head was carried nobly, without undue defiance and without undue humility; his mouth was resolute, and his eyes alert and clear. In all my life I never saw a man look so firm, so spirited, so proud.

As he approached more nearly I discerned a look of expectation and inquiry on his face, and his eyes scanned the houses and the mob searchingly and quickly as though they fervently desired the sight of someone whom they could not see. Indeed, to me these questioning glances grew painfully apparent, until I remembered suddenly the person who had inspired them, whereon a strange mad happiness trembled in my blood. 'Twas then I forgot the world entirely—yea, even its uncharity, my sneering and rejoicing enemies, and the grievous comedy that I was condemned to play. I became oblivious to everything but the pitiless fact that the one man in the world was proceeding with noble simplicity and patience to his doom, and that I was the one of all those thousands there assembled that he craved to see.

In an instant I jumped up and leant as far out of the window as I could, waving my handkerchief most wildly several times, and then cried out at the very topmost of my voice—

"I am here, child! Here I am! God be with you, lad! God bless you!"

Such a singular stillness had taken the curious multitude at the apparition of the cart that my tones rang out clearly as a bell, and by the startled movement of a thousand heads, were heard, indeed, by all in the vicinity. And, among others, the poor rebel heard, and swiftly looking up, he saw my outstretched form and my handkerchief still fluttering. Thereupon the blood painted his white cheeks most eloquent in crimson; his face spread out in fine animated sparkles, and he plucked off his hat and waved it in reply. Almost immediately thereafter the cart was stopped and placed carefully into its position under the noose that dangled from the beam; the soldiers closed up, promptly cleared a convenient space, and stood in a ring with bayonets drawn, while the Sheriff, the Chaplain, the Governor of Newgate, and various high dignitaries took up their stations on the scaffold. 'Twas astonishing the brisk precision with which everything was done. Before I could grasp the idea that the condemned was actually at the point of death, the executioner was standing with one foot on the scaffold and another in the cart, tying the criminal's hands behind him. At the same moment the Chaplain produced a greasy, black-backed tome, and began to mumble indistinctly the service for the dead. The whole matter was so fascinating that I could not pluck my eyes from the scene, and though I had a certain dim idea that some strange, vague power was about to intervene, for my life I could not have told just then what it was to be; nay, and should not have greatly felt the loss of it until the bloody drama had been played.

All this time the mob below had been striving towards the scaffold, only to be forced back by the vigorous measures of the guard of soldiers. This, however, was no more than the natural eagerness of a crowd to procure a fuller view, and was perfectly appropriate and good-humoured on the side of both. But as soon as the executioner had confined his victim's wrists, and was engaged in opening his shirt that he might adjust the rope around his throat, one portion of the mob quite adjacent to the scaffold grew suddenly obstreperous; sticks went up, and shouts arose. Thereupon the Sheriff and the officials of the prison situate upon the platform began to behave in a most

excited fashion, dancing and throwing their arms about and crying orders to the guard, whilst for the nonce the executioner suspended his employ. In an instant the mob began to violently surge, oaths were screamed, and staves began to crack and to descend. Down went a redcoat, and then another; thereupon the fight grew general all about the cart, but it soon became apparent that not only were the troops outnumbered, but that they were so confined and encumbered by the press that their heavy weapons would assist them little, as they could not force them into a position to be of service. And in very conscience the riot had started with rare decision and effect. A solid phalanx of lusty, well-primed rogues had been concentrated all at one point by their clever general, and the promptitude with which they did their business really was surprising. Crack, crack! smacked the cudgels, loud howled the mob, and down went the soldiers of the King. Inside a minute the ring was completely broken up, and the rioters had assumed entire control of the scaffold and the cart, while the guard was so hopelessly disordered that their coats of red appeared in twenty isolated places among a throng, which, to do it justice, certainly did its best to restrict them in every way it could. Its sympathies, as usual, were by no means on the side of the law. Pretty soon, half-a-dozen rioters were mishandling the cart and freeing its pinioned occupant. One cut the cords that bound him, a second pressed a stave into his liberated fist, a third engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with the executioner; a fourth struck at the Sheriff, who was highly valiant and active for an alderman, missed him and hit the inoffensive Chaplain, and "tapped the claret" of the reverend gentleman, whose bottle-nose must have been really very difficult to avoid. 'Twas quite exhilarating to witness the glorious conduct of it all. Everything seemed to be performed like clockwork, and with incredible brutality and zest. Had I been unable to realise the exceeding brilliancy of the tactics that were adopted throughout the whole affair, certain observations of the presiding genius must have made me do so. For to round and finish the matter in a consummate way, no sooner had the fight begun than I became conscious that Mr. Snark had cleft through the throng of fashionables about me, and was standing at my side emitting a stream of counsel, criticism, and encouragement.

"Got 'em on a hook!" he cried. "That's it, Parker, hit! Give 'em pepper! Hit that fat hulk of a Sheriff over the hat! Very nice indeed!"

Mr. Snark rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Meantime, down below the inevitable consequence had followed the flowing blood and the free exchange of blows. The guard had entirely lost control of the crowd collected about the scaffold, which immediately seized its opportunity of getting even with the law. Not only did it offer the rebel and his escort every facility to escape, but was at equal pains to impede the soldiers, the Sheriff, and the officials of the jail in their effort to arrest the condemned man's flight. And this they succeeded very well in doing. A bodyguard of hard-hitting rogues formed about the rescued rebel and hurried him at a double through the friendly mob, that gave way right gallantly before them.

It made me almost wild with joy to behold my young lover and his company of sturdy dogs cleave through the kind-intentioned press till they came in safety to the door of the very house in which I was. At the moment that he approached the threshold, I wheeled about, and almost overturned a lord as I ran from the chamber and darted down the stairs. His liberators, faithful to the implicit instructions of Mr. Snark, had already got him in the house.

There was a great press of people on his heels pouring in through the open door as I came down the stairs. However, I was able to breast my progress through the throng, and fervently clasp my intrepid lover's hand.

"Quick! quick!" I whispered. "Do not dally. Get through to the back. A horse awaits you. Do not draw rein till

you are at the White Hart, Dover. Here's a purse to meet your needs; and here is Mr. Snark. Heed every word of his instructions. Good-bye lad, and God go with you!"

Straightway Mr. Snark stepped forth and led his charge to where the horse awaited him, whilst as he did so he threw a cloak about his shoulders and poured a volume of instructions into his receptive ear. And with such alacrity was the whole affair accomplished that the soldiers were yet wrestling with the mob, and I had barely time to reascend the stairs and withdraw with divers of my friends to an adjacent chamber, which commanded a view of Piper's Alley instead of Tyburn Tree, ere the rebel was on his horse, and fleeing through London for his life. It seemed that there was also a second horse in readiness, and he who mounted it was no less a person than the celebrated Mr. Snark. 'Twas he that accompanied my dearest Anthony.

"There he goes!" cries I to my dear friend Hilda Flummery, as the sorrels' hoofs rang out upon the stones. "There goes my future husband! He'll be in France before to-morrow."

"Your future what, dear Bab?" cries she.

"My future husband, dear," says I demurely.

All who heard shook their heads, of course, or smiled broadly at the jest, that they chose to call it. But they were not aware that I had made my mind up on this point, and I have writ a little epilogue to this strange memoir of my wooing to prove to those who may not know how formidable I do become when I make my mind up on any point soever.

EPILOGUE.

If one only have beauty, wealth, station, and understanding, and withal a general air of triumph, all things are possible. Kings are really very reasonable persons, and Governments — well, Governments have been known to be amenable if handled with discretion. I am spurred to these wise remarks by the singular nature of my case, for on July 2, 1747, I was wedded to my Anthony at the Church of St. Sepulchre, in the City of London. No fewer than five members of the Privy Council embellished that ceremony with their presence, one of whom was there to represent his Most Gracious Majesty the King. Now at that time the family swore upon their souls that they would not forgive me for it; but it is here my privilege to place on record that they have done so very handsomely, for, under my tuition, I make bold to say that my dearest Anthony has become the brightest ornament that our house has known. His excellent good wit, and the brightness of his natural parts, have won for him a place in the history of this realm, as from the first I had predicted. But doubtless he is better known to you and to the world as the celebrated Duke of B——, a man of conspicuous talents and princely virtues; perfect father, devoted husband, wise councillor, and the faithful servant of a country that once condemned him to be hanged.

MY MUSEUM.

THE problem of swimming across a stream without wetting your clothes has been solved by two Austrians, Rittmeister Eugene Baron Forgatsch and Herr Hans Angeli, the latter of whom is shown in the act. The pair swam down the Danube last year from Vienna to Presburg (in Hungary), a distance of thirty-eight miles, in seven hours, unattended by a boat and without any food or drink on their watery way. They wrapped their clothes up in Angeli's patent waterproof.

Photo. by Schistal, Vienna.

HOW TO SWIM AND KEEP YOUR CLOTHES DRY.

One of the most remarkable trumpets in existence is the famous instrument on which Trumpet-Major H. Joy, Staff Trumpeter to the Earl of Lucan, sounded the order for "gallop" and "charge" which dashed the Light Brigade to its brilliant doom on Oct. 25, 1854. The 17th Lancers, to whom Joy belonged, wished to give him a silver trumpet for this brass one, which had sounded the death-note; but Joy stuck to his brass. The 17th again made a bold bid to possess it when it came into the auction-room on

THE TRUMPET WHICH SOUNDED THE CHARGE AT BALACLAVA.

A HORSE WITH A MIGHTY MANE.

March 31, 1898, but they were out-bid by Mr. T. G. Middlebrook, who actually paid 750 guineas for it.

A horse is precisely like a man in its necessity for having its hair cut. Or vice-versâ, if man were naked he would soon be as hairy as a horse. Here is a horse who has not been to the barber for some years, with the result you see. His name is Linus II., and he belongs to Mr. James K. Rutherford, of Waddington, New York, who exhibits him as a curiosity. When he is not displaying his locks—and not being a Paderewski, it is unnecessary for him to do so always—he gets his mane braided and done up in tags which are ranged on each side — just like a woman's. Indeed, his hair is almost as fine as a woman's. As shown in the picture he has only one braid undone on the left side.

The other animals on this page are, of course, meant specially by Nature to be barbered. The curious part about these three lambs is not their wool, but their usurping the place of the horse for draft purposes. The team is driven by little Miss Rackliffe, of Carenna, Maine. The two pole lambs are twins, two years old, and weighing 190 lb. and 193 lb. respectively. The leading lamb is a black little chap of 144 lb. They began to be trained when they were three months old, and are named Shabby, Shoddy, and Shady. They can go at the rate of five miles an hour and as much as seventeen miles at a time.

A LITTLE GIRL WHO DRIVES A TEAM OF LAMBS.

IT is almost impossible to discover the precise moment when the halo of romance begins to shimmer round a hero's brow. The contemporaries of the hero *in posse* rarely recognise in him any elements of the possibly heroic. George IV. died in 1830, and there seems to be at the present moment a certain tendency to clothe his memory with fantastic, not to say romantic, attributes. *Florizel's Folly* (Chatto and Windus) will do much to nip that tendency in the bud. The book deals chiefly with the Pavilion at Brighton, and of the things which the fourth and last of the Georges saw fit to do therein. The story that Mr. Ashton tells is a sordid story of trickery and fraud—trickery to a father, fraud on the grateful Commons, with intervals of detestable double-dealing with women. Though the locale of the Prince's amusements is confined to Brighton, there is sufficient, one would think, in this charming little volume to prevent future generations from conferring on Prince "Florizel" of Brighton any of the attributes of Prince Florizel of Bohemia. Stevenson would be powerless with that Prince of Wales who afterwards defended the Faith as George IV.

A year or two ago a Chinese author was sentenced to two hundred years' imprisonment for libelling the memory of an Emperor who had been dead six hundred years. Mr. Ashton may congratulate himself that he is not a resident in the Flowery Land. For as the monarch whom he describes rather than attacks has only been dead sixty-nine years, our author's term of imprisonment would probably run into four figures. It must be rather difficult for Chinese literary men to obtain executors and assigns. However, Mr. Ashton, secure from State prosecution, has culled a very interesting story from the *Brighthelmstone Intelligence*, the *Sussex Weekly Advertiser*, and other contemporary prints; this story he has embellished with a delightful etching of Mrs. Fitzherbert, after Cosway, and some very trenchant caricatures of the time.

It is unusual to come across a book dealing with George IV. in which there is no mention of Beau Brummel. But, stripped of the Beau's friendship, there is little left to the credit of "the First Gentleman of Europe." Of any single symptom of decent character we find no trace. The leading men of pleasure in history have been accredited with a pretty wit. Even in this the fourth George failed, unless we can see humour in a punning speech which he delivered at a cricket-match. It is hard to lay down the law with regard to humour. What suits one man

does not of necessity suit another; but who wants fifteen-minute speeches at any cricket-match?

Dr. Nikola is to Mr. Guy Boothby what Mr. S. Holmes was to Dr. Doyle—a gold mine. The Sherlock lode proved, however, to be the richer of the two. For some time its dividends were enormous. Then the reef apparently came to an end, for directly Dr. Conan Doyle foresaw that the auriferous vein was in danger of "petering out," the undertaking was wound up. Unhappily, Mr. Boothby has adopted a different course. It cannot be suggested that Dr. Nikola has ever possessed one tenth of the personal fascination of Sherlock Holmes. Still, there is no reason why his further adventures should not make a readable book. But in *The Experiment of Dr. Nikola* (published by Hodder and Stoughton) Mr. Boothby has written the book without going to any considerable pains to invent the adventures. One has a certain amount of sympathy with an author who has created a monster, from whom, like Frankenstein, he is unable to escape. But Mr. Boothby is too clever a writer to become a perpetual Boswell to this rather uninteresting Doctor. No; the Nikola reef is worked out. The "experiment" was a failure, and one is sorry to say that the book is a failure too.

"Charlie" Roman, by Fernand Verem (Paul Ollendorf, 28, Rue de Richelieu, Paris), belongs to a singular new school of Belgian authors, of whom Camille Lemonnier is the head. Their style is exquisite, each sentence is written with the choice and care of a phrase in music, and unlike the so-called realistic school, they seek to paint not simply the outside of life, the dust of the highway, but the soul—not with the cold dissecting method of Bourget and his analytical imitators, but with sympathy and insight. "Charlie" is a remarkable book, but has the faults of its school. Its musical sentences fascinate and charm. One recognises the truth of the character-drawing. One is interested till one puts down the volume with a slight feeling of sickness. It is morbid—morbid not because it has style, not because it treats of un-moral subjects by chance; it would be morbid if it described a child plucking primroses. The attitude to life is sickly. Lemonnier, far and away the best writer of the school, has more life and fire and more even judgment. His book *La Vie Secrète* is a masterpiece, and should be read by every lover of literature.

It is scarcely possible to congratulate Mr. W. E. Norris on *Giles Ingilby* (Methuen), which now appears in book form after having passed as a serial through one of the leading periodicals. One had come to look upon Mr. Norris as a "safe" man in fiction. His work is, as a rule, so finished and careful, though never perhaps great, that it is distressing to find him committing himself to a story that has little of probability to commend it. It may be that there are poets who, like Giles Ingilby, achieve fame and independence at a single stroke; it may be that there are poets who, when told by an editor that "they must really try prose; it pays so much better," act upon the advice and find that not only does it pay, but that they can write it. It may be, too, that first-class work, in first-class periodicals, can be commanded at once in sufficient quantities to produce the desired income. One does not deny the possibility; one only contends that in the general experience literary success of this sort is sadly to seek. There are other elements in the story which place it far below the general level of Mr. Norris's work. The imbroglio is of the most artificial kind, and is utterly unconvincing. Indeed, it need never have been an imbroglio at all. Yet, for all that, Mr. Norris manages to give reality to his characters if not to his plot. In not a few cases there is life, and the sketch of Reynell's outrageous pseudo-wife is quite admirable and true.